

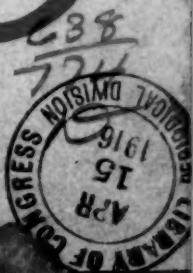
The Magazine of Fifth Avenue

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The 2

SMART SET

*A Magazine of
Cleverness*



"Cynthia Hawarden Was Nineteen..."
a complete short novel by Caroline Stinson Burne

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by Lilith Benda

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Edited by
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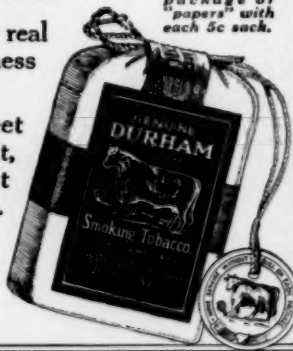
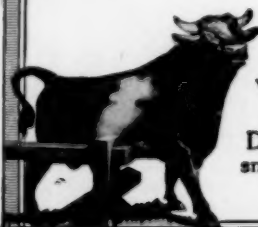
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Primus inter omnes

HE WHO LOVES AND RUNS AWAY

By John Hanlon

A WOMAN glided through the forest. Her feet fell noiselessly upon the carpet of moss and withered leaves. The green of her dress harmonized with the foliage and made her almost invisible from a distance. Her movements were rapid, lithe, stealthy as a panther tracking its prey.

In her heart burned a flame of unquenchable hatred, which soon would be satisfied. The afternoon sun, sifting down through the network of branches, was caught and reflected by a glittering something that she clasped in one hand. She had come to exact payment for a debt, and blood was the coin she desired.

She found her quarry, seated by their fire in a clearing, and paused to watch them for a moment ere she struck. A man and a girl, a fair, frail creature, were locked in each other's arms, oblivious to everything except their present happiness. The man spoke first:

"Claudia," he murmured, "can you not hear the music of the wilderness, the crooning of the pines, the strange, sweet calls of the birds, the magic thrilling hush that comes at nightfall? Do you not see that our love has made it even more beautiful?"

Claudia's parted lips gave forth no

sound. The light in her eyes was answer enough. The other woman, hiding among the lichen-draped trunks, gasped as if for breath, and tore at her breast with frantic fingers. These were the same words that he had used to betray her, only now they contained a new note of sincerity which had been lacking before. His voice trembled as he spoke. It seemed as if he were imparting some sacred secret.

Vain, wild anger stirred in the watcher's bosom. Why had she not been able to touch the chords of his soul that were yielding this girl such wonderful melodies? Her hand tightened upon its weapon.

Then she paused. If she murdered them, their spirits would meet again in eternity, while hers would wander alone through the agonizing solitude of space. Her revenge must be further-reaching!

She threw her knife into the thicket, and glided forward, a mocking smile upon her thin, cruel lips.

The man leaped to his feet. Perspiration trickled in great drops down his forehead. He flung himself in front of Claudia, to shield her from danger.

"My God! Ellen," he stammered, "what do you want?"

But the newcomer merely walked to-

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wards him, her hands poised upon her hips. Suddenly she embraced him fiercely and showered kisses upon his face.

"I have come back to you, dearest," she hissed, "I knew that life would be empty for you without me. Your thoughts have flown to me like swift-winged birds."

She wheeled around triumphantly, hoping to see the joy die out of Claudia's eyes and bitter disillusionment creeping in. She was disappointed. The light did vanish; but in its place there gleamed a strange expression of ferocity, the challenge of one primeval woman to another over the man whom both claimed.

In spite of herself, the intruder felt afraid. There was something awe-inspiring in the change; but she collected herself and clutched arrogantly at her former lover's hand.

"Come," she said, "come away with me. This child will be able to find her way home."

The man remained dazed and passive. The smouldering anger of his playthings terrified him. He allowed himself to be led a few steps from the fire.

Claudia sprang forward blazing with

wrath. Her gentle, flowerlike frailty had vanished. Her face became distorted, horrible as that of a Fury.

"He shall not go!" she screamed. "What right have you to take him from me?"

"Right?" shrieked Ellen. "He loved me before he ever even heard of you."

"He loves *me now!*" Claudia cried exultantly, and flung herself upon her adversary. They fell heavily upon the ground and rolled to and fro upon the pine needles, biting, scratching, yelling. Birds fled in alarm. Squirrels came out from their burrows and chattered excitedly. The pandemonium was undescrivable.

Finally Claudia disengaged herself and rose, bleeding, bruised, disheveled, —and yet victorious. Ellen lay in a crumpled, limp heap, moaning faintly. She had found her Waterloo.

The cause of the struggle was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared from the battlefield. Claudia searched vainly in every direction. He was gone!

A few days afterwards she received a note in familiar handwriting.

"My dear," it read, "life with either of you would be entirely too strenuous. Good-bye forever!"



A WOMAN always knows that a man is in love with her long before he knows it himself. And even before she knows it, she often assumes it.



MEN who understand women are always conceited. They know how much they are being pursued.



CYNTHIA HAWARDEN WAS NINETEEN . . .

By Caroline Stinson Burne

CHAPTER I

CYNTHIA HAWARDEN was nineteen, tall, gracefully awkward and beautiful. Several layers of education, all differing, had been successively applied to her. When she was quite small she had gone to a High Church school modelled on a convent. But one needs more than French and manners in order to cope with the world. She went next to a Soul Culture school where she was allowed to go barefoot and to develop personality—supposedly. After that there had been a year at one of the conventional boarding schools up the Hudson, under a lady who was impeccable, and whose one adventure was an engagement twenty years earlier to a Governor of a State. She had turned him down because he drank mint juleps in the morning. There Cynthia had been captain of the hockey team and had excelled in basketball and skating.

Later on Cynthia went to Mrs. Mowbray's school in New York. Mrs. Mowbray did many things in addition to running one of the most up-to-date and expensive schools in the city. She was a writer, a popular platform speaker and interested in numerous clubs and charitable organizations. Mrs. Mowbray's secretary signed a contract to receive three thousand a year until she became engaged. Mrs. Mowbray herself married as often as she chose. It never interfered with her work.

At Mrs. Mowbray's, Cynthia studied The Drama in the morning and Domestic Economy in the afternoon. She

also learned all about Parliamentary Law and International Law, (which is quite different.) One year she discovered that the unearned increment was the source of all economic problems. The next year they changed teachers and she learned that it was emigration. In another course she learned that it was neither of these, but that she must "think for herself."

Cynthia could discuss the multiplicity of the ego and psycho-analysis and she knew why dreams don't come true. In fact she was very advanced, and very sophisticated—by proxy.

On a certain bleak afternoon early in December, between the hours of five and seven, Cynthia was to "come out." And as Cynthia's mother, who had been living abroad for several years following the death of her husband, had not returned to this country for the event, it was Miss Henrietta Hawarden who had made all necessary arrangements.

Aunt Henrietta's town house was in the East Sixties, off Fifth Avenue. Among the numerous modernized houses that had put on Gothic fronts or had Colonial entrances and window boxes breathing pseudo-simplicity forced upon them, and still others looking like twenty-five-foot slices of a château in Touraine, Miss Hawarden's house stood intact, a brown-stone embodiment of the eighties. And up the high, ugly stoop a vast number of people were pouring.

For it could not be denied that there was a kind of suppressed curiosity and cynical interest attached to this coming

out tea that distinguished it from other affairs of the sort. Not that Miss Hawarden's tea-dance for her niece would differ from most of the receptions given that winter for débutantes, in the essentials. Doubtless Miss Hawarden would patronize the right caterer and orchestra, and the girls whom she had asked to receive with Cynthia would all resemble Botticelli angels in French clothes. They would most likely be slightly made up and entirely surrounded by roses.

Miss Hawarden's guests knew exactly what to expect in the way of entertainment before they entered the house. And of course they knew that the house itself would look precisely as it had a year ago when Miss Henrietta had given a reception for Lady Duddington, who had come over to start a movement in favor of coffee-houses for American working-men.

At all events, everyone knew that the floor of the hall would be of black and white tessellated marble, the mouldings and panelling would be in cheerful black walnut, and the butler would be just a shade grayer. There would be a crystal chandelier in the drawing-room and a marble mantel containing two yellowish-drab groups by Rogers and a large clock kept under glass.

Mrs. Johnny Trevor shivered slightly as she entered and gave her card to Wicks. She was one of those women who follow the sproutings of the newest and most expensive apartment houses, pounce on them when they are nothing but an arrangement of steel rafters and blue prints and take out a lease. Her dining-room was in Chinese Chippendale. Last season it had been William and Mary. The static had no charm for her. And anything Victorian gave her the blues. Mrs. Trevor sighed and looked about her quickly for the poor kiddie, as she mentally designated Cynthia.

Now Cynthia Hawarden did not at all fill one's idea of a "poor kiddie." As has been already said, she was nineteen and beautiful. She floated toward

Mrs. Trevor in her frail tulle and taffetta frock and kicked a rug as she did so. (Mrs. Trevor had arrived very late.) Cynthia's hair, straight and burnished, shone with a metallic, pale-gold luster. She was faintly freckled, like the inside of a wild lily.

Mrs. Trevor smiled at her own daughter, Burkes Trevor, who had been receiving with Cynthia, and accepted in return a friendly, tolerant pat.

"Hello, Fanny," Burkes remarked casually to her mother.

"O, Cynthia—you're lovely!" said Mrs. Trevor sweetly and yearningly. And what she meant was, "You are good-looking. And it's a pity because you'll have an awful time of it on account of that wretched story! How Flora Hawarden, with a daughter to bring out could involve herself in anything like that! It's really too bad of Flora." For Mrs. Trevor, in her passage through the room had sensed the fact that the atmosphere was not that of the typical correct coming-out tea. That pleasant, congratulatory, flattering interest in the débutante herself was almost entirely lacking. Instead, there was in evidence an uneasy curiosity as to what Cynthia would do and say next. The women were either more vague or more affectionate than was absolutely necessary, and the men were in two groups, some wearing a perplexed air of constraint and the rest giving her furtive, appraising glances.

Mrs. Van Vleck was ladling whipped cream into chocolate cups with the air of a martyr, and as she handed Mrs. Trevor her cup she remarked, "Vera was going to receive with Cynthia. But of course I couldn't have it after—O, I forgot—Burkes was on the line, wasn't she?"

"Really, Christine, I should think Miss Henrietta would be correct enough to counteract Flora. And, after all, the banks of the Nile aren't the banks of the Hudson!" Mrs. Trevor was raging inwardly as she laughed good-naturedly at her own remark. But she believed that, like her apartment, her mind had been "done over," and besides, Burkes

had received with Cynthia, and it couldn't be helped now.

"All I can say is that if Flora Hawarden wanted to go floating down the Nile with somebody or camp out in Abyssinia with him—*why* did she advertise the fact by picking out Winters Carmichael? If they had only—but you know Carmichael!"

"Well, he's talented at least. He's an explorer, and a poet and all kinds of things." Mrs. Trevor defended.

"Especially a press-agent," Mrs. Van Vleck remarked drily. "Only I've always been such a friend of Miss Henrietta's—and, of course, no one would dare mention the subject to *her*. She hasn't the slightest idea, you know!" Mrs. Van Vleck regarded the cream-bowl mournfully.

"But are *we* absolutely certain about all of the circumstances?" Mrs. Trevor brightened.

"Oh, it's common talk in Egypt, you know? And it seems Cynthia had a letter from her mother several weeks ago saying she hoped Cynthia wouldn't disapprove too much of an important step she was about to take. Fancy! But the shocking part is that when one of the other girls told Cynthia the story (rather horrid of her, I think), she didn't appear to care! Said she was proud of her mother 'for having the courage to 'live her own life' or some such nonsense. And now, half her friends—all those girls who graduated in white nun's veiling from Mrs. Mowbray's last May—are making a perfect heroine of poor Flora Hawarden. They say she's a genius or artistic or something. (You know Flora used to paint on china when she was a girl. I remember no one ever bought those huge punch-bowls with bunches of grapes on them she used to contribute to the St. Chrysostom League Fair. We always had to raffle them off.) Oh, it's absurd—absurd."

"No," said Mrs. Trevor, rising and putting down her cup. "It's the way Cynthia was educated. I'm afraid she took it all seriously. Most girls don't." She smiled at Mrs. Van Vleck as

though she had solved everything concerning Cynthia, and passed on into the music-room.

Now, Jimmie Broadbent knew nothing of Cynthia except that her mother was supposed to be travelling through Africa or Timbuctoo or some other exotic countryside with a man who wrote poetic dramas when he wasn't tracking some River of Doubt to its source. That the man had long been in love with Mrs. Hawarden, but that she had refused to marry him because her husband had made a curious will in which he left everything to his wife and daughter only on condition that his wife remained unmarried after his death. And as the explorer chap made a rather precarious living out of his writing and was subject to sudden attacks of wanderlust, well, they had finally solved the difficulty in their own way. This much Broadbent had learned at his club that afternoon, also that Cynthia was pretty. And so he had asked Dalrymple to bring him. And Dal had done so.

Broadbent stood talking to Cynthia, or rather he watched *her* talk and occasionally he replied. Most of his sentences contained three words. And all the time he was thinking that Cynthia had the straightest, shiningest hair he had ever seen and that the tiny freckles on her fair skin somehow made her long slate gray eyes awfully attractive.

He thought that she looked like a slender white birch tree. But he would have been shot rather than put it into words. Broadbent was a singularly inarticulate creature when the sentiment in him was appealed to. And now it was—most unexpectedly. He had come to the reception with Craigh Dalrymple mainly out of curiosity. Cards had been sent, of course, but he did not usually go to that sort of thing. He had expected to find a pretty, diverting little piece of youthful femininity, who, if she had walked into the Knickerbocker would certainly have been taken for a chorus girl. Most coming-out parties were slow—hers would be rather different, he thought.

Instead he had found a serene, self-possessed, lovely young being with faintly superior, lightly etched brows arching above pensive gray eyes, and the most alluring freckles undimmed by powder. And the punch was disgustingly mild! Really, it was very puzzling.

"By Jove—I can't make her out. Do you suppose she knows? About—about her mother, you know?" he said in an aside to Dalrymple. Dalrymple shrugged indifferently.

"I believe you've fallen for her, though."

"Oh, I think she's a jolly little thing, of course." Broadbent always used understatement. Which was odd, because he could be reckless in other ways.

Meanwhile Cynthia had greeted several hundred people that afternoon, many of whom she had never seen before. But out of that number she had a quite distinct picture of Broadbent, and of their conversation together. She thought afterwards that perhaps it was because he looked so glum, as Burkes expressed it, until he smiled. That showed his white teeth and lighted his dark eyes and habitually indifferent, almost somber expression. The features were well cut and yet full of contradictions. There was the candid look in the eyes contrasting with the rather sullen mouth, the proud nose and the chin which was round rather than square. Oddest of all, Cynthia thought, the thin upper lip did not seem to match the fuller lower one. And when Broadbent suddenly asked her what bothered her so about his face since she was regarding it with such a pained expression, she answered impulsively:

"Nothing—only, you know, your lips don't match. I hope you don't mind," she added, laughing rather uncertainly.

"Not in the least," said Broadbent imperturbably, and evidently referring to the fact of his lips not matching. Then he looked at her gravely and said in a different tone:

"But I'd like to match them against yours." Broadbent would never have

said that except to a flapper. And even now, he was rather sorry. It sounded cheap, he knew. But Cynthia only laughed in the way young girls do when they can't think what to say. Then:

"But I only match pennies," she said, flashing him a level glance of her gray eyes. He had half-expected to be soundly snubbed.

"Won't you raise the stakes—some time?" he asked hopefully.

"I'll tell you—some time!" she said flippantly. "And now I have this fox-trot with Maltby Rice." She turned away, and Broadbent did not see her again to speak to during the afternoon, although he stayed on half an hour in the hopes of finding an opportunity. For she puzzled him, and Broadbent was not used to being puzzled by débutantes. Was she very deep or very transparent? Was she innocent or wise, or both at once?

After the guests had left and only the receiving party and an equal number of young men remained for dinner and the theatre party that was to follow, Cynthia and Burkes Trevor found a moment together for a secret conclave.

"The Chisolms and Mrs. Grant and Helen Stickney didn't come—did you notice?" Cynthia asked hurriedly.

"Peggy Loney and I looked over the cards up in the blue-room. The Sedgwick's didn't come either—nor the Dobsons. But they're plebs, anyway. The lower classes are always narrow-minded, you know? And that cat Anise Harvie backing down as soon 'as she heard Vera Van Vleck wasn't going to receive. Wasn't it revolting of her? Of course Vera, poor girl, is absolutely under her mother's thumb. She's hopeless, anyway."

They looked at each other with a certain carefulness.

"People are horrid!" said Burkes with indignant sympathy. But Cynthia appeared anything but chagrined. She held her head erect, her delicately arched brows became straight lines and her eyes shone. She looked like a young Joan of Arc. She was the Maid

of Domremy with all her armor flashing in the sun. She was The Maid at the head of the Prince's army—before that army was scattered, and the Prince had repudiated her.

"Why should I care?" she asked Burkes, flashing a radiant smile at her. "I am very proud of Mother for what she has had the courage to do. I think she is wonderful!"

"Of course she is. Anyway, it's her own affair entirely. But some of those people *were* disagreeable, and it would have bowled over lots of other girls. Cynthia dear, you're the Little Wonder! And you're such a funny darling. O, and I've thought of someone else who didn't come. You remember that good-looking Mr. Broadbent (only he's so glum), you remember he came alone?"

"But he came with little Dal," Cynthia protested.

"My dear, I mean his wife didn't come," Burkes explained.

"O, his *wife*?" Cynthia looked at Burkes helplessly for a moment. "Of course. His wife—didn't come," she added quickly.

"My dear, you do look a bit fagged. Tiresome, isn't it? And I don't suppose there's any chance of having Wicks get a stinger to us before we go in? Well, come along down."

CHAPTER II

IF Miss Hawarden had known the true reason why some of her friends had not appeared at the reception given for her debutante niece, and the triumph with which Cynthia regarded their defection she would have been highly incensed. But not the faintest echo of the tale concerning her sister-in-law's adventure in Egypt had reached her. Miss Hawarden was much too correct a person to hear gossip. And it is only fair to add that many of Miss Henrietta's friends were equally unenlightened. Others were sure enough of their own social positions or of Miss Henrietta's to ignore the rumor which appeared to them as distant

and untroubling as the siege guns in the Dardanelles or the artillery fire in the Gallipoli peninsula. At any rate they could wait until it sounded nearer home. Besides, George Hawarden had made an utterly ridiculous will. And provided the thing wasn't given too much publicity, it was the sort of situation one could accept tacitly without really appearing to countenance. And Cynthia was so pretty and well bred!

But in spite of this attitude of easy-going indifference on the part of the majority, there were many who looked askance at Cynthia and began to draw away almost imperceptibly from Miss Henrietta, much to that poor lady's bewilderment. Miss Henrietta was a tall, slender lady with a manner full of a gentle dignity. She had one quite harmless vanity. In a dinner gown of black lace over lemon yellow, cut short waisted, with a flat curl applied to her forehead at each temple, she imagined that she resembled the Empress Josephine. Miss Henrietta admired the Empress Josephine extravagantly for no apparent reason. She did not realize that if she had met the Empress socially, Josephine would have shocked her nearly as much as Cynthia had succeeded in doing.

For Miss Hawarden had never approved of Cynthia. She objected particularly to the modern methods of educating girls as applied to Cynthia. She considered that they had had a particularly unhappy effect in Cynthia's case.

For all that summer at Fresh Pond, where the old Hawarden Manor House stood, Miss Henrietta had enjoyed the over-stimulating companionship of a girl newly furnished with a sort of *multum in parvo* edition of a college education supplied without the drudgery or the stigma of college. Miss Hawarden had been at a loss to account for her niece's interest in criminals, imbeciles and wayward girls, all of which classes Cynthia appeared to cherish. Once Miss Hawarden had remarked that "Cynthia really seemed to respect fallen women more than those who had

not—fallen. She doesn't appear to realize that before that stage is reached there is always some letting down of the bars!"

"What does Aunt Henrietta mean by that?" Cynthia had asked Peter Hawarden. Peter was a third or fourth cousin who spent his vacations at Hawarden Manor. At least it was always referred to as Peter's vacation, although Peter had never been known to have an occupation in his life. He never made any money, although he had various ways of raising it. He usually arrived at stated intervals from Nowhere, with nothing in his pockets. He would languidly descend from a drawing-room car, looking uglier, more bronzed and better groomed than any man in sight. He would summon a hack to take him to Hawarden Manor, and later greet Miss Henrietta with a quiet regard and quite as though he had seen her the day before.

When Cynthia asked Peter what Aunt Henrietta meant by her remark about letting down the bars, he merely smoked thoughtfully for a moment.

"Of course you wouldn't know," he said. "Because you wouldn't be the sort to let down the bars yourself. And you wouldn't smash through the top rail either. You wouldn't be a 'thru-ster.' You'd simply bolt and clear the whole five bars if you felt like it. But then you won't—naturally."

"Why not? Tell me why not, Peter." Cynthia had gravely persisted.

"Oh, it isn't done," said Peter as gravely. "Life isn't just a hurdle race, you see."

"Well, what is it, Peter? Do tell me what it is!" But Peter Hawarden only shook his head, with an amused, despairing look on his big, unhandsome features. And Cynthia could not get anything more explicit out of him. For Peter was habitually noncommittal. Sometimes when he was supposed to be playing golf in the South he was shooting big game in the Canadian Northwest, and vice versa. He never wrote letters, and if he failed to turn up at Fresh Pond in six months' time

Miss Henrietta, who had a certain amount of affection for him, usually notified the police of British Columbia or asked information at the offices of steamship lines that ran to out-of-the-way corners of the earth. And then when she had quite made up her mind that she would never meet Peter in this world again, he would suddenly appear at Hawarden Manor. He would play golf in summer and shoot ducks in winter and run up a sizeable bill at the Bonnyridge Country Club where he was always hailed with fearsome delight because he occasionally told entertaining stories and was willing to play anyone for anything. Peter had been Cynthia's ideal hero up to her seventeenth year. She was still extremely fond of him, but it was no longer the height of her ambition to accompany him to Honduras or Vancouver with a thirty-two-bore shotgun. And since he refused to discuss social philosophy with her Cynthia had lost a very little of her faith in him. Nevertheless, what he said about her clearing all five bars had stuck in her mind.

And oddly enough, Peter's figure of speech about her bolting over the five-bar gate without letting down any of the bars had recurred to her numerous times in the week following her coming-out party; and always after she had seen Jimmie Broadbent. For they had met on several occasions, always casually enough, but Cynthia believed that these meetings were fraught with a special significance for Broadbent as well as for herself. When his eyes searched her out down the length of Mrs. Trevor's dinner table, Cynthia read the sign that smouldered in them. And one night when she was leaving her aunt's opera box Cynthia tripped over somebody's velvet train (she was always doing things like that and hated herself for it) and it was Broadbent who had put out his arm and caught her. There was a cool, amused smile on the lips which didn't match, but Cynthia could feel something tense and suppressed in his sudden clasp. She looked up at him swiftly with her pensive

gray eyes, and met the swift, candid look in his dark ones. Cynthia felt suddenly lighter than air; etherealized. It was like the sun drawing water, she thought. Before she had been a cool, dark lake, surrounded by virgin forests, rockbound and only mirroring a transient cloud or the flight of a bird. Now she was suddenly being drawn up; up into the glorious sun!

Cynthia walked out of the opera box without having any very clear idea of where she was going. But soon Aunt Henrietta and the others were surrounding her again. They were talking—all the usual gossip and nothing of the music. Broadbent alone was quiet. But then he never talked a great deal. His expression, moody and preoccupied, puzzled Cynthia, however. She hummed the little air "*On l'appelle Manon*" from the opera with a kind of happy abandon, until a reproving glance from Miss Henrietta made her recollect herself. It was strange that anyone could appear bored or indifferent or unhappy after having listened to such charming music, Cynthia thought.

A week went by in which Cynthia saw nothing of Broadbent. A dinner at which she had secretly expected to find him (it was given by his cousin Ninon Lambeer) Broadbent stayed away from. And at a dinner dance given in the tapestry suite at Sherry's for the young married set and girls who had been out several years, with only a handful of débutantes, Cynthia had been sure of seeing him. But he had not come, and she confessed to a distinct sense of disappointment. The evening, which had promised to be a brilliant one, and to which she had looked forward immensely, seemed strangely flat. And young Maltby Rice, just out of college the previous June, who had thrown all the accustomed ardor of football season into paying court to Cynthia, got on her nerves.

Why should Maltby Rice get on her nerves? He was such a nice boy, extraordinarily good-looking and with no mental complexities. His disposition was so perfect that even the fact of his

being hopelessly in love with Cynthia did not seriously mar it. And Cynthia knew that he was the logical person for her to be in love with, too. And there he was, getting on her nerves as usual. If only he wouldn't keep saying, "I think we have a lot in common. Really now, don't you?" And then he would go over an interminable list of sports, breakfast foods, places and makes of cars that they both did or did not like. Finally Cynthia started to contradict him every time he reminded her that she liked something that he liked.

"But I thought you said—" Maltby would begin, greatly puzzled.

"Any way, you never fall in love with people who have the same tastes," Cynthia informed him.

"I do," said Maltby.

"People who are opposites are more apt to. It's better for the race," Cynthia went on coldly.

"What race?" Maltby demanded, fresh interest in his tone.

"Besides, you don't even like 'Alice in Wonderland' or 'Peter Pan,'" said Cynthia, veering again toward the original topic.

"Because I don't know what the fellow's talking about. It was the same fellow, wasn't it? But I don't see what it has to do with what we were talking about. Cynthia, why don't you—why don't you marry me?"

"The second turning to the right and straight on toward morning," Cynthia quoted. "And now, Maltby, you must not propose again. Not for several weeks!" And Maltby had risen and strode off with a decidedly gloomy expression on his handsome young features.

If Cynthia had not seen anything of Jimmie Broadbent since the night of "*Manon Lescaut*," she had at least learned more about him from hearsay. In the first place Jimmie was not even an abbreviation of his real name. He had been christened Jocelyn Telford Broadbent. But he was always known as Jimmie Broadbent. To Cynthia, this was all very vital and significant. She

was somehow glad that he was the sort of person one called Jimmie instead of Jocelyn. But still other facts concerning Broadbent had reached Cynthia. He married six years ago, the year he finished at Princeton, Coralie Wyeth. Miss Wyeth had already obtained an international reputation because of her romantic love affair with a certain titled Spaniard. She had been reported engaged to him many times, but the story was finally denied. The settlements had not come up to the Don's expectations, it was said. But as Miss Wyeth's father was one of the richest bankers in New York, this did not satisfy the majority. And when it was rumored that King Alphonso himself had forbidden the marriage (unless Miss Wyeth would consent to a morganatic union), on the grounds that his kinsman had a slight chance of succeeding to the throne, everyone eagerly accepted the story.

However that may be, Miss Wyeth had not been Mrs. Broadbent more than a few weeks before she confided to one of her bridesmaids that she had made a mistake. After that she divided her time between travel and keeping up appearances. It was popularly supposed that Jimmie amused himself at intervals in other ways. Many people wondered at the fact that the Broadbents continued to stick it out. The truth was that it would have been stranger in their case if they had not done so. Broadbent was intensely conventional under his skin, and with a queer fatalistic streak in him. He had also an odd loyalty and sympathy for his wife. As for Coralie Broadbent, she was quite as conventional as Broadbent and ardently High Church.

Cynthia read a certain amount of irony into the fact that Mrs. Broadbent had attended the same High Church school that she had been sent to as a girl of twelve. She could easily picture to herself Coralie Broadbent gliding into chapel, a small square of blue veiling (white on saints' days) over her light brown hair. She wondered if she had ever come sliding down the banisters

into Sister Virginia Claire's arms, extended in horror and consternation? Had she ever had a kid crush on gentle little Sister Ursula Clement? Had she ever entertained at a midnight spread on the roof, having climbed through the windows of the gym? Did she ever garb herself in Sister Anne's habit, cap and wings and terrify the Juniors C's found in the corridor outside their rooms?

Why she might have done any or all of these things, Cynthia decided. But to look at her now, with her colorless, high-bred face, in which no feature was emphasized more than another, one realized that she had long since put away childish things. Cynthia had never met Coralie Broadbent. She had seen her at a large studio tea one day, and another time lunching at Sherry's with a Russian Grand Duchess who was spending the winter in New York with her seven children, all incognito and glad to be away from the war zone. To Cynthia she was a graceful, shadowy individuality, hardly more personal than an algebraic symbol. And oddly enough she found it quite impossible to think of her in any relation at all to Broadbent.

It was true that Cynthia had never seen Jimmie Broadbent and his wife together. They did not seem to know the same people or go to the same places. Coralie Broadbent, except for a few artistic people of assured reputation, chose her friends from among the most conservative set in New York. She preferred a more rarefied and exclusive social atmosphere than the one in which Jimmie found relaxation. Jimmie thought that most of Coralie's friends had no "pep." And Cynthia Hawarden, owing somewhat to the now famous story about her mother's escape on the Nile, soon found herself drawn into the larger, more elastic and far gayer set that numbered Broadbent among its patron saints. Miss Henrietta was puzzled and vaguely disquieted by some of the people whom Cynthia knew, and Cynthia herself would have raged if she had known the exact shade

of meaning that some of her friends attached to what Cynthia called being broad-minded. And of course she was not aware of the fact that Broadbent had been quite prepared to regard her in the same light. And that now, after a few brief encounters he had not yet quite made up his mind about her. Cynthia still puzzled him. He had an enormous curiosity about her. Lots of prettier girls had come out that year. Lots of prettier girls had not come out and never would—and Broadbent knew a number of both. But Cynthia, with her metal-bright hair and soft, pensive eyes, her freckles and her young mingling of awkwardness and grace had a powerful appeal for him. Each time he had found himself in her vicinity, he had been conscious of a psychic pull toward her, until he had brought her eyes to his, or they had spoken a word to each other (he never knew what it was they had said) or he had touched her hand, or perhaps a piece of floating tulle from her dress.

And then that night at the opera—Jimmie knew that he could have kissed her as she went through the ante-room (after having tripped over Mrs. Twombly Minturn's train). And he knew that he *would* have, if Miss Hawarden and the others had been a second later in following them. He felt that there was something simple and elemental about Cynthia in spite of her little affectations of thought, which he half guessed at. He had almost determined that it would be amusing to flirt with her—she was quite wise enough. After the incident at the opera he knew that it would be more than amusing. He and Cynthia would get on like a house afire, as he expressed it. And then—? Broadbent's imagination failed him. "Get out of the undertow, Jimmie. Get out of the undertow!" Broadbent admonished himself earnestly.

It was largely owing to the good advice given by Jimmie to Jimmie that Cynthia did not see him for a week or so after the night he had been in her aunt's box. And when they final-

ly met again the encounter was surprising and somewhat anticlimatic to both of them.

Broadbent was at the Biltmore one afternoon and had gone downstairs to telephone. He was waiting for his number when some malicious trick of fate crossed the wires and he was suddenly made an unintentional eavesdropper. Two girls were engaged in an animated conversation, and their fresh voices and cultivated accents came very pleasantly along the wonderful wire to Broadbent. Of course they were talking clothes! He had not got the drift at first.

"Yes, it's green—green golflex trimmed with sable-squirrel. And my skating shoes are green buckskin to match."

"Stunning! I wish I could see it," came the answer.

"I wish I could see it," Jimmie ventured in heartfelt tones.

"Jump off, little boy, jump off!" was the brisk reply from girl number two. The first one laughed into the 'phone.

"Oh, *please*—I'm having such a good time," Jimmie managed to sound rather plaintive, and at the same time amused.

"Where are you, anyway?" he asked a moment later.

"Home," was the laconic reply from number two. "Where are you?" she added.

"Oh, home," said Jimmie. "And where's the other one?"

"I'm not telling!" said the girl who owned the green skating suit.

"I wish you'd go to luncheon with me, wherever you are," from Jimmie. "So sorry. I've just had luncheon," said the girl, registering regret in her voice. Ironical, very likely.

"How about a liqueur at the Beaux Arts?" Jimmie proposed. Girl number two giggled delightfully. Girl number one gave him a hesitant "No, I don't believe I feel like a liqueur."

"Tea? Why don't you both come to tea with me? The Biltmore rink at four—since you skate. How about it?"

"I'll be there!" said the second girl,

although there was a faint protest from girl number one.

"Now how shall I know you?" Jimmie inquired.

"Oh, the two handsomest women on the ice!" from girl number two.

"Will one of you wear the green suit?"

"Certainly not!" said girl number one in considerable alarm.

"Because I shall wear a green scarf!" Jimmie declared.

"Your national color?" The girl who owned the green suit asked.

"Our national color," he gently corrected.

"But you'll surely come?" Jimmie added.

"Just give me time to get my paint on! And now good-bye, everybody."

Someone had hung up the receiver, and Jimmie found himself suddenly cut off. That was all! He would of course never see these two light-hearted, irresponsible young persons again. He recognized the type. For although they had been perfectly willing to flirt at long distance and coquette incognito, both would have appeared patterns of correctness if he had happened to meet them socially. It was a lark to say things over the wonderful wire. But anything further—Heaven forbid, and safety first! How characteristic of little old New York and its wise, innocent, foolish, canny young women, Broadbent thought. And he sighed and hung up his receiver. He would not try to get the number he had been waiting for. His mood had veered abruptly.

As Broadbent shoved open the door of the telephone booth, he caught sight of a green skirt banded with dark fur. It fairly whisked by as a tall slim girl dashed impetuously from another booth.

Broadbent followed as impetuously and a moment later he was looking into the slate gray eyes of Cynthia Hawarden.

"I'm in luck to-day!" he greeted her. "I was awfully afraid you wouldn't come."

"What do you mean?" she asked in-

nocently. Broadbent was almost deceived by her tone.

"Nothing. Only I was afraid you wouldn't come—in your green skating frock." He smiled, but his eyes remained serious, compelling.

"How could you think I'd fail you—in your green scarf?"

They both laughed.

"I was in booth number twelve," he said. It seemed very important.

"I was in three," she said breathlessly.

They stood talking for several minutes. There was a kind of tense radiance between them, a sort of high-pressure happiness. They might have been seated together in a racing car or a hydroplane that hurled them over the surface of the water at ninety miles an hour. So oblivious of externals they were, and so conscious of the fact that a great deal of living must be packed into a short space of time.

Cynthia caught sight of her face mirrored in a glass door of one of the telephone booths, and was startled by the look of emotion which she saw in it. If she appeared this way, merely because she had happened to meet Broadbent coming out of a telephone booth—!

"What a lot of time we're wasting! I ought to be up at the rink now," Cynthia laughed a little nervously.

"Mustn't waste any of *our* time," said Broadbent gravely.

"One thing at least is certain—

This life flies!

One thing at least is certain

And the rest is lies," he quoted half cynically.

Broadbent thought most poetry rot, but the fatalism of these lines seemed to express his own philosophy (when not complicated by the outcropping of half-buried Puritan instincts).

Broadbent took Cynthia to the lift by which they would ascend to the Venetian Gardens now converted into a skating rink. It seemed that both Cynthia and Broadbent belonged to the skating club which met there on that particular afternoon—in aid of the sol-

diers in the trenches of Flanders as well as to enable the débutantes to wear the last word in skating accessories. Cynthia had already called up Burkes Trevor on the telephone (girl number two), and learned that Burkes had "something else." Broadbent wanted to know wouldn't he do? Cynthia nodded happily.

The maid who put on Cynthia's skating shoes in the dressing-room, lacing them and buckling them snugly about her ankles, seemed unreasonably deliberate. Cynthia frowned impatiently at the poor girl. Like Broadbent she had begun to be conscious of that fateful hurrying toward something—she hardly knew what. She hardly realized her wish not to lose a second of the time which she might spend with him. And there was that feeling of crowding as much as possible into moments snatched from ordinary living.

Broadbent skated up to her when she appeared at the rink-side. They swung out over the ice together, swaying to right and left as with a common impulse. He caught the curve of her chin and cheek, the sweep of her lashes and the lilt of her slim, accurately poised body. He felt as joyful and conquering as when he had rushed down a gravel path at the age of seven, screaming "Choo-Choo," and holding a clothes-pin for a throttle.

Then he found himself saying, and keeping time as he skated to the inaudible refrain,

"Oh, Jimmie—swim out—swim out, get out
—of the under-tow.

Get out of the un-der tow if you can—if
you can't—"

They kept on skating.

CHAPTER III

It was a part with Broadbent's fatalism that anything relating to the future was on the knees of the gods, as he would have said. Therefore he did not at first try to answer the question as to where his interest in Cynthia Hawarden was taking the girl and himself.

So far everything had been brought

about by mere blind chance—supporting his theory of inevitability. He had happened to hear a story about Cynthia's mother, because he had happened in at the club that afternoon, and this had roused his curiosity about Cynthia and led to his meeting her. After that their encounters had been purely accidental. And it was Fate surely who had crossed the wires that afternoon when he had tried to telephone from the Biltmore!

But after meeting Cynthia and skating with her that day, Jimmie found that he could no longer leave things to chance presumably. That evening he found himself making ingenious excuses to Coralie for not having telephoned to her regarding an engagement she had made for him that afternoon "if he could get away." And when he went down to his office in the Trust Company the following day, he found himself inventing a story all about "lunching at the Biltmore with a fellow and buying him drinks all afternoon in the hopes that he'd come across and take a load of Pacific Seaboard. But just when I thought I'd been playing him about right—etc."

And then, before leaving Cynthia they had made sure of seeing each other in a day or so. To be sure, there was no definite assignation made. But Broadbent discovered, quite as by chance, that Cynthia expected to take tea on board the *Wentworth*, one of the newest torpedo destroyers, which had lately tied up to a dock in the Hudson near Seventy-ninth street. And Cynthia learned, quite as by chance, that Captain Roberts, of the *Wentworth*, was an old friend of Jimmie's.

Therefore, when Cynthia came aboard the *Wentworth* two days later with a party of girls chaperoned by Mrs. Johnny Trevor, she greeted Broadbent, who had dropped around to see his old friend Roberts with well simulated surprise.

When tea had been served by the two Filipino mess attendants, one of the junior lieutenants started the Victrola, and Broadbent carefully selected the

plainest and callowest debutante present, guided her once around the ward room to the time of "Hello, Frisco," and deposited her on one of the built-in leather lounges. Cynthia had promised the next to a slim blond young man whose blue service uniform was particularly becoming. But Jimmie claimed her immediately after this for the third, and they were about to start dancing when the realization came to them that the expected fox-trot or one-step had been replaced by the Hawaiian record "*Alo-ha Oe*," "Farewell." They stepped apart almost guiltily as the strains of the wailing ukaleles floated softly out.

Cynthia glanced quickly at Broadbent with a look of premonition on her face. The weird music did not sound as though it came from instruments made by the hands of men. Rather it was the sad farewell of the south wind blowing over a tropical forest of some little lazy isle on its way over the sea, no one knew whither. She suddenly caught the application of it to her own case and that of Broadbent. Was love then like a south wind that stirred one and left one to go no one knew whither? Why was it that she had no sooner met Jimmie than they were both obsessed with the idea that they must part? Was this because Jimmie was not technically free to love her or was it a necessary part of all love? She did not know. She only knew that somehow Jimmie must not be allowed to go out of her life before he had barely come into it.

"Oh, no—not that!" she said aloud, in a strained voice. Jimmie looked at her gravely, understandingly.

"No, that's no good at all to dance to," Burkes Trevor interposed practically. Someone got up and put on another record.

Burkes Trevor had already extracted a quantity of brass buttons, anchor pins, turbine blades and other nautical odds and ends from Lieutenant Maxwell, together with the promise of his class ring (as soon as he recovered it from the Norfolk lady who was then wearing

it). And now her fancy soared to still other conquests.

"I simply adore these delightful epaulets—and the dinky little Napoleon hat, Mr. Maxwell," she was saying beguilingly. But the finished product of Annapolis, before putting away his gold shoulder straps and fore and aft hat in the chest of drawers under his bunk, answered her firmly. "You'd be entirely welcome to them—with my boat cape thrown in—(I know it would be becoming), only I might need them myself some time, and our motto, you know, is 'preparedness.'"

Then Vera Van Vleck, who always took things very seriously, wanted to know how a torpedo worked, and also expressed a wish to be taken to the bridge and the engine-room, having a notion that it would be instructive. Captain Roberts organized a sightseeing party promptly and offered to demonstrate everything on the ship from the chart room to the glory hole.

When the others had gone on deck, Broadbent and Cynthia faced each other across the ward room table.

"You know that thing the Victor played just as we were ready to dance?" he began bluntly. Cynthia nodded without looking up. Broadbent moved over to one of the open port holes and through it looked out on the river for a moment.

"*Alo-ha Oe*—'Farewell to you,'" he repeated the words slowly. There was a far-away look in his eyes that Cynthia could not interpret to herself. He turned toward her abruptly. She was conscious that his gaze rested on her searchingly, with a parched intensity.

"It's true, I guess. It's got to be—that way."

"Yes," Cynthia barely breathed the word, in a tone of complete acquiescence.

But she could not help reaching out to him with her hands, like flowers turning toward the sun, although not even her fingertips met his. And all the time she wanted to throw herself at his feet in an ecstasy of grief that would have nevertheless been happiness.

Her head was tilted backward and her eyelids drooped wearily. Cynthia had never fainted, but she felt that she might have done so in another moment. When Broadbent spoke to her in a sharp, low tone, she started as though suddenly awakened from a trance. A moment later she was in his arms. All the bitter longing that had possessed her was being crushed out against his heart. Yet, even as he kissed her, Cynthia had a premonition that they were saying good-bye. The shadow of "*Aloha Oe*" was between them.

"Kiss me," he said later. And Cynthia laid her lips against his cheek.

"I can't," she said at last, timidly. "I want to, but I—can't. I never do kiss people, you know, not even girls." He looked at her with a curious, grave smile.

"You're only a little girl-child yourself, aren't you?" he said. And then he broke out into a torrent of self-reproach.

"Oh, Cynthia—I haven't the ghost of a right to your kisses or to anything of yours. Forgive me—try to. Will you?" Cynthia looked at him with a soft surprise in her glance.

"How can you say that?" she asked, ignoring the latter part of what he had said.

"Never mind. Everything's an awful puzzle. Let's go on deck. We can at least look at the light on the river—and keep on wondering." He led her gently out of the ward room.

While they had talked the dusk had been creeping insidiously about them. The sun had dropped down behind the Palisades a moment sooner, and there was a chill pink afterglow in the sky above the blue basalt cliffs that found its reflection in the broad expanse of the river. They stood there a moment on the narrow deck of the torpedo destroyer which rolled gently in the swell of the great river.

"Isn't this a marvelous place?" Broadbent's enthusiasm was kindled by the sight of the calm sweep of the river. "The Bois de Boulogne on one side—the Grand Canyon, peppered with glue

factories and sugar refineries, on the other, and floating calmly between them the most beautiful river in the world!" They looked at each other with shining, deep eyes.

"But I was thinking more of the boats than of the river," Cynthia told him. And when he asked what she thought about the boats, she replied impulsively:

"Oh, that there are so many of them! All kinds, you know. Yachts, ferryboats, tramp steamers and windjammers. And they're all going somewhere. Think of all the ships there must be on this river, and in the harbor beyond, just ready to ship anchors and sail away—over the world, and under the world! And—" she hesitated.

"And what?" he prompted gently.

"And *we* might be in one of them—but we can't. It isn't only—oh, we just can't! That's all."

"No," said Broadbent in a low tone. "We can't." Then, a moment later, he took Cynthia's arm and guided her toward the gangway.

"Let's go ashore! There's a spell about this old river."

"*Take my boat to your breast, O River, Carry me out to sea.*"

"That's the way it makes me feel, you know," he told her, and she nodded quickly, and as though she understood.

"We can call up Mrs. Trevor afterwards and explain. She's a good scout. Meanwhile, you're coming for a ride in my car," Broadbent went on. Cynthia gave an excited little laugh. She had completely forgotten Mrs. Trevor, Captain Roberts and the rest of the party.

Soon afterwards they were rolling smoothly up Riverside Drive in Jimmie's fast roadster. Cynthia was encased in the extra leather coat which Broadbent had brought, and half buried in furs.

The chill pink afterglow had been transformed into a smoky orange along the skyline that faded into applegreen and melted into the twilight blue of mid-heaven. The lights of Jersey were picked out against the dark blot of the Palisades in brilliant blue-white and

gold. The river showed steel color in the half light. And always the boats plied silently up and down. On the other hand were mysterious dream houses, some with darkened windows and others with rose or amber-colored lamps showing through. Trees bent above them as they passed swiftly by. The Drive curved outward in a long sweep, and at the end of a high promontory rose a castle with golden windows that seemed to touch the sky. And in it fairy princesses lived. (For of course they were fairy princesses!) Broadbent and Cynthia were conscious of all of these things, but they did not speak of them.

Jimmie found a certain solace, too, in the feel of his car under him, his hands clasping the wheel and his feet on the pedals, as well as in the care-free flight through the keen winter air over the frosty ground. A light touch of his, a faint pressure, and the car responded to his will instantly. And with the girl at his side he might travel where he wished in a magical flight, he did not ask whither. He saw all of time as the present, all space was enchantment. And Cynthia, in that moment, seemed to divine his thoughts. Therefore it did not matter that they said nothing.

Out from under the arching trees a woman was coming along the bridle path mounted on a handsome chestnut hunter. A groom rode several paces behind her, but she was otherwise unaccompanied. At sight of Broadbent's low, boat-shaped car, built of contrasting stripes of light and dark wood in an extreme style, the chestnut horse shied and came swerving toward them. Broadbent slowed up the car, the woman pulled on the curb rein, and the groom rode up to her. But she had her horse in hand by that time. Meanwhile, Broadbent was staring at the slight little figure mounted on the big gelding with a half-incredulous, half-ironical look in his face. "Nicely done!" he said, as she skilfully quieted the horse. "Sorry I scared him." She looked at him swiftly for the first time.

"Oh, that you, Jimmie?" Her glance passed on to Cynthia and rested on her a moment, lightly, indifferently. "That's all right. Ragtime's feeling good today anyway. And you just happened along!"

"Late for you to be riding, isn't it?"

"And isn't it rather late for you to be motoring with your—little friend?" She raised her riding crop in salute, laid the reins on the horse's neck and cantered off.

The silence between Broadbent and Cynthia was now a strained one. "That was my wife," Broadbent said at last, in a harsh tone. "Awkward of her to run off like that. I wanted you to meet her."

"Yes—it would have been—delightful," Cynthia returned, hardly knowing what she said. There was a sob at the end of her sentence, which she had vainly tried to suppress. Coralie Broadbent had looked at her in that careless, unseeing, unmistakable way. She knew perfectly who Cynthia was, and she had purposely avoided an introduction. But that was nothing in itself. Jimmie had been conscious of her attitude. There was a different element in their already complete and understanding comradeship. Coralie had carelessly ridden into the perfect idyl of an hour ago and trampled it under the iron-shod hoofs of her horse, Ragtime.

"You see how impossible it all is. There's nothing for us except to cut it all out. Every time we see each other makes it worse. You were handicapped to begin with, but I'm only making it worse for you," Broadbent began in even, firm tones. "If Coralie and I could split, it might be different. Even then it would be a bad start in life for any girl. You see, Cynthia, I'm no good. I know I'm no good and Coralie knows it. But she doesn't believe in divorce, so there you are! And I'm not so rotten that I'd try to get it myself. But I'm pretty rotten or I wouldn't be here now."

"Don't! Please don't talk that way." Cynthia spoke in a stifled voice.

"I've got to. I *must* tell you," he returned obstinately.

"Cynthia, I went after you deliberately. I've tried to jolly myself and pretend to myself that it was fate all along. Well, say that it *was* fate. At any rate, the only reason I came to your coming-out tea was that I'd heard how unconventional your mother was, and I thought you'd be—oh, pretty wise, and a lot of fun, and so—"

"Jimmie! Stop it—I can't bear it. You don't know what you're doing! How can I let you—oh, you are horrible." Cynthia buried her face in her hands and drew away from Broadbent as far as possible. Broadbent looked at her with an agony of despair in his face. But he did not try to touch her.

"But I *do* know what I'm doing. Why should you have any romantic ideas about this affair, or about me? Of course that's what girls are brought up on. That was my wife's trouble. When she was just about your age she was in love with that Dago prince, what's his name—?"

"And she still is?" Cynthia asked coldly and calmly. Broadbent ignored her question, but he winced nevertheless. And then he began to tell Cynthia with unnecessary accuracy of his many and varied loves since his ardent, youthful one for Coralie. It had so far never occurred to Cynthia whether or not Broadbent had previously been faithful to his wife or not. She knew of conditions which existed, but only in the abstract. She realized now how meaningless statistics and theories were. And she thrilled and shuddered at this recitation of little, ignoble, hidden loves. She was dumb with misery at the knowledge which her own transcendental love had not taught her. And also she realized that Jimmie was suffering in a grim way of his own as he laid bare his soul to her. He was driving slowly along the Parkway now, looking straight ahead, and she could see the struggle in his face. She felt a sudden, infinite pity for him that made her years older in a moment. She did not ask herself why she must place any kiss

of pardon on his brow. She only longed to do so. But that was for Coralie!

"Oh, well it was bound to happen, sooner or later. Coralie would have come along and kicked a hole through that dream *sometime*," Broadbent spoke as much to himself as to Cynthia. Finally he turned the car about and they rode silently back through the no longer magical night.

As they turned into the side street on which Miss Henrietta's house stood, Cynthia leaned toward him and whispered a sad little good-bye.

"Then it's good-bye—?" Broadbent could not quite keep the tentative question out of his voice.

"Yes—good-bye." The words came to him like a sigh.

In the genteel gloom of the side street, in that austere backwater of the sound-filled, light-filled Avenue, Jimmie kissed her once. But her lips were cold and loveless.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Cynthia entered the house she was glad to discover that she was late for dinner. Very well! She could first take a tub and then dine in her room with her hair down her back. For she must be dressed by eight-thirty to go to "The Princess Peggy" with the de Rhams, who were giving a theater party for her. And Mrs. de Rham never allowed her guests to go in more than half an hour late.

Cynthia was glad, too, that she had an engagement for that evening. It would have been too dismal to sit home alone with her thoughts—(not that she had done this often. Débutantes are not encouraged to think). Cynthia knew that her thoughts that evening would have been unprofitable, bitter ones, leading nowhere and preying on her heart without giving her anything in return. She was afraid of the thoughts she would be likely to entertain about Jimmie Broadbent. And she was afraid of the dark void full of hollow echoes that she would find in the inner chambers of her mind if she

stopped thinking about him altogether. Therefore it was well that she was going to a gay musical play and that they were all going on later to Dasha Alerton's dance at Delmonico's.

Cynthia sat in a big chair cushioned in chintz, with a tray at her elbow. Her long, pale gold hair hung down in a single thick wave that drowned the wistaria blossoms embroidered on the loose silken garment she wore. She told Susan (the elderly maid whom she shared with Miss Henrietta) which gown and slippers to put out for her, and fooled with her entrée, ate two forkfuls of chicken, half a lettuce leaf, and drank her coffee.

Meanwhile, in spite of her decision not to think, certain thoughts took shape in her mind by a process that resembled nothing so much as spontaneous combustion. And while Susan admonished her for banting and took the liberty of wondering sentimentally if Miss Cynthia wasn't in love, and Miss Cynthia relied with what Susan held to be delicious humor to her sally, her thoughts burned with a hidden fire that was secret torture.

It had been cruel of Jimmie to talk to her as he had done, with the laudable intention of showing himself up. It was hateful of him to deliberately get himself in hand in that methodical, impersonal way of his and ruthlessly shatter her illusions. He had dealt a terrific blow not only to her conception of himself, but to all her ideas of life. And how cold, trivial and disdainful Coralie had appeared to her! And would Jimmie have told her everything just as he had if Coralie had not come along just then? Of course he had given the impression that what he had done had been from a sense of fairness and justice to her. But a modern man's chivalry was perhaps as much a desire to protect himself as to protect others, she argued, and felt a mingling of rage and humiliation. Well, she would not see him again, anyway. That was all! And if he ever tried to see her— Her heart gave a throb of joy at the thought. But she sternly re-

pressed it, and instead substituted the bitter pleasure of imagining how she would say something very flippant or elaborately indifferent. He needn't think— But the de Rham motor was waiting, palpitant with impatience, at the curb in front of Miss Hawarden's 1880 house.

They were in the fifth row in the orchestra, and when they came in Cynthia noticed that there were two empty seats directly in front of them, and that every other seat in the house had been taken, apparently. For "Princess Peggy" was a charming girl with an insinuating way of singing a ballad, and above all knew how to wear clothes. Therefore she had quickly endeared herself to all good New Yorkers. Cynthia, it must be confessed, was soon so absorbed in the gowns worn by Miss Vernon (who played "Peggy"), in the way she did her hair and waved a jewelled feather fan, that she quite forgot, or at least lost sight of her numerous causes for unhappiness.

And then the plot, slight as it was, recalled to her the episode of that afternoon and brought back the dull ache that had been in her breast ever since. For of course it was about love, and Princess Peggy's lover, after the manner of the heroes of comic opera both on and off the stage, spent most of his time in flirting with the chorus. To be sure, Jimmie Broadbent was not at all like the flirtatious Italian prince, and Cynthia was not precisely the type of flyaway Peggy Molloy whom the librettist had married him to, so that Miss Vernon could sing an Irish song and introduce some tango steps into the jig. But at least Peggy loved her Italian, and mourned his fickleness in a song entitled "When You Lighted the Love-light in My Eyes." And Cynthia's heart went out to Miss Vernon with a rush, just as a great many other hearts were going out to her, all tumbling over the footlights and over each other. And she thought that such men as Prince Danilo and Jimmie Broadbent knew very little about love and valued it still less. To them it was like joy

in Tir na n'Og, which the old song says can be had there for a penny!

And then Peggy hatched a little plot of her own, designed to win back the Prince's affections. It was an exceedingly clever and original plot. She will, according to time-honored custom and musical comedy tradition, make him wildly jealous.

"Flirt and the world flirts with you—love and you love alone!" she announces forthwith. And Cynthia took her cue from the lines, and first enthralled young Freddy de Rham on one side and then boldly appropriated Twombly Minturn, second, who was acknowledged property of Vera Van Vleck. And nothing could have delighted her more than when she suddenly heard Mrs. de Rham saying to her aunt:

"Yes, so thoughtless, people coming in so late. I always try to be on time myself. Well, not on time, but not dreadfully late, you know." And, as the two late ones were shown to their seats directly in front of where Cynthia and young Minturn were sitting, she heard him exclaim under his breath, facetiously, "Scandal in high life! Broadbent's running about with his wife again! A reversion to type, I suppose you'd call it. Can't understand these atavistic tendencies myself."

"No?" Cynthia asked mockingly and glanced over at Vera, who was tearing her program and pretending to follow the action on the stage.

"No! And I'm going to punish you for that. Always keep my promises, too." Twombly Minturn, second, looked at her darkly, delightedly. Broadbent, annoyed perhaps by the chatter, turned around in time to see the glance Cynthia sent him. Cynthia, of course, was conscious of this and exulted.

After the act was over, Jimmie was taken in tow by his wife, who evidently wanted to see some friends in one of the boxes. But after the second act, he turned and made a casual remark to Freddy de Rham after having greeted Cynthia. Coralie Broadbent was

related to the de Rhams and it would have looked pointed if she had again refused to allow her husband to introduce Cynthia. Cynthia, however, realized perfectly that Mrs. Broadbent made the concession, as she would have termed it, owing to the presence of others in the party. She made several conventional remarks, then turned away and began to look up the orchestra music on her program. Cynthia made no effort to continue the conversation.

But Jimmie moved restlessly in his seat, looked about the house several times and then turned to Cynthia.

"I see you're well amused this evening," he said, indicating the Minturn youth and Freddy de Rham, who sat and gazed at Cynthia from each side and grinned widely at everything she said. If Broadbent's tone had not been so light, his expression so amused—in fact, if it had been anyone but Broadbent, Cynthia would have suspected him of resenting the monopoly of these boys.

"Where's the nice little breakfast food boy? Young, what's his name? Maltby Rice! He's quite devoted, too, isn't he? Must be awfully jolly for you!"

"No," said Cynthia, her eyes large and sorrowful. "It doesn't matter at all." Her words seemed to well up naturally, unavoidably, like tears. And they affected Broadbent in much the same way.

"Don't," he said harshly.

"I won't," she said with a touch of grimness. She held her head well up.

He asked her pardon with a swift look. For a moment their eyes met and held. The orchestra was playing "When You Lighted the Lovelight in My Eyes." Then the curtain went up on the last act.

Through the rest of the play Cynthia sat and followed with a mechanical attention to detail the lyrical progress of "Princess Peggy." She watched the stage with that careful precision that one sometimes reads every word and sentence of a book, turning page after page, without taking in the sense of a

single syllable. The play might have been written in High Dutch and sung in Chinese, for all Cynthia made out of the third act. She never discovered just how Princess Peggy worked out her matrimonial difficulties. There were goings and comings of sundry people in striking costumes; unintelligible songs, acrobatic dancing and much meaningless applause. She smiled at Freddy de Rham, answered his questions, made a comment every time he made one, and all at random.

And all the time she was wondering how she was to endure it if she ran into Broadbent in this casual manner at every turn. Naturally, neither of them had known that the other was coming to see Miss Vernon in "Princess Peggy" that evening, or that they were to have adjacent seats. But such things were likely to occur, more than once. Cynthia could not stop going places—Broadbent could not be expected to.

"Oh, how I hate Circumstances!" Cynthia exclaimed passionately to herself. And she visualized Circumstances as a towering wall of icebergs floating in an inky black sea. They surrounded her on all sides and she could not climb over them or dive under them. Jimmie was, of course, on the other side of the wall of icebergs, Organized society, civilization and Coralie were all somehow congealed into the frozen, relentless mass which no amount of sunshine would ever succeed in sublimating. She could see Coralie Broadbent's profile in the dim light. It was very pale (Coralie never made up), clean-cut and unmoved. She really appeared like a veritable Snow Maid, carved out of the eternal whiteness.

As for Jimmie—he was a man, with a man's inherited tradition that he can tear what he wants from life. Why could he not have been brave enough to come across the Ice Mountain for her? He could have done that if he had chosen to. There would have been certain hardships to incur. But others had endured those same hardships gladly. Cynthia thrilled at the thought of her

mother, as she always did. Was it for the sake of that snow-woman seated by him that Jimmie was unwilling to scale the Icebergs? She did not look as though she would care, Cynthia decided with the headlong egoism of youth.

She felt a keen sense of resentment toward Broadbent. This was not because he had injured her in any way, but because he had broken the image of himself which she had set up in her heart into seven pieces. He was not acting in the way popularly ascribed to heroes in her favorite novels. For these young men, immediately upon falling in love with the heroine in the first chapter, set out to surmount insuperable difficulties with a kind of joyous aplomb. And it was strangely true that this highly colored fiction seemed more real to Cynthia and her friends than all the books dealing with economic problems. They might trifle intellectually with Ibsen, but they took the best-seller to their hearts. It might be a pleasant diversion to exercise one's wits on the question as to whether Shaw's characters were unreal people doing real things or real people doing unreal things, or unreal people doing unreal things, or on the other hand—etc. But if they were in a serious mood they would settle with calm happiness to a perusal of "Behind the Lilac Mask," or "The Seven Suitors of Sylvia."

It is a noteworthy fact that while Broadbent was tormenting himself with the question of how much he could depend on himself to care for Cynthia, and how soon he would be able to "get it out of his system," Cynthia's imagination never went beyond the certainty that she was in love with a man she had known for a few weeks, and that he might disappoint her in a hundred ways, but she could never succeed in reducing him to a mere, meaningless human entity. Jimmie tried cynically to dissect his feeling for Cynthia, to split hairs and then call himself names; but Cynthia had never been told that there was more than one kind of love.

Suddenly Cynthia was conscious of a cataclysm of laughter broken loose all about her. A man sitting in the first row had stirred the audience into a hysterical gale by a series of loud guffaws after a moderately funny line.

"Somebody's happy!" Twombly Minturn rocked with laughter as he diagnosed the cause of the man's mirth. Broadbent was laughing, too. He shook. His splendid shoulders humped up and down. Cynthia looked at him as though she had never seen him before. So this was the man—! The entire theaterful of people seemed hideously unreal to her.

"Happy?" She echoed wonderingly the word young Minturn had used about the guffawing individual in the front row.

"Boiled—*awfully* boiled, you know," Twombly elucidated. She nodded assent. A second later she joined in the laughter rather wildly.

Shortly afterwards the curtain went down with the orchestra playing furiously, the audience rising and struggling into its wraps and Peggy and her Italian prince illogically locked in a fast embrace, center stage.

Mrs. de Rham took her party on to the Allerton dance, and with a certain sense of relief handed the young people over to Mrs. du Pon Allerton, capable mother of Toots, Sally and Dasha Allerton, each more engaged than the other. It was said of Mrs. Allerton that she could get her daughters engaged, but she could not make them stay engaged. For they were all as fickle and adventurous as they were pretty. Perhaps people were hard on them because they happened to be Southerners and beautiful. At any rate, a *fiancé* of one of the Allertons was sure to be alluded to in a short time as a fiasco. But an Allerton dance was a thing to be remembered. With genuine Southern hospitality, they always infused both kinds of "punch" very plentifully into their entertainments. All the girls were sure to look particularly beautiful and the men were sure to

think up the most original and delightful things to say (for the first but not the last time) at the Allerton dances. And other people who envied the easy success of the Allertons and tried the Allerton formula for punch (both kinds), wondered because they rarely succeeded. Perhaps it was Mrs. Allerton's smile that was gracious without being condescending, or Sally's delicious, lackadaisical way of saying "you-all."

Or it might have been the untroubled way in which Toots always discovered that she had torn a tulle frock to ribbons, or the fact that Dasha's reddish hair always tumbled down about her ears long before supper time.

But it was a fact that Cynthia danced until dawn without thinking once about Jimmy Broadbent after the third dance. And this was an achievement due chiefly to the Allertons. Mrs. de Rham had a committee meeting at half-past nine the next morning, and so she had left the dance soon after one o'clock, telling the young people whom she had chaperoned to the dance that she would send her maid back with the motor.

And that is how it happened that poor Benson, Mrs. de Rham's maid, was left yawning in the dressing room and the chauffeur fraternized with a well-known pugilist, two prep schoolboys and several millionaires down in the bar while Freddy de Rham drove the big sedan car up Fifth Avenue and through the park so that Cynthia could see the sun rise. Vera Van Vleck and Twombly Minturn were on the back seat. Vera was torn between the joy of being in on an escapade with Twombly, and the agonizing apprehension that her mother might find it out.

"Darling Cynthia, you'll never breathe a word of this, will you? Freddy dear, you won't, either?" she inquired with servile affection.

"Of course not." Cynthia was carelessly, generously reassuring.

"Bootlicker!" Freddy rudely flung over his shoulder. For he did not like Vera and was a frank youth. Twom-

bly retorted indignantly in her behalf. (He was back in the fold by this time.) Whereat Vera wept, sniffing audibly, and Twombly suddenly kissed her and asked her to marry him. She stopped weeping.

Freddy heard the hum of another car close behind them and glanced back. Vera and Twombly were in each other's arms. The motor which had been following them shot by. It was a closed car, but as it passed through the zone of light from the de Rham motor Freddy saw that the handsome man in the glass-enclosed car was bending over the woman whose elaborately coiffed head, white-furred to above the ears, rested contentedly on his shoulder.

De Rham drove two blocks further. Then, without slackening the speed, he took his left hand from the wheel and flung his arm about Cynthia. Slowly he drew her to him, still keeping his eyes on the street ahead. They passed the new fountain, dim and beautiful, but with a strange wilderness-like aspect in the half light. The forbidding massed bulk of the Plaza towered beyond it. When they were in the park he turned sharply toward her and kissed her. Cynthia had been sure that he would, and she had not resisted. But now she pushed him from her and stared straight ahead, dry-eyed and miserable.

"Oh, I could cry and cry," she said more to herself than to him.

Freddy took his arm away. Girls were funny. There was Vera; she had stopped sniffing immediately when Twombly kissed her. And Cynthia had carried on in a way that was more pathetic than if she had burst into tears. And that after flirting with him all evening! She had not objected when he put his arm about her. (A girl ought to warn a chap.) And, confound it, why had she thrown her head back in that melodramatic way and looked at him with a light in her eyes if she didn't mean—?

"I say, Cyn, I didn't mean to be silly. I'm sorry," he said in an humble, bewildered tone.

"Didn't mean to be *silly*?" she echoed with cold disapproval.

It next turned much colder. Sunrise was still hours off after all. But there was a patch of grayish, weltering sky above the bare tree tops in the direction of lower Fifth Avenue.

"Perhaps we'd better go back. Poor Benson will be awfully sleepy," Cynthia suggested in a conventional tone.

"And poor Bonnard will be awfully drunk." Freddy added, and backed the car around.

They drove silently back toward the hotel. Milk carts were rattling down the side streets, ordinarily a delightful, jolly sound; now nothing but a hollow rumble. Cynthia felt thoroughly weary, in a wan, nerveless fashion. And she felt mentally battered and bruised. She could not understand herself. Why had she done certain things. Why had she taken other things as she had? If only she had not let Broadbent see that she cared! She should not have let him tell her about life—the way he knew it. Or she should have taken it all very lightly. And why had she let Freddy de Rham kiss her so casually? She looked at him in the gray light of the winter dawn that makes the stone pavement, the sky, the asphalt and the closed-up houses all the same color. He was a handsome boy, and he meant nothing to her. Broadbent meant nothing to her either! She felt as though she had been in a horrible nightmare and was just awakening.

Two men in evening dress stood on a corner. Each had an unlighted cigarette between his lips and each was trying to light it from the other's. They toppled toward each other and made irrelevant remarks, addressed to no one in particular. Cynthia laughed. After all, life wasn't made to be taken seriously, was it? Before, she had wondered that so much could have taken place in her life between the hours of sunset and sunrise. Now, she asked herself, what *had* happened that was absolutely real, and that she hadn't just imagined?

A man staggered across the street. Freddy had to turn the car sharply to avoid hitting him, and they skidded on the wet asphalt. A white-faced girl in a thin suit and tawdry little hat had run out after him, calling him by name. He shook her off roughly and spoke to her with savage directness.

De Rham put on more speed, and soon the sound of the man's voice was left in the distance. But Cynthia still trembled from the encounter. She was suddenly aware of the sordid tragedy that often lurks just below the surface of life, as she had never been before. In her mind she went over the incident again and again. It had a horrible fascination for her. And gradually, she began to feel that life, in order to be lived at all, must be lived on the surface!

"Are you in the movies they're going to give for convalescent British soldiers and mine-sweepers at the Waldorf?" de Rham was asking, as they turned into Vanderbilt Avenue.

"Yes. Didn't I tell you? I'm the girl who almost—well, I really don't *do* anything. I just wear adorable Lucile gowns and float in and out registering surprise, joy and entreaty!" Cynthia yawned and they both laughed.

Life was as trivial as that.

CHAPTER V

It was noon before Cynthia was sufficiently wide awake to ring for breakfast. And when Susan carried it to her on a glass and wicker tray, she brought with it the afternoon as well as the morning papers and a number of letters, invitations, dressmakers' announcements, etc. Cynthia looked over the pile of letters, decided there was nothing exciting among them and took up the morning papers. She read, between spoonfuls of iced grape-fruit an account of the Allerton dance in the first column opposite the editorial page. Then she glanced rapidly through the afternoon paper while she drank her coffee from a cup that matched the cretonne on her tray.

Another steamer had been torpedoed and the Administration was getting its heads together once again to write and ask the torpedoing government if they had really meant to do it. Still another prison official was being tried; she could not make out for what. There was a write-up on the woman's page concerning a lady who could distinguish eight thousand different kinds of perfume. Poor woman! How she must suffer in New York, Cynthia thought. And directly opposite she caught sight of a large half-tone of Vera Van Vleck. It was one of those typical Cameron Studio pictures, and showed Vera's not too beautiful profile looking stolidly into a mirror at her full face.

"Miss Vera Van Vleck, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Suydam Van Vleck, of — West Eleventh Street, is reported engaged to Mr. Twombly Minturn, third, son of Mr. and Mrs. Twombly Minturn, of — Park Avenue," she read, and discovered further that Miss Van Vleck's family did not deny the report. "No—they wouldn't," Cynthia remarked to herself. Vera had only that morning told her of it in an ecstatic whisper as they stole into the Biltmore after their daring dash through the park. And she marvelled at seeing the announcement and a picture of Vera in the paper that very afternoon.

Still, she was more or less familiar with the ways of Mrs. Van Vleck. And no one could blame her for not taking any chances. Vera's marriage to Twombly Minturn would be the most creditable thing that the family had accomplished in some time. For the Van Vlecks came of a somewhat tarnished and lack-lustre old family. Vera's brother, Suydam Van Vleck, had impoverished them all terribly by marrying a chorus girl. Her uncle, Pell Van Vleck, had been divorced from his wife and held responsible for the floating of various shady financial enterprises. And her cousin, Betty Van Vleck, was in a rather scandalous automobile accident only the year before. Small wonder that Mrs. Van

Vleck had refused to allow Vera to receive with Cynthia at her coming-out tea!

Cynthia took up her letters with a sigh. Of course she had hoped for a note of some sort from Broadbent, and there was nothing of the kind! There would have been a certain melancholy pleasure in reading his parting words just before he sailed for India, or for South America, or wherever men do take their broken hearts to nowadays. Really, it was hardly decent of him not to at least go to Coronado Beach for the polo! He could so easily have done that! Or didn't he play polo? True, he was a bit heavy for polo. He was not over tall and must have weighed about a hundred and seventy, she judged. She found herself considering critically what kind of a polo player he would make. No, it would be just like him not to play polo at all. But even if he had not left town, he might have written her good-bye, told her how much she had meant to him and how he would always think of her. It could have been one of those triumphs of repression where one says a great deal in a few words, implies a great deal more and perhaps ends up with a single, burning, revealing word. Cynthia could imagine it exactly to herself! Or it might have been one of those clever, cryptic little notes (she had received them before), where one writes only things that Aunt Henrietta or even Susan could read unblushingly, and all the time one is referring to delightful minor transgressions against propriety! But Broadbent had characteristically remained inarticulate on a matter of sentiment. He had studiously avoided the dramatic.

Cynthia thought of a play she had seen as a child, which had at the time impressed her strongly and was still fresh in her memory. In it an old Irishwoman is mourning the absence of her boy, and fears he may have been drowned. Each day she watches for the post, but no word of him comes. At last she has a message that his ship has gone down with all on board. Her

intuitions have proved correct, her fears were justified. But she feels above all, keen sorrow over the fact that she has had no last word from him, and says brokenly as the curtain is going down to soft music:

"Nivver a word—nivver a word from Jimmie."

And now the famous line from the melodrama of her childhood came back to Cynthia, and she sadly addressed the cream pitcher, remarking, with a tearful smile, that there had been "Nivver a word—nivver a word from Jimmie at all, at all!"

Then she took up the uninteresting assortment of letters and notes. Mrs. Geraldyn Hicks wrote to ask if Miss Hawarden would be good enough to sell cigarettes at an entertainment to be given at the Ritz for the Lafayette League. Someone else wanted her to sell programs at a musicale, the proceeds to go to an ambulance hospital outside of Paris run by American women. And here was an amusing note from a moving-picture concern, offering to feature her in a "A No. 1 reels, society a specialty." on the strength of her work in the movies for charity at the Waldorf. The director assured her of "distribution all over the country!" There were several invitations from hostesses who asked her to dinner on her aunt's account, and a long letter from a school friend who had married an army man, all about the delights of Washington. (She was at Fort Myer.) Cynthia opened next a bulky letter scrawled in Maltby Rice's familiar chirography. She could not remember when Maltby had not written to her. She was sure that at that moment she had a letter or so in her old desk at Fresh Pond, written to her by Maltby at the age of ten. And she could recall all the stages of his struggle first with penmanship and then with spelling. Although Maltby was three years older than Cynthia, he had always had his difficulties with English composition, while Cynthia had been comparatively quick to master the intricacies of this branch. And now she read with a cer-

tain affectionate amusement the letter dated "Fresh Pond, December 20th, 1915" (for the summer home of the Rices adjoined the Hawarden estate).

"Dear old Cyn," Maltby started his letter. "I sure do feel as lonesome as a pup to-day. The ducks aren't flying much so far. I suppose the season has been too warm. They are mostly coots anyway. Not many black ducks or broadbills about this year. No one is around just now. I can't think where everyone has skipped to. The old clock is ticking away in the hall. Every tick sounds like a twelve-inch gun."

"Is he lonesome for ducks or people?" Cynthia interrupted herself to inquire. She read on for half a page while Maltby expatiated on the general unsatisfactoriness of Fresh Pond. "But everything would be ripping if only you were here," he concluded the paragraph. Cynthia smiled at that. "I did have some luck the other day," Maltby continued more cheerfully. "I pulled down an old goose over in Chad's Cove, where he had come in to feed. I would have sent him to you only I know you don't like them. He was a beauty. A yard across from the tip of one wing to the other. Swank, swank! Fitz is here with me. We could get more geese if only the Bay was frozen over. Fitz is very keen about it. Do you remember the time we got bronchitis lying out on a cake of ice with a sheet over us trying to get a shot?" ("Do I remember it?" Cynthia brushed the question aside with delighted contempt. "We got three geese that day, all dandy birds!") She went on reading: "Think I shall go down to Montauk if the shooting isn't better here the last of the week—or to Virginia. Unless you'll come out here. That would be something like. If your aunt isn't going to open the house, come here. I can ask Mums to write you. Or just wire you're coming. Honey, this house is as lonely as a tomb. I never realized before how lonely it was. Now you'll never come!"

"But why not? I think I'm a little tired of town. Perhaps I need a

change," Cynthia thought. She read further.

"Fitz and I took the victrola up to my room the other night. He's camped with me in the big room on the top floor that used to be a billiard room. We kept the thing going until we fell asleep. There was one record we both liked. It made me feel awfully blue. I kept thinking about you, and I got the crazy idea into my head that I might never see you again. I knew that if I didn't—if anything happened, you know, I wouldn't want to go on living. I was in a perfect funk about it. I felt about the way I did before the Harvard game two years ago. It's a ghastly thing to feel real fear. I know you'll think I'm nutty, but I got up, started to dress, then waked up poor old Fitz and was all for coming in to town in the car at 3 A. M. to see how you were. But Fitz talked me out of that. He said I'd get in awfully wrong with Miss Henrietta if I called on you before five in the morning. So I waited 'til seven, then called up and talked to Wicks. Good scout, isn't he? I meant to tell you, that record was 'Aloha Oe,' the Hawaiian thing, you know"—Cynthia stopped reading and allowed the letter to fall from her hand to the silk coverlet.

"Yes, I know it. The Hawaiian thing!" she exclaimed under her breath. She did not finish the letter, but she sprang out of bed, and rang for Susan once more. When the maid came in she gave directions for packing. She would not take too much, just enough; sport clothes and dinner frocks mostly. "And be sure to put my skates in the shoe trunk," she cautioned.

"I'm going down to Fresh Pond, Susan, for a day or so, to stay with the Rices. I must get out of town! I want to be out in the country. I want to see Fresh Pond again!" she went on excitedly.

"Of course you do, Miss," said the maid soothingly. "It will do you good, Miss."

While Susan went methodically about the business of packing, Cynthia called

up Mrs. Rice at Fresh Pond, who received the news of the impending visit cheerfully. She then wrote several notes cancelling engagements, and last of all, went to her aunt in the morning-room and announced her intention of going out to stay with the Rices.

"But I'm going to open the house for Christmas in a few days. We've asked a number of your friends, you know. Why didn't you wait until then if you wanted to go out in the country?" Miss Henrietta protested mildly.

"I'm tired. I need the change. The Rices have no guests just now except a cousin of Mrs. Rice's and 'Lefty' Fitzhugh. I shall just fool around outdoors." Cynthia smiled patiently and tried to look as pale as she could.

"Very well, dear. Take your leather coat for motoring. And *don't forget your rubbers!*" Miss Hawarden admonished her niece, as the latter rushed from the room impetuously, pulling a table cover askew as she went.

In an hour's time, Cynthia was on the early afternoon train bound for Fresh Pond. Her trunks would not arrive until the day after, and so she was encoined among extra coats and sweaters, bags and two pairs of skates (which she had taken out of a trunk at the last moment). There were several magazines on her lap, but they were unopened. Cynthia's eyes were turned toward the car window, through which the bare brown landscape and a cloudless blue sky could be glimpsed, with here and there the toy houses of a new development, a distant mansion, or a quaint Dutch farm house hedged in with arbor vitae. Some people might think the country drab and hard looking in winter. But they did not understand! Cynthia loved the leafless trees. You could see them better, she said. The leaves only smothered the outlines of the branches and delicate twigs. Everything superfluous had been eliminated, only the essentials of land, sea and sky remained; clean, windswept, open to the rain, the sleet and the hail!

The train wound through a small patch of woodland. Cynthia saw the

laurel trees, green against the gray trunks of the locusts. The dark red leaves of the oaks still clung tenaciously to their stems. And right beyond this was Fresh Pond! She was as excited as though she had been entering Bagdad. The train pulled up with numerous jolts and groans and lurches. (Trains, in Fresh Pond, were the most fruitful subject for jests.) And there on the platform was Maltby Rice, his tall slim figure slack and yet buoyant. He was a good-looking boy. There was a certain unconscious air of distinction about him as well. Cynthia felt a thrill of something very like pride when she saw him. And she suddenly thought.

"If I were like Vera Van Vleck, I would marry this brave, clean, adoring sort of boy, whether I loved him or not." She did not feel any superiority over Vera. She only felt a puzzled wonder at herself.

Then Maltby dashed upon the top step of the car and took her bags and wraps from her. These he handed to the chauffeur, then grasped her arm and guided her to the waiting motor.

"You were a peach to come, Cyn! The family are delighted!" he said vehemently. "And after that uncensored letter I wrote you, too. Gee! I'm glad you're here." For a moment something flamed up in his blue eyes. Then he smiled quickly and replied with enthusiasm to her question about the ice.

"Yes, the cold wave last night has made it great. It's as hard as iron, smooth as plate glass and as slippery as a banana peel!" he assured her.

Maltby took the driver's seat, Cynthia climbed in beside him, and the chauffeur was thrust ignominiously into the luxurious tonneau with the luggage. The car bounded over the frozen ruts as though racing against Time, Age, and all the sorrows of the world. For Youth was at the wheel!

CHAPTER VI

ON the second day after Cynthia's arrival at Fernbrake, the Rices' country house at Fresh Pond, she rose very

early, attired herself in a suit of heavy tweed, made with knickerbockers instead of a skirt, and stole quietly downstairs. Maltby greeted her in front of a newly kindled log fire in the dining-room. He was engaged in feeding the fire with increasingly large pieces of unhewed timber from the wood box to the left of the famous fireplace in which it was said a dozen men could stand upright. But he turned at her approach and stared for a moment at her costume.

"Jinks! You look stunning in that. You'll have to muffle up some more though. I have some boots and a sheepskin coat for you. But *you* know how it is out there. Like Greenland. How do you like this fire, though? I made it myself."

"It's a work of art. So glad you made it." Cynthia smiled at him and stood close to the blazing logs.

Maltby's gaze rested on her slight, boyish figure in its masculine garb with a somewhat complex expression. To him she was a child to be protected, a Madonna to be adored and a wood-nymph to be hunted and captured, all in one. And this morning as she stood outlined against the leaping flames in her Norfolk jacket and knickers, a slight smile curving her childish mouth, her eyes grave, pensive, she seemed, oddly enough, more poignantly than ever before to embody all three aspects.

"I say, Cyn," he began in troubled tones. "You wouldn't go around in those togs with chaps you didn't know as well—as well as we know each other, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Why not?" she asked mockingly. "Of course this suit has a skirt as well. But it's no more than riding clothes or a bathing suit without it, is it?"

"Oh, it's not that. It's only what fellows might think, or say," he hastened to explain.

"How about the things they already say? The things they say about Mother?" she asked unexpectedly.

"Just let them say them to *me!*" said the youth.

For some reason or other, Cynthia

was silent. She did not tell him about how she gloried in her mother's freedom from convention. She said nothing about being free and untrammelled. Perhaps it was admiration at the keen sudden flash of his steady blue eyes and the firm set of his jaw. Or perhaps her sophisticated theories did not seem to hold water beside his simple belief in the efficacy of force to settle all questions. She knew it was incongruous, and yet she rather enjoyed this splendid swashbuckling chivalry that made her feel like a heroine of Romance.

Maltby had now turned his attention to the table. Cynthia noticed for the first time that the percolator was perking already and that something was cooking in a covered dish on the electric grill. But there was no servant. "Breakfast is served!" Maltby announced. He pushed Cynthia's chair in for her and asked her to pour the coffee while he dug out some scrambled eggs.

"And are we going to serve ourselves? How jolly! Maltby—did you do all this?" She suddenly stopped and waved a comprehensive hand at the percolator, the grill and the breakfast service.

"The rolls are over there—do you take fresh butter? All I did was to turn on the electricity. Hickson had everything on the table. I didn't like to get him up so early," he explained in some embarrassment.

Cynthia was touched by this evidence of Maltby's thoughtfulness. But she did not tell him he was thoughtful. Instead, she complimented him on the eggs. And Maltby smiled in naive and delighted surprise to find that he really could scramble an egg in a satisfactory manner.

Five minutes later they had left the house. Fernbrake was in the midst of a thick plantation of oaks, maples and locust trees that grew along the edge of the long narrow lake known as Fresh Pond and which had given its name to the nearby village that straggled along the shore of Chad's Cove, unable to forget that it was once an important whal-

ing port and equally unable to adapt itself to changed conditions. Maltby and Cynthia made their way to the Rices' boathouse on the edge of the lake and there put on skating shoes with the skates attached.

For it was their intention to skate the length of the lake, walk over the dam that divided Fresh Pond from Chad's Cove, then cross the Cove on skates and come at length to the house of one Joel Tillot. The Tillot farmhouse stood at the very end of Turkey Lane on South Neck. And because wild rice grew thick in the creek that meandered through Joel's front yard, the waters thereabouts were supposed to be plentifully supplied with ducks.

Maltby had reasoned that the cold snap must have driven many of the birds in toward shore for their food supply. And if there was any sport at all to be had, one was apt to find it in the open water off South Neck. And so he had motored over the day before, made the necessary arrangements with Joel, and left the guns, shells, and extra coats over at the little farmhouse at the end of Turkey Lane.

The morning was at seven and the sun had just risen over one of the Paumonok hills when Maltby and Cynthia skated across the frozen surface of Chad's Cove. They had crossed it the day before and knew the safest and smoothest route across. They avoided the treacherous eel holes that had been cut in the ice, steered away from the water grass that grew in the shallow places and when they came to a rough part where the water had been frozen just as the wind stirred it into ripples, they ran or even jumped them on their hockey skates. They seemed to fly over the ice like two brown leaves blown before the wind.

Old Joel saw them coming and had the duck boats and decoys out when they arrived. As he handed them each a gun (a sixteen-gauge for Cynthia and a twelve-gauge for Maltby), he cautioned them against all manner of things. "Them boats is mighty tippy. You don't want to go kicking round too

much. Sea ain't none too calm. Shouldn't be surprised if a Nor'easter blowed up afore night. Look at them white caps yonder." And he indicated the white crests of foam tossed up by the tumbling, undulating water.

"Come on, Cyn, Joey's a pessimist. Regular old scare head, aren't you Captain?"

"That's right. Got to be with young folks like you." Joel smiled at Maltby with a kind of grudging affection, and an enormous number of wrinkles and fine lines appeared on his brown face. One saw an entire row of costly gold teeth under his stubby moustache.

They walked down the beach, Maltby and Joel dragging the boats. A crust of ice had formed further out in the water and had been washed up by the tide. Over this the boats were launched. It was colder and the wind blew harder than in the sheltered cove. But Cynthia, in the small boat partly decked over and only large enough for one person, pulled vigorously on the oars and the blood was sent racing through her veins. Nevertheless she was grateful for the corduroy coat lined with sheepskin, the racoon cap and boots that went half way to her hips. She glanced over her shoulder from time to time, getting her course, and the unruly waters, deeply blue and glancing like sword blades filled her with joy.

They set the stools, then pulled up into the wind and anchored out of gunshot of each other. Each then lay flat in the bottom of the duck boat and waited for a shot. Cynthia's boat was supplied with a thick Donegal rug, so she pulled this about her and looked dreamily into the sky while the boat rocked gently in the ground swell. It was like lying on the top of a mountain, except for an occasional dash of salt spray that came in over the gunwale.

After an hour or so of waiting, a string of black dots appeared low on the horizon at the opening of the outer Bay. They were lost against the shore, then presently they appeared much nearer, and flew over the decoys at a height of twenty feet or so. Cynthia

was trembling with excitement but she raised her gun and managed to take careful aim. At the same time a succession of shots rang out from the direction in which Maltby had anchored. The ducks scattered promptly, flying close to the water. Two of them, however, turned somersaults and flopped down heavily.

Cynthia was certain that she had brought down the nearest one. She drew in her anchor and rowed toward the spot where the beautiful limp creature floated on the water, its green, gray and blue feathers shining in the sun. As she came up with it, she reached out for the bird and in doing so, tipped the boat to one side precariously. In her haste she had neglected to ship her oars, and when a wave larger than the rest hit the duck boat amidships, the oars fell into the water and floated off.

A moment or so later Cynthia's boat was drifting into open water on the outgoing tide and she was powerless, without her oars. It was choppy out there and the little boat slid giddily down into the green valleys and was tossed to the topmost ridge of the water-moulded mountains. Several times it shipped a sea, until it was half full of icy salt water. She called out to Maltby, but soon realized that her voice did not carry above the sound of the wind, and so fired a number of shots from her gun in rapid succession.

Maltby heard the gun shots and noted the changed position of Cynthia's boat. The tiny craft was now bobbing up and down among the white caps with the spray breaking over her. He pulled up his anchor and rowed frantically after the drifting boat. The girl saw him coming and knelt in the freezing water while she baled out her boat. A few minutes more of hard rowing and he came alongside the duck boat, now dangerously low in the water. While he threw his weight to one side of his own boat, Cynthia climbed in over the gunwale, and they towed the other boat in against the tide.

Later Maltby made Cynthia run a

race with him up the sandy beach and straight into Mrs. Tillot's kitchen.

"Why, if you ain't a girl!" Mrs. Tillot exclaimed in amazement when Cynthia removed her 'coon-skin cap and her pale gold hair was visible. "Miss Hawarden" was accordingly introduced to her, and she rushed from the room a moment later.

"Pa, did you know that was a lady with young Mr. Rice? And her in pants!" They heard her remark in the next room. And Joel's answering drawl was, "Course I knowed Cynthia Hawarden when I see her. I used to go gunnin' with them young folks three year ago."

Maltby went into the sitting-room and built up a fire in the old brick fireplace. And when Cynthia had dried out in front of the kitchen range, she joined him in the next room.

"Sorry I was such an idiot. I'm afraid I spoiled your sport," she told him.

"Now you're talking nonsense. I'm only awfully glad the boat didn't upset with you. It's all my fault for letting you go out in such rough weather. But I suppose I'm selfish. Cyn, you're a wonder. Most girls and some fellows, too, would have lost their heads in a sea like that with a boat half full of water. But you've got real nerve." He looked at her with genuine admiration. For this was the highest tribute he could have paid her. It was his way of expressing a very rare quality. To him, nerve stood for the kind of silent, white courage that sees clearly and endures to the end.

"Are you sure I'm not just reckless?" she asked, smiling.

"I know you too well," he said gravely. She suddenly looked very wistful. Maltby was such a dear. And it was so untroubled here, so far away from everything. It made her life during the past few weeks seem fevered and unreal. And when Maltby took her in his arms she made no protest. He spoke to her. They were young, eager love words such as she had unconsciously longed for from Broadbent. There

were no mental reservations about Maltby's love for her. There was none of the fear of committing himself which Broadbent had necessarily maintained. There was nothing of *struggle*. She did not love Maltby, but he lulled her into happiness—if happiness is cessation of pain. He was a wonderful youth, and his love was more wonderful. When he asked her to marry him she clung to him and whispered a yes.

They sat a long time looking into the glowing pieces of charred wood and listening to the wind shake the window frames and tear at the shutters. At noon Mrs. Tillot served their luncheon on a small table drawn up in front of the fireplace, and they ate waffles and chicken ravenously.

After luncheon Maltby paced up and down and looked out of the windows. "Cyn, I'm so happy, I'd like to go out and fire off my gun a few times," he said, turning toward her. "I believe I shall. I might as well bring down a few more ducks. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," said Cynthia, smiling at his reasons for going after more game. "Only be awfully careful. It looks much rougher out there."

He took her in his arms and murmured beautiful things into her hair. She thought of her mother in Egypt, of Aunt Henrietta—of Broadbent. But none of them were really *hers*. If anything should happen to Maltby— She pictured him lying on the beach athwart the crust of ice where the tide came in, his boat floating keel up further out. She seized him convulsively.

"Don't go—don't go," she said.

"Of course I won't." His voice was not quite steady.

CHAPTER VII

THAT night at dinner Maltby watched Cynthia across the table and tried hard to realize that she was the same being who a few hours ago, clad in tweed knickerbockers, her hair tumbled about her shoulders and her eyes bright with

tears, had clung to him and said, "Don't go—don't go!"

In the candlelight her gown was of eerie blue-green and silver. There was a narrow string of seed pearls about her white throat, and her pale colored hair was arranged in smooth, shining bands under an invisible net. She spoke very little, answered at random and wore an expression at once inscrutable and withdrawn.

And then, suddenly her manner changed. She talked excitedly and laughed a great deal. Maltby was puzzled by her abrupt change of mood. He could see no reason for her increased gaiety. Moreover, she seemed as remote as ever. There was no wine at dinner that evening and Cynthia had not touched the cocktails which had been passed just before going in. What could "Lefty" FitzHugh, seated on Cynthia's right, have said to his dinner partner to cause her to sparkle in his restless fashion?

"He told me he never was so bored in his life," Fitz was saying.

"Oh, I'm sorry for him!" Cynthia, nevertheless, laughed delightedly.

"But old McCloud is the president of his company. Broadbent had put him off before, half a dozen times, and so he really had to accept. And there's nothing he loathes like winter golf! He was just getting ready to go down to Virginia—"

"To Virginia? Really!"

"So he said. It seems he has an uncle who has a place in Albemarle County, near Charlottesville. He was going down to do some hunting."

"Well, I pity him in the clutches of Mr. McCloud if he doesn't care about golf. Andy McCloud is a Scotchman you know and of course— Oh, and he's such a grouch! He's not very popular in Fresh Pond. Last summer at a garden party Mrs. Trevor was giving for the war sufferers in Poland (she had that Polish countess, something unpronounceable, staying with her, and we were all disguised as Poles), the Countess asked him for a thousand dollars and he called her a shameless baggage and

jumped into his car and went home. The Countess laughed, but Mrs. Trevor—"

Cousin Kate Saunders, a formidable maiden lady who climbed mountains all by herself with a couple of guides and had a studio on the fifteenth floor of a building in Fifty-seventh Street in which she made tea dressed in an Indian Maharanee's costume, now claimed Maltby's attention and he did not hear what Mrs. Trevor had said or done. But he was vaguely troubled and unhappy throughout dinner. Why had this conversation about Broadbent's patient bearing up under the strain of the McCloud hospitality so interested her? Of course Fitz had an amusing way of telling a story. It hardly mattered at all what he said, it was the way he said it. Maltby had often noticed this before. He wished *he* had the same delightful talent. He always told things in such a flat way. But hold on— Was it the fact that Broadbent was visiting in the neighborhood (and not the manner in which Fitz had broken the news) which had cheered Cynthia up? He suddenly remembered hearing a rumor to the effect that Cynthia Hawarden was flirting with Broadbent—"what a shame it was that a girl just out—her mother, of course—and Coralie Broadbent was *so* charming." Maltby had paid scant attention to these remarks at the time. The old hen who made them, had, of course, invented everything out of whole cloth. If it had been a male gossip, he might have asked him a few direct questions, and then—

But the bit of flotsam in the relentless current of gossip drifted through his consciousness more than once that evening. Every time it came floating by, he would strive to ignore it, or he would stare at it calmly and say to himself, "Well? What of it?" But he could not help wondering if there was not perhaps more of it under the murky waters than was visible at the surface. He could not help wondering how much Cynthia had cared for Broadbent. If Broadbent had not been already married, would she have— Then he called

himself a jealous idiot. How did he know that Cynthia even *thought* of Jimmie Broadbent? He was giving credit to a piece of random gossip in considering its possibility. But supposing Cynthia *had* engaged in a flirtation with Broadbent did not alter the fact that she was now pledged to Maltby Rice—to *him*!

Dinner over, the older members of the family started their usual game of bridge, and Cynthia declared that she wanted nothing so much as to play billiards. Fitzhugh volunteered to play with her, but Maltby remained silent. She smiled over at him inquiringly, but there was an impersonal quality in her smile; she took up her cue and carefully chalked it. Her eyes did not meet his for more than a fleeting second.

"Oh, I'll look on," Maltby remarked.

They played for an hour and a half while Maltby wandered about in a somewhat distraught manner, his hands in his pockets. Occasionally he whistled a part of a tune, turned the pages of a magazine rapidly or put a record on the victrola. Once the record was "*Aloha Oe*," and while it was being played, Cynthia's game went to pieces.

"I believe I'm tired," she told Fitzhugh. And they put away the balls and cues. "Lefty" Fitzhugh joined the others in the card room, and Cynthia walked into the living-room and stood looking over the sporting papers neatly ranged on the long table which was pushed against the huge divan. Maltby had been sitting there, staring into the fire. Now he rose and crossed over to Cynthia.

Together they looked at the pictures a moment and dismissed them with appropriate remarks. Then, "What's troubling you, Honey?" Maltby asked. "You're so—so strange to-night," he went on, when she made no answer. "You know there's something awfully sort of intangible about you some times. It's as though you weren't really here at all. Funny, isn't it? For instance, I have my arms about you, but have I really got *you*?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know!"

she answered, and stared into the shadows that filled the corners of the room.

"Cyn dear, isn't the real you here with me now?" He clasped her closer to him and looked long and searchingly into the gray eyes.

"How can I tell? Perhaps my soul is floating off over the tree tops!" He wanted to ask her if it was floating over in the direction of the McCloud place, where Jimmie Broadbent was staying. But he could not bring himself to do so. And when she smiled up at him with a wistful sort of smile, his arms, which had dropped to his sides, were about her once more. He wondered whether or not he should raise the question of Broadbent. But he knew he would not speak of him just then. Another time would do as well.

"When are we going to announce it?" he asked instead. And Cynthia, taken by surprise, promised that, if their families approved (of which there was small doubt) the engagement might be announced at the dinner dance Miss Hawarden had planned to give at the country club two nights after Christmas.

The following day Cynthia left Fernbrake and went to Hawarden Manor. Miss Henrietta had come up from town on a morning train, and the house was being put in order for the guests who would arrive the next afternoon. In spite of the presence of the housekeeper who stayed at the Manor the year round, and the staff of servants brought out from town, there were still many things to be seen to. Cynthia flew about giving directions concerning the kinds of flowers, stationery, bath salts, etc., to be placed in the various guest rooms. A fresh list of the house bells was put up in every room. Orders were given about the luggage and several things which "hadn't come" were sent into town for. It was not until after luncheon that Cynthia started for a walk in the keen winter air with Larry, her Irish terrier.

A sudden thaw in the night, a thick fog, the wailing of sirens off South Neck, and the sound of melting ice, had

all been followed by one of those chill, sunny winter days that counterfeit spring, like false dawns.

For some reason, Cynthia wanted to avoid the beaten track, and so, accompanied by the willing Larry, she started through the patch of woodland that lay back of Hawarden Manor, on a narrow path deep with fallen leaves through which an occasional boulder of trap rock, blue gray and covered with lichens, protruded at intervals. To those who had summered at Fresh Pond every year since they were quite small, this path was known as the Elephant Trail, none of them knew why. And by the same token, Cynthia, Maltby, Burkes Trevor, the youthful Van Vlecks and Minturns all understood that it led up over Pansy Hill, down into Vallombrosa and along the edge of the golf course, where the woods appropriately ended.

It was along this path that Cynthia walked with light, swift strides, humming snatches of musical comedy and occasionally addressing a word to Larry, who insisted on making long detours through the laurels. If anyone had asked her why she had chosen the Elephant trail that led to the edge of the Bonnyridge golf course, she would have replied that "It was away from the main road. The main road is always full of motors, and Larry always runs out and barks at them so." And all Larry could have done would be to look at her reproachfully as dogs do.

But a close observer would have noticed that Cynthia kept looking ahead of her expectantly, that the delicate color in her cheeks was not altogether the result of the keen air with that slight, sharp note of the false spring in it (nor had she bought it). And there was a light in her eyes that had not been there the night before. Moreover, she was not vague nor distraught this afternoon, but moved purposefully, blithely through the dead leaves.

Where the trail ended at the edge of the golf course, Cynthia stood still a moment looking out over the green-gray, rolling country with its grotesque

little oblong mounds and the faded red flags planted at intervals. The sloping roof of the club-house, built of tiles and concrete, was sharply outlined against a clear, pale sky. That was all.

A moment Cynthia stood there, looking out over the golf course, and then a tiny white ball fell from the sky, rolled over the half-frozen ground and stopped a few yards from where she stood. A man's figure was seen rising over the summit of the nearest hill. He was clad in knickerbockers and he carried his own golf sticks. Cynthia watched him as he approached with swinging strides. But he kept his eyes on the spot where the ball had fallen and did not look up.

Against the protective background of neutral tinted tree trunks and brown leaves, Cynthia, in a sport suit of "mixed" goods, was not noticeable. She stood there as if suddenly transfixed, almost invisible. Would he see her? She longed to run to him, but something held her back. She was a slim brown thing, mute and rigid. Only her shining eyes, her translucent skin, showed vivid against the dried brown leaves, the sapless branches. In this narrow valley down which a light wind whispered, she stood among the fallen leaves, as in Vallombrosa indeed.

Just then Larry came bounding through the underbrush and gave a short, sharp yelp as he caught sight of his mistress. The man looked up a second later, and straight into the gray eyes of the girl. He had been about to address his ball with a midiron, but now he left it near the edge of the woods and went over to the girl.

"Cynthia!" They stood regarding each other breathlessly. Then:

"If it isn't fate, what is it?" He smiled and shook his head as he put this question to her, but there was an undercurrent of insistence in his voice. Instinctively, Cynthia knew that this was but a continuation of the afternoon on board the *Wentworth*. She knew that Broadbent had thought of her not once, but countless times since he had kissed her in front of Aunt Henrietta's sedate

brownstone house. Nothing that had happened since was important. She saw the details of the Allerton dance, the drive through the parks, her stay at Fernbrake merged curiously, superimposed upon each other like the figures in a cubist picture. Twombly Minturn, Vera Van Vleck, Freddy de Rham, Maltby, Susan and the Tillots all appeared strangely unreal and as through a glass darkly. Nothing mattered to Cynthia and Broadbent but the fact that they were together.

"No more golf for to-day," Jimmie remarked a few moments later. "Andy is probably around on the tenth green by this time and expecting me to follow in his footsteps. He won't be ready for me to turn up at the house for an hour. Let's go back to the club house, take the roadster and—"

"Let's!" Cynthia agreed excitedly. They ran happily down the path of the fallen leaves through Vallombrosa, thence across the links in the direction of the club house. Cynthia's heart sang. She no longer wished to be lulled into happiness. She felt that she could fight, suffer, endure pain and brave danger for happiness. And it would be a different kind of happiness. Not the happiness of drugged desires and cessation of pain, but the happiness of giving and risking all, of a sacrifice amounting to high emprise.

It was one of those chill, sunny winter days, that counterfeit spring—like false dawns.

CHAPTER VIII

THREE hours later Cynthia and Broadbent found themselves on a road that ran like an endless ribbon across a flat country made up of white sand, gray sky and low, dark scrub oaks. The sun had already gone down and narrow strips of sulphur-colored clouds in the west showed between the bare stems of taller trees that had once been swept by a forest fire.

"I should think we ought to strike Farmingville soon—or else we must be

somewhere near Ronkonka, you know," Cynthia was saying helpfully.

"In other words," said Broadbent with a slight laugh, "we're lost in the scrub oaks, somewhere between the Sound, the Bay, the Atlantic Ocean and Hell Gate, and there is no health in us! We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and left undone those things which we ought to have done, and our geography is *all wrong!*" They looked at each other and laughed impenitently. Broadbent drove in silence for several minutes, and Cynthia, with an extra leather cushion at her back, her long limbs stretched out before her, and muffled to the chin in furs, stared dreamily into the deepening dusk.

"There was something I should have told Aunt Henrietta about," she said, her face suddenly troubled.

"What was it?" he asked. But she shook her head. Then she suddenly caught sight of a narrow road with a beautiful surface that went at right angles to the one on which they were traveling. It was a distinctly artificial road that traversed the country in a geometrically straight line; and its built-up flat surface did not seem to take into account the contours of the land. It had as little reference to the country through which it ran as a scenic railway. It was as extraneous as a board-walk.

"Oh, that must be the Motor Parkway! Of course it is!" Cynthia told Broadbent. Relief and regret mingled curiously in her voice.

They looked at each other again; Cynthia wistfully, inquiringly, Broadbent with somber eyes and a kind of bitter humor around his lips which didn't match.

"Kiss—while we are still—lost." He had drawn her to him in an embrace that was like oak and iron.

They were now rolling smoothly along the Motor Parkway.

"But you haven't told me where it comes out. You don't mean to tell me that this goes toward Fresh Pond?" Broadbent asked a moment later.

"Of course not. But there are plenty of cross-roads we can take. We'll inquire at the first toll house we come to. The Parkway runs on into New York, you know."

"In that case," said Broadbent, a reckless, urgent note in his voice, "we'll stay lost! Cynthia-girl, will you stay lost with me?" And Cynthia did not ask him "What he meant," or "*How* stay lost?" as she would have done a month ago. Nor did she answer flippantly or in a jollying way as she would have been likely to a year later. They had left the flat scrub oak country behind them, and the Parkway, although built up over the deepest valleys and leveled in places, nevertheless rose and dipped in full, smooth curves, and was like a scenic railway in more ways than one. Broadbent's car rose on one curve only to plunge dizzily into the hollow of the next. The wind rushed by and seemed to snatch the words from Cynthia before her lips had formed them. And so she knelt on the seat and said close to Broadbent's ear: "Jimmie—I'll stay lost with you."

They were stopped at the next toll house, and as Broadbent took a leather billfolder from his pocket and extracted a dollar from it, Cynthia listened to the observations of the toll house keeper concerning the weather. She wondered what the old man would say if he knew that she was running away from her fiancé and that Broadbent was running away from his wife. They were the first people to go by for more than an hour, and the first car from which he had taken toll, the others having paid farther down the road, he told Cynthia. He was disposed to be talkative, and asked several questions. This annoyed Broadbent, but Cynthia smiled at the old man and answered with remarkable discretion, although she longed to startle him by announcing the fact that they were fugitives from the law—they were eloping! It seemed hard to believe that something of their purpose, their intended breaking with convention, did not show in their faces, she thought. But the old toll keeper appeared to re-

gard them as pleasant, well-mannered young people, usual representatives of a certain class; a welcome break in the monotony of a winter's afternoon. Cynthia was disappointed, and yet reassured, to discover that what she and Broadbent were both so acutely conscious of was evidently invisible to other people.

During the rest of the swift flight toward town, Cynthia and Broadbent said very little. Cynthia's mind was full of fleeting thoughts, fancies and impressions. A very thin wall of restraint had suddenly grown up between the girl and man. Secretly they were both amazed at their suddenly, almost lightly formed, resolve. And yet they realized that it was the natural, almost inevitable culmination of their long-withstood attraction for each other. Subconsciously they had been thinking of this very thing almost from the first. And now, a magnetic fate seemed to be drawing them on.

Broadbent's brain was a whirl of sensations. The high speed at which the car was carrying them over the ground, the intoxication of feeling that Cynthia had thrown herself upon his strength and would *live* owing to his will, combined to produce a mood that was akin to religious exaltation. He thought vaguely of the ships in the harbor—Cynthia had spoken of them that day on the *Wentworth*. Well, why not? Broadbent did not work out the details immediately. They might go to some sunny hillside town by the Mediterranean, or to the Far East, or, why hadn't he a yacht? Then they could have spent the time cruising about forever. They would leave the safe, smug harbors of the world (full of vulgar, noisy tugboats and empty beer bottles) and seek the open water. And perhaps they wouldn't be any too welcome visitors at the various smug ports! Oh, well, that was a mere external, anyway.

"Take my boat to your breast, O River; carry me out to sea!" Broadbent chanted this triumphantly again, as on that other afternoon which now seemed so strangely long ago.

Jimmie's emotions had never before been appealed to through his imagination. They had been colored by his sentiments before—sometimes. But Cynthia had touched his imagination from the first time that he saw her standing like a slender white birch tree, unconscious of its grace amid the commoner or more rugged varieties. How young and alone she seemed, with no one more intuitive than Miss Henrietta as a guardian—and that very doubtful mother in the background, somewhere in Algiers, was it? How inexperienced and yet how intrepid Cynthia was! Broadbent was suddenly filled with misgivings. For he did possess a conscience, of a thoroughly conventional sort. He had never done anything that could not be considered "square" to the other fellow. And he had rather prided himself on the fact that no woman had anything with which to reproach him.

"Cynthia—suppose Coralie won't divorce me? That's going to make a difference to you."

"Why should it? I'm sure I shouldn't mind in the least!" Cynthia turned shining eyes on Broadbent.

"I haven't looked into the thing very much, but I know that any action I might bring wouldn't hold good in this state!"

"And there are plenty of other states. States and states!" she answered happily.

"And there is only one New York!" Broadbent answered. "And all my friends and every dollar I own is there—in real estate, too. Not the friends, the money. Unless Coralie wants to sign off—"

"Oh, if you don't *want* to elope with me!" Cynthia drew away from him. Her eyes flashed and there was a catch in her voice.

"Want to *elope* with you! Of course I don't. That's one thing I thought I'd never come to—running off with a girl." His voice was harsh with contempt for himself. He had brought the car to a sudden standstill near the side of the road.

"You mean—that you don't want me." Cynthia turned a white face toward him. Her lips barely moved when she spoke. Broadbent looked at her; his somber eyes held hers. Then he drew her to him roughly.

"I do—Cynthia—I do!" She was amazed, alarmed and subdued by his intensity. A sudden pity for this man, passion driven like a gallant ship in the teeth of a gale, took possession of her. She felt a sudden desire to protect him from the storm she herself had raised. But even as her arms went about him she looked into the darkness of the soundless winter woods that came down to the edge of the road on either side, and something that was part of her seemed to cry, exulting:

"Ah, what a matchlessly strong and beautiful wild thing of the forest I have snared and hold captive in my arms!" Broadbent had been right. There was something primitive about this modern young woman.

Arrived in New York, Broadbent drove Cynthia directly to her aunt's house. There she changed into traveling attire, packed a bag and later met Jimmie at one of the railway stations.

At the railway restaurant they dined nervously and hurriedly, although they had chosen it because it was safe. There they talked over future plans, vague and sketchy at best. They were to take trains over different routes to a nearby city, where neither of them had a large acquaintance, and engage passage on an outgoing steamer. Owing to the fact that they were both well known in New York, and since the steamship companies were inquisitive as to names, occupations and motives of travelers, this would be impossible if they remained in town. They talked in a fragmentary, disjointed way as they sipped their cocktails, raked the food about their plates with their forks, or gazed at each other without speaking, each vainly seeking to penetrate the other's personality.

After this, Cynthia powdered her nose, pinned a veil firmly to her small

modish hat, and gave her bag to a porter.

"I wish we were going *together*," she said rather faintly.

"But we can't be seen together!" he objected nervously.

"Oh, what difference does it make?" Cynthia asked, almost in tears. But Broadbent was intent, he could not have explained why, on clinging to the conventions until the last possible second. And yet he was equally firm in his intention of seeing the thing through, as he would have expressed it.

Of course there were no drawing rooms left on that train and so Cynthia contented herself with a chair in the Pullman car, the attentions of a too obsequious porter and a number of comic weeklies. As her train pulled out of the depot, Broadbent was taxiing in record time to another station. There he bought a ticket for the same destination and caught a train which left twenty minutes after the one on which Cynthia was traveling. It was due in the nearby city at the same time that Cynthia's train would arrive.

After looking over the funny papers and deciding that they were not very good numbers, the girl began to examine her fellow travelers one by one, methodically, up one aisle and down the other. Most of them were older men, a few were women, and there was one girl not much older than herself. She was dressed in rather shabby clothes, which she wore with an air of distinction. Her face was not pretty or striking, but she had a serene expression and firmly modeled lips. Cynthia thought that if the girl had not been reading she would have liked to talk to her. What would this girl think if she knew that in the same car with her another girl was on her way to meet her lover—and another woman's husband? Would she be shocked, or indifferent, or cynical? Cynthia wondered if the serene-faced girl had ever had any love affairs, any real ones, she amended. Never before had she had this impulse to talk out her heart to an entire stranger. And then the girl

glanced up from her book. Cynthia saw that one of the girl's eyes was set obliquely, with a slight "cast." An unpleasant thrill went through her and she looked quickly away. Somehow, it had been a distinct shock. "I do hope I'm not getting superstitious," she thought.

Again she looked about at the other people in the car. The lights flared above them and they sat reading magazines or newspapers, perfectly rigid, like mummies, Cynthia thought. She began to amuse herself in the same manner in which she had often whiled away an hour in church as a child. She transposed the heads of some of the people in the car to the bodies of others, with the aid of her imagination. But some of the effects obtained were so ludicrous that she stopped, fearing she might burst into hysterical laughter.

She glanced at her wrist watch. Only an hour had gone by! A sigh escaped her. The man seated just ahead of her, whose crisp dark hair she had already noticed, closed the volume of *de Maupassant* which he had been reading and swung his chair around.

"It's a tedious trip. Would you mind very much if I talked to you?" he asked in courteous tones.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid so." She had responded automatically to the training of years.

"I'm sorry, too," said the man. They looked at each other a moment, the girl perplexedly, the man rather hopefully. Then disappointment gave place to hope in his expression, and he inclined his head slightly and turned away. Cynthia was surprised at herself. The man had looked interesting. She knew she was acting inconsistently.

"But then, just because I break with one convention is no reason for breaking with *all* of them," she defended. "Merely because Mamma and Mr. Carmichael aren't married is no reason for supposing that they have given over all the ordinary amenities, is it? Surely Mr. Carmichael doesn't throw the salad at Mamma and she doesn't put her feet on the table simply because—?" All

this was utterly impossible, of course, Cynthia decided.

She had never met Mr. Carmichael, but she was thoroughly acquainted with her mother, who was only rather pretty, but possessed an immense amount of charm, which analyzed into three-fourths tact and one-fourth a delightful voice. Why should one convention have anything to do with another? Again she looked at her watch, and was careful not to sigh audibly. Mainly for something to do, she walked to the dressing room at the end of the car and powdered her nose in front of the glass. Her fine skin was wind-burned from the long, fast motor trip and her face glowed flame pink. But fatigue and emotion had painted dark hollows under her eyes. She stared into the glass and saw that the pupils of her eyes were dilated with excitement and that they had a fixed, expressionless look. Her whole face appeared unfamiliar, as though it had been made up for the stage. Her lips moved: "And so you are running away with Jimmie Broadbent!" she said to the unfamiliar face in the glass. "And he is *married*! But marriage is only a convention—a worn-out convention. Why should one convention—oh, and Maltby! But he's only a boy. And boys don't have deep feelings, do they?"

She looked down at her hands from which she had taken the white gloves. They were slim, well-kept hands, competent looking and not quite symmetrical. She had always expected that some day the left one would be adorned by the largest solitaire obtainable, and, of course, a wedding ring. And now—"A mere badge of servitude, like the brand on cattle! Just as though—" She did not know it, but the light of renunciation was shining in her eyes.

At this moment the train came to a stop after a succession of bumps and jolts, and a porter came through the car, self-important with his news. "Wreck ahead! No danger, but we am held up 'til de track get clear." Cynthia wanted to scream, but she merely asked the name of the little

town where the train had sidetracked.

An hour later Broadbent was pacing up and down the concourse of the main depot, alternately watching the bulletin board where the delayed express was announced, and the clock at the farther end of the station. At intervals he disappeared into a telephone booth or in the bar of the hotel across the street.

CHAPTER IX

BROADBENT had consumed numerous cocktails of the particular brand for which the bar at the hotel opposite the station is famous, in a vain endeavor to allay anxiety; he had tried also to get various steamship agencies on the phone, but had been obliged to content himself with the information found in the papers devoted to shipping news, when Cynthia's train finally pulled in. With nervous intensity he scanned the stream of belated passengers. What if, frightened and discouraged by the delay and news of the wreck ahead, she had started back for New York? It was trying enough for a girl to elope under ordinary circumstances. But to go eloping by one's self and then be tied up for an hour or so by a silly wreck was in the nature of an ordeal! He had been a brute to leave her alone at the station in New York. He could see that now. What might not happen to a girl traveling alone at night? (It must be after ten o'clock now.) A thousand possibilities, rumors of horrible things which he had once jested about, now rushed through his brain.

Someone was being paged. Broadbent strained his ears to catch the name which the boy shouted as he came through a doorway from the main depot into the concourse. Perhaps Cynthia had reconsidered things on the way over, got off at the station where the train had been stalled and returned to New York. She might have telegraphed him of this! His heart pounded. He felt as though he had just stepped into a rapidly descending elevator.

"Bro-o-dy—Miss-Ellen-Bro-dy!" he finally made out. Then it wasn't for

him! At least she had not telegraphed.

Suddenly he saw her. In her dark suit and furs and the small, close hat she wore, the fairness of her skin and hair was subtly emphasized. She was walking unhurriedly, with the aloof, impersonal look that a girl in her class early learns to assume. Her glance to right and left was confident, almost casual. She might have been expecting the chauffeur, who was to meet her with the family car.

Certainly she was not eloping! And then she, too, saw him.

"Cynthia! You're here. Thank the Lord!" They moved out of the main current of the crowd that surged up and down the concourse.

"Awful time getting here. I'm dead to the world. And there was a cross-eyed girl on the train. Of course I wouldn't have minded—"

"Poor little girl—I should never have let you come by yourself. I blame myself entirely. Well, I nearly went crazy waiting in this barn of a depot for you. But it's all right now."

"You poor boy! I knew you'd be anxious. What did you do while you were waiting for my train?" she asked.

"Oh, I raced up and down the depot with one eye on the clock and one on the bulletin board. Then I alternated between the bar over at the—"

"Oh, Jimmie!" she interrupted reproachfully, "I thought when I first saw you—I thought I noticed— Why did you go off and take too many cocktails?"

"My dear Cynthia, you're tired and nervous. You wouldn't rave this way if it weren't—"

"Rave! Jimmie Broadbent, what would you have said if I had spent my time in getting drunk—"

"Really, Cynthia, if a man can't take a few drinks without being called drunk—"

"Well, then, suppose I had drunk cocktails all the way over from New York! You wouldn't hold me responsible, would you? Suppose, after drinking—oh, dozens of cocktails, I had decided to elope with someone else!

"You wouldn't hold me responsible, would you?"

"It's hardly necessary to suppose anything so absurd," Broadbent answered stiffly.

"Well, just suppose," Cynthia persisted, her voice rising in excitement.

"Certainly I'd hold you responsible, just as you're holding *me* responsible," he replied gravely. They looked at each other fixedly, will conflicting with will in their eyes.

"I see." The logic of it impressed Cynthia. But why must their attitude be so possessive toward each other? She was puzzled.

"Let's see if we can't talk things over now without quarreling," he continued, and they walked together into the main section of the station.

"What are we going to do?" Cynthia asked when they were seated in an inconspicuous corner of the waiting room. She kept snapping the clasp of her bag open and shut and the sound irritated Broadbent without his being quite able to discover the cause of his irritation.

"By the way, would you like something—tea?" he asked. There was a light, sarcastic stress on the word "tea."

"Thanks. I couldn't touch it."

"Well, about our plans then," he went on, looking not at her, but straight ahead. "Of course it's going to be a nuisance getting passports anyway, although I think I have friends in Washington who would manage it for me. Most of the lines have suspended all sailings from here. But there are still the Holland line and the Scandinavian. There's a liner leaving for Christiania on Monday, just freight, you know, but they might take us. I believe the winter sports are ripping there, or is it Stockholm? And of course there's South America. That's where all the down-and-outs go. Or we might go to Hawaii. But I suppose all the army crowd would cut us as soon as they found out. What do you say?"

"It doesn't sound very interesting, does it? But what could we do in this town for three days—and over Christmas?" Cynthia asked wistfully.

"I know. Appalling, isn't it?" They stared at each other rather hopelessly. Not a ray of humor illumined the dark pathway of the elopers.

"At least we can't do anything until to-morrow," Broadbent finally announced. "And until things are settled—until we're sure—that is, until the die is cast, you know, we'd better go to some friends of mine here in town, for to-night, you know."

"Friends of yours? But who are they? Won't they think it strange?"

"No, indeed, they won't think it odd! Not at all," Broadbent assured her quickly. "You see, Cynthia," he continued rapidly, "they're not very conventional people. I'll explain all about it in a minute's time. And remember, it's entirely up to you whether we go there or not. If you don't like the idea, just say so. This Joe Hale is a wonderful chap. He came from one of those obscure little Western towns and made a great name for himself at Princeton. One of those meteoric careers, you know. Smashed all the athletic records and was on the *Princetonian*—all around good fellow. He's been on Western newspapers since he left and now he has something awfully good here. I haven't seen him for years, but I called him up this evening, gave him an idea of the situation, without mentioning your name, of course, and he said to come on up."

"And Mrs. Hale—" Cynthia began.

"There isn't any Mrs. Hale. I was coming to that—" Broadbent told her.

"But why did you tell him about us then? If we're not being chaperoned there's really no point in going there," Cynthia objected.

"But there's a Mrs. Martini! She's a great friend of Hale's. He's in love with her. In fact, he spends most of his time with her. You understand, don't you? She's a good sort, you know—interesting woman—does about as she pleases. She—she's like one of those Kipling women, you know." He spoke hurriedly, conscious of the fact that they were on delicate ground. "I'll take you to her apartment, if you think

it's a good plan, and we can talk things over. Hale's up there now. We can go right up. If you'd rather not meet her—name's rather like a cocktail, I know—"

"Why shouldn't I care to meet her? I'm sure she must be charming. Probably a very clever sort of woman." Cynthia raised her clear eyes to Broadbent. Doubtless "Mrs. Martini" was one of those delightful, courageous women who dare to "live their own lives."

"Like Mamma," Cynthia thought.

"Cynthia, you're my own girl. By Jove, you are a girl, a real one." Broadbent looked at her with a relieved, humbly grateful expression.

A few moments later they had entered a taxi and Broadbent had given the address of Mrs. Martini's apartment house to the driver. They spoke very little, and Cynthia peered out of the window at the rather sparsely lighted streets of the residential district in which they soon found themselves. There were rows of identical brick houses with correct little identical doorsteps. Patches of dingy snow remained in odd corners. There was an air of dreary respectability about the neighborhood.

"I'm sure nothing interesting ever happened in any of those houses," Cynthia remarked after a long silence.

"Nothing except what happens everywhere," said Broadbent.

"Then it didn't happen in an interesting way, which is far more important!" Cynthia replied with a flash of impatience.

When the cab stopped in front of the house in which Mrs. Martini had an apartment they alighted and stood for a moment in some doubt. It was not quite as prepossessing as they had imagined it would be. The place was neat, well kept and quiet looking; entirely commonplace. And neither Cynthia nor Broadbent had ever before been in an apartment house which had no elevator and no West Indian elevator boys!

After walking up several dark flights

of stairs, Broadbent knocked, and the door was opened by a tall, pale young man without a coat. He was presented to Cynthia as "Mr. Hale; you know I told you, Cynthia, he's an old roommate of mine." Broadbent spoke in a tone slightly louder than usual, and was careful to introduce Cynthia as "Miss Ward." And then "Miss Ward" met her hostess, "Mrs. Martini." She was a slight, faded woman in a fluffy pink tea gown—or was it a negligée? Although very much rouged and powdered, she had what is known in some circles as an air of refinement, and she looked as though her baptismal name was Ludella, Arvilla, or Petunia. As a matter of fact, it was Mabel. Ludella was her younger sister, the one who did such lovely crochet work, as she would have explained, with the same smile which she had repeated again and again for more years than she cared to remember. Her smile had stereotyped its fine lines on either side of her mouth, and at night she sometimes pasted pieces of court plaster over them. But the next day she would keep smiling her coaxing, slightly anxious smile with its traces of coquetry, that was so infinitely pathetic. And then the lines would come back.

Mrs. Martini took Cynthia into a bedroom which opened off a short passage, while Broadbent and Hale reminisced with a kind of forced heartiness. Cynthia took off her coat and furs, and Mrs. Martini laid them neatly across the brass bed. Then, at her hostess' earnest solicitation, she removed her hat and rearranged her hair before the dressing table, which had pink-shaded lights on each side of the mirror, a pink celluloid toilet set and two imitation French prints in gilt frames. Mrs. Martini was as gracious as though she had been chatelaine of a historic villa. She asked no questions, made no explanations, and still chatted pleasantly. Her manner was perfect.

"Mrs. de Rham, in her drawing room in Washington Square, couldn't do it any better," Cynthia thought. But she was glad when they returned to the

combined dining and living room. She could not have told why, but she had shrunk from entering the sleeping apartment. The cheaply pretty room had filled her with a delicate revulsion.

"Oh, I must be thirty pounds lighter now," Joe Hale was saying, when Cynthia and Mrs. Martini joined the two men. He was still coatless, and lounged in a Morris chair with one leg thrown over the arm of the chair. Nor did he change his position when they entered. Cynthia stared at him in surprise. He might have had a fine physique, but his big shoulders were slightly bent, and he gave an appearance of lankness. His long, pale face had too heavy a chin and mouth. His hair was very fine, not well brushed, and it was pasted lifelessly against his head.

"You're working too hard, old man," Broadbent told him, as he rose and found chairs for Mrs. Martini and Cynthia.

"Not I!" Hale replied. "Haven't been down to the office all day." He gave a loud, foolish laugh and looked over at Mrs. Martini. Broadbent looked rather disgusted.

"Joe, you have a beau-ti-ful hang-over," he said, and glanced appealingly at Cynthia. Mrs. Martini, too, was smiling her smile and looking at Cynthia with an expression which said, "You must not mind what this big child does or says." Cynthia was touched. A sudden sympathy for this commonplace little woman welled up in her. She smiled understandingly at Mrs. Martini.

"And now I know you must be starved. There's a cold chicken in the ice box, and a lot of things. Joe, mix up some drinks. My maid has gone home for the night, so I'll get you something myself." Their hostess rose and trailed her pink chiffons into the kitchen, deserted by the mythical maid.

"Couldn't I help you?" Cynthia offered, meanwhile ransacking her brain for remnants of her Domestic Economy course.

"No, indeed, child," Mrs. Martini replied briskly. Hale rose and followed her to the kitchen door. He placed his arms about her shoulders, she threw her head back and he kissed her.

"What do you think of our *joli petit ménage*?" he said over his shoulder to Broadbent.

"You're not to call me naughty names!" said Mrs. Martini, who had not understood. Joe walked over to the mission wood buffet and started to mix some cocktails, meanwhile explaining the way the new cocktail shaker, formed like a projectile, worked.

In a miraculously short time Mrs. Martini served the supper, consisting of chicken *en cassarole* and several other dishes which she seemed to have prepared by magic. Cocktails were drunk throughout the meal, and Hale lighted a cigarette as soon as he had picked the mushrooms out of the sauce. Then he went over to Mrs. Martini and sat on the arm of her chair. For a while they amused themselves by feeding each other, stopping to embrace at frequent intervals. Cynthia always looked away quickly when they did this. She also avoided looking at Broadbent as much as possible. Once when he passed her the olives (she was eating nothing) he said in a low voice:

"You don't know how sorry I am about all this. Had no idea, you know. But Joe's an old friend. We'll go just as soon—" She bent her head with a certain youthful dignity. "Never mind," she said. Her eyes were wide and troubled. Her attempts at joining in the conversation sounded artificial to herself. A paralyzing air of constraint seemed to have fallen on her. She almost prayed that they would not think she was acting snobbishly.

And was this Bohemia? Surely this was not the atmosphere of the Quartier Latin—this lanky young man with the foolish laugh and the woman with the powdered, empty face!

Hale had taken a sheet of paper out of his pocket, unfolded it and was reading a lengthy poem, evidently by himself, celebrating the charms of Mrs.

Martini. It was in the style of the lightest of magazine verse, and some of the lines were clever. At the end of each stanza Hale looked up for applause, and Mrs. Martini invariably laughed and approved.

"Now this gets rather intimate in the next act. Shall I go on, Miss Ward?" Hale suddenly stopped and looked at Cynthia. She smiled rather uncertainly. But Broadbent told him that they had formed a very good idea of his poetical gifts and that he must not spoil the impression. Hale did not continue.

"Wasn't it *good*?" Mrs. Martini asked several times. "I liked all but the title," she added, and looked at Hale reproachfully.

"What did you call it?" Broadbent asked carelessly.

"To My Mistress," Hale answered. "That's all right. It's an Elizabethan title," he told Mrs. Martini.

"But I don't think it's very—nice," she insisted pathetically.

Cynthia almost gasped. It seemed incredible that an intuitive woman could be so ignorant of the finer shadings. The lack of taste affected her as with physical pain. She looked in amazement first at Hale, then at Mrs. Martini. And it seemed that the world had fallen on very evil days indeed. Oh, where is Genius and where are the Hetaraii?

Mrs. Martini went out to the kitchen a moment later and Hale followed her. Cynthia and Broadbent looked silently at each other.

"I'm afraid it was a mistake to come here," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. He would have taken her in his arms, but she gently drew away. She felt that she had just looked on at the great Travesty of Love. She could not have borne Jimmie's touch at that moment. Then she thought of her mother. Was she—? Cynthia burst into sudden weeping.

"Jimmie—I want to go. I can't stand it here any longer," she told him.

CHAPTER X

FOR the second time that night Broadbent had bought Cynthia's ticket, had seen to all of her material comforts and put her on the train. For they were not going to elope! That was all. She was going back to New York. He had telegraphed to Burkes Trevor to meet her at the station. (They had sent another telegram earlier in the evening to Miss Henrietta, to say that she expected to spend the night in town with Burkes, so that it seemed the natural thing to really turn up at the Trevors'.) For it was in this way that her passionate desire to carry out her theories of life had ended! Somehow she was not equal to them. They did not fit—or she did not fit. She did not know which. She was bitterly disappointed in herself. She felt herself unworthy of her mother—unworthy of the things she had always believed in. And then doubts and misgivings assailed her.

At her urgent request Broadbent had not come with her. She had wanted to be alone and think things out. But she found that she was too tired to think. She felt nothing but a terrible sense of loss. Was it Jimmie Broadbent's alternately restrained and tempestuous love, or her own faith that she mourned the loss of? She had the sense of having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But the scales were false! The train rushed through the night like a lost soul wailing and shrieking in the outer darkness. The world was a wilderness in which she who had rebelled against every known order had no place. She felt a terrible faintness that was not physical. But the weeds which had been pulled up by the roadside and left to wither in the hot summer sun must feel that way, she imagined.

She was conscious of nothing but her own thoughts and sat like someone who has been dazed by a concussion of some sort. She was within half an hour's ride of New York before she noticed her surroundings at all. She had a drawing room to herself, but it might

have been a crowded day coach. She would not have taken in a mental impression of one face in a car full of people.

Suddenly someone blocked the doorway.

"May I come in, Cynthia?" It was Broadbent. She stared up at him in surprise.

"I've been in one of the other cars. I couldn't have you coming over alone at this hour. I've let you in for enough unpleasantness to-night as it is," he explained.

"Jimmie—I do so hate being a slack-er," she said.

"Dear girl, don't talk nonsense! We were both mad this afternoon. And I knew enough not to be, so it's my fault entirely. And if things hadn't turned out as they did—well, it's jolly lucky for both of us. You never would have had a shred of reputation—thanks to me—and I, well . . . Sordid enough, isn't it?" he laughed a trifle bitterly, and his somber dark eyes looked into her pensive ones for a moment.

"No, we couldn't have made it!" he added, more to himself than to her. "You know, Cynthia, I'm rather glad, after all, that I took you up to Joe Hale's lair. It was a rough experience, but it showed you some of the realities stripped of the poetry. And it brought me up pretty sharp! Lord! We almost came an awful cropper. I should have taken better care of you, dear—"

Cynthia's heart had been dry and hard like the frozen ground over which

the train pounded along steel rails. But when Jimmie bent and kissed her lightly, with a kind of remorse, it seemed to blossom into white flowers. She felt a subdued happiness. And she longed for Jimmie to be happy, too.

She wanted to tell him how she felt. She would have liked to say something about Coralie, too. But this was impossible. She only looked at him through her tears that resembled a spring rain.

"Oh," she said, as though suddenly remembering something, "perhaps I ought to tell you—I—I'm engaged to Maltby. I promised him that it could be announced Monday, at a dance, you know."

For a moment Broadbent looked stunned. Then he pulled himself together with a fine effort.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "And I know you're going to be happy. Monday night—that's the night we were to have sailed for Christiania—or was it Bahia?"

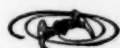
"I don't quite remember," said Cynthia. Her lips parted in a slow smile.

At the New York end, Burkes Trevor was waiting in the station, flanked by the Trevor chauffeur. She wore an apple green evening wrap over a fresh little white tulle frock.

"I just managed to slip out of Mrs. de Rham's—a musicale for some battle-ship fund," she said after greeting Cynthia. Her expression was one of affection mingled with curiosity held well in check.



A MAN is young as long as he can look at another woman; a woman is young as long as she feels that she may safely let him look.



*If this be true
then there are no old men
or old women.*

THE only people worth calling on are those who are never at home. *This proves
that "distance lends enchantment".*

THE SECRET OF GENIUS

By Randolph Bartlett

I ASKED the artist to explain his creative process.

"I sit quietly for hours," he said, dreamily, "thinking of beautiful things, of exquisite sunsets and still more exquisite dawns, of sunlight filtered through interlaced boughs, of waves and streams, of waterfalls and canyons, of miraculously lovely women and their embraces, of poems and symphonies, of my own soul. Then, by and by, an idea begins to take form in my subconscious mind. Little by little it is transferred to my mental vision. Then I hasten to put it into form in swift, clear outlines before it escapes me. The rest is detail."

I asked the Great Artist to explain his creative process.

"When I feel like working," he said briskly, "I look about me for a suggestion. I take the first thing that comes to my notice, a book, a plant, a house, a street scene, a fight, a pretty girl—whatever catches my fancy and appeals to me as novel. Then I think of all the various ways other artists have looked at it and interpreted it, and select a viewpoint different from all of them. Then I exert all my ability to make the thing seem to represent this one idea and no other, so that the people will say, 'What a wonderful vision he has!'"

I asked the Master Artist to explain his creative process.

"I never blab about my love affairs," he replied, bluntly.



THE REASON

By George Briggs

SHE handles her cigarette daintily,

Though she does not enjoy it.

I am curious why she should smoke when it gives her no pleasure,

It is so illogical

And also it takes away her appetite.

She does not inhale the warm gray vapor into her lungs,

In fact, the smoke annoys her.

When I ask her why she smokes,

She replies, "Because it is wicked."



THE FIGURE OF A SNAKE

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

ROSA had been attracted to Demetrio Sakis from the first. He had come into the Kapheneion To Kilkis while the music was playing furiously, and he had stood with arms folded in insolent aloofness until she went up and urged him to a seat.

It was a very hot night in August, one of those unusual warm spells that muggily fasten themselves upon San Francisco, and in place of thick Turkish coffee most of the Greek patrons of the café were ordering silly little bright-hued drinks flavored with lemon or raspberry. But Demetrio Sakis seemed to have no taste for these gaudy dribbles, so Rosa brought him a sticky, fizzy white concoction, and, at his suggestion, a glass of the same for herself.

She wiped the marble-top with her soiled rag of a napkin and sat down very demurely opposite him, sipping her soda with instinctive feminine daintiness. Demetrio ran his hand through his thick black hair, and smiled down upon her. There was something pathetic and masculine and boyish about his smile.

"You—you are not Greek?" he half declared, half questioned.

Rosa shook her head. "Italian," she answered laconically, returning to her soda again.

Suddenly she looked up at him, furtively and shyly. He had turned his face away from her, for the moment intent on looking at nothing at all, but there was a suggestion of alertness even in his abstraction.

A party of six at a nearby table began to tinkle their empty glasses significantly. Rosa slipped away and took their orders. As she returned, tray in

hand piled high with lemon-sodas and cigarettes, Demetrio Sakis looked over at her like a child who discovers that his mother has temporarily deserted him. She smiled back, wondering at the curious change in his manner—he had come into the café almost defiantly; now he seemed utterly forlorn and bewildered. But Rosa was accustomed to men and their curious contradictions, so, quite as a matter of course, she hurried her serving and sat down beside him again.

He was rolling a cigarette when she dropped into her seat. She sat quietly watching his nimble fingers, fascinated by their shapeliness. The patrons of the Kapheneion To Kilkis, whom Rosa usually watched rolling their cigarettes, had thick, stubby, awkward hands that wasted more tobacco than went into the smoke. Demetrio lifted the cigarette to his lips and her eyes still followed the generous, shapely hand, poised nonchalantly in midair.

Suddenly Rosa stood up. Then, quite suddenly, she sat down again, staring at him. His face flushed, and a look of insolent defiance crept into his eyes, but only for a moment.

"What is the matter?" he asked very slowly and distinctly, with the air of a man who recaptures his balance at the cost of a deep breath.

"Nothing—nothing at all," she answered. "It is a dizziness I sometimes have. And to-night it is very hot, and the room here—you can see for yourself it is full of smoke."

He leaned over toward her, an inscrutable smile on his lips. "You lie, little one," he said genially. "Come, was it not *this*?"

"Yes," she admitted.

He leaned back and laughed. "Upon the second finger of the right hand—tattooed—the figure of a snake. That is how they who want me speak of it, do they not, little one?"

She shrank away. "Yes," she said again.

He brought his eyes upon a level with her own and she looked into their half-closed depths with a vague foreboding and dread.

"For a thousand dollars—a thousand *silver* dollars! Will you sell me to them, little one, for a thousand *silver* dollars? Come, will you?"

The mocking light died in his eyes; for a moment his face had a hunted expression. The orchestra began to wail dismally, the room grew more stifling. She pushed away her soda and rose.

"For a thousand silver dollars!" he said again quite distinctly, and he held up his right hand while she looked once more.

There was no mistake; her eyes had not deceived her. There, upon the second finger of Demetrio Sakis' right hand, was tattooed the figure of a snake!

II

At midnight, when Rosa took off her apron and prepared to leave, she scanned the café furtively. Demetrio was still there, sitting moodily, his head between his hands, muttering and smoking a cigarette. The musicians had left and the place was nearly deserted.

She went up to him, for what reason she could not say. He raised his eyes and looked dully at her.

"It is twelve o'clock," she said. "Everybody is going home."

Demetrio fumbled for his hat and followed her.

Outside a fresh sea breeze gave zest to the air and made Rosa draw the collar of her jacket close about her throat. They walked in silence down

Folsom Street and up Third, across to Kearny Street and northward toward the beach, Rosa keeping slightly ahead. At Portsmouth Square they both stopped. On the opposite side of the street the Hall of Justice frowned darkly, throwing a black shadow that almost blotted out the delicate tracing of elm trees upon the pavement.

Rosa backed toward the cement coping that guarded the lawn from an infinite procession of passing feet and sank upon it with a shiver. Demetrio followed her example. They sat without exchanging a word, staring dumbly at the blue light of the Morgue, flickering unsteadily.

Finally Demetrio touched her on the shoulder. "Tell me, little one," he whispered, "do you know why I am wanted?"

"Yes," she said, looking straight into his eyes, "for killing old Doomanis."

He let his hand fall. "You are right, little one," he answered.

She rose with a quick movement. "Why do you stay here?" she asked sharply. "Do you see there—over there?"

His eyes followed her upraised finger, pointing in the direction of the jail. "Yes—that is where I belong, little one. Why do you not cross over and tell them? . . . Think—a thousand silver dollars—and all you have to do is to walk over and tell them: 'Do you wish the murderer of old Doomanis, he who has the figure of a snake upon the second finger of his right hand? Because, if you do, he is across the way waiting for you.' . . . Come, will you sell me to them, little one, for a thousand *silver* dollars?"

She put out her hand and drew him forward, walking with feverish haste, keeping her eyes ahead, away from the ominous walls of the Hall of Justice. At the foot of the Green Street hill she halted and relaxed her hold upon his arm.

"Go away!" she cried passionately. "Go away! I cannot stand it! . . . For a thousand *silver* dollars, you say.

One would think you were the devil himself to tempt me so."

She burst into tears. Demetrio Sakis grasped both her arms and held them fast. Then quickly, violently, he kissed her full upon the mouth and as quickly he was gone.

III

ROSA wept again in the privacy of what she called her room—a curtained corner that rescued her bed from the clutter of household chattels which threatened always to engulf it. She could not account for these tears, born as incomprehensibly as mist upon a summer sea—silent, griefless tears that left a curious contentment. . . . How long she sat there, quietly clasping her hands together, she could not have said, but her cheeks were still wet when the loud snoring of her mother finally recalled her.

Rosa dried her eyes, and, pushing back the curtain, peered out at her mother, lying heavily with gross abandon upon a tumble-down couch in a far corner of the room. She gazed only for a moment and drew back the curtain with a gesture of disgust. Her mother's face seemed veritably hag-like in the uncertain flicker of the gas-light; especially offensive were the gnarled, shrunken, grasping hands that, even in sleep, clutched grimly at the tattered quilts, as if life were a mere matter of desperately holding on. And at once the thought flashed over her that it was just such a person as this she fancied had murdered old Doomanis. Not, of course, that the thing had been done by a woman, but that it had been done by somebody as old and as ugly and as shocking as this mother of hers, with twisted hands and gumless lips, who made up for lack of physical strength with the cruel tenacity of age.

With a start she came suddenly to the realization that the real murderer was not the person of her fancy, but Demetrio Sakis instead. She recalled the confident erectness of his figure, the insolent abandon of his thick black

hair, and, above all, the shapely fingers that had fascinated her and betrayed him. The memory of his quick, passionate movement as he had held her fast and kissed her roused a shudder, vaguely painful and vaguely exquisite.

She remembered, also, the day that Doomanis' body was found, and the afternoon, a week later, when every café in the Greek quarter had been strewn with dodgers announcing:

"One thousand dollars reward for the capture, etc."

She had read one of these handbills unconsciously, without interest, without any idea whatever, except the half-formed notion that such an ugly thing must necessarily have been done by a very ugly human being. And all the more reason because Doomanis was such an ugly old beast, too. She recalled his swarthy face, the flat, shining surface of his enormous nose, his thick, blue-black lips, shapeless and distorted. He had a Greek name, but Rosa could find no two quite agreed as to his nationality. He was one of those mongrels that the Mediterranean country breeds, half Oriental, speaking innumerable tongues, tricky, cruel, rapacious, engaged in all manner of business as shady and involved as his parentage. He was reputed to have money, but even this gossip had failed to rouse in Rosa the slightest interest.

Every night at ten o'clock he came into the Kapheneion To Kilkis and called for coffee and sesame seed dipped in honey. Rosa could see him now—a heavy-lipped, greasy-visaged old villain, sucking greedily upon the sweetmeats with childish gluttony. No, she was neither shocked, nor surprised, nor sorry at his death, even the reward of a thousand dollars had not moved her.

Afterwards it was whispered about, and later a fresh set of dodgers appeared—"One thousand dollars for the arrest of a man with a snake tattooed upon the second finger of his right hand." This rather captured Rosa's imagination. The idea of a snake fascinated her and added conviction to her idea of the murderer—somebody

old and hideous and ghastly, with a snake tattooed upon the second finger of his right hand. But the reward *had* meant nothing, it was too intangible, remote, fantastic.

It had taken the witchery of Demetrio's description to flame the printed words into a living glow. A thousand *silver* dollars! *Silver*—that was the one word which roused the dry-as-dust announcement into vividness. And Demetrio's voice wove additional spells. When he said *silver*, one saw *silver*, emphasized, beautified, shimmering—*silver* cascades, *silver* moonbeams, *silver* clouds, *silver dollars*! One thousand *silver* dollars ranged in fantastic rows, upon tables, upon chairs, strewn about the floor, spilling from great chests the height of a man.

As she plaited her thick, black hair, sitting thoughtfully upon the bed, her toes thrust into battered red slippers, Rosa saw the treasure with an eager, childlike vividness, exaggerated and transfigured. And that night she dreamt about those *silver* dollars, saw them tumbling down in a silver shower, upon the bed, upon the carpetless floor, upon the hag-like form of her mother, tumbling down, down, down—blinding, choking, smothering everything with relentless fury. She woke screaming. Her mother's measured grunts came reassuringly from the far corner of the room.

Rosa got up and lifted the tattered sash before her window. A late moon was emerging from a wisp of fog, and the city lay like a chaste maiden of the sea caught in a silver net.

IV

Rosa grew to know the precise moment when Demetrio would slide quietly into the Kapheneion To Kilkis and stand, his hands folded, waiting for her to show him to a seat. Always, every night at the same hour, he came, and went through the same absurd formalities. Then he would order two drinks—one for her and another for himself, and at intervals all through the evening she would refill the empty

glasses and steal a few moments to sit with him. Between-drinks he constantly rolled cigarettes and smoked, nonchalantly and unafraid, with the second finger of his right hand poised conspicuously for all to see. And yet everyone but Rosa might have been blind, for all the good their eyes were to them.

And every night when the musicians packed up their instruments Demetrio would be sitting, waiting for Rosa to slip off her apron and go home. Then they would walk briskly along the familiar routes until they came upon the Hall of Justice. They would sit down upon the cement coping of Portsmouth Square, thinking their own thoughts while they looked furtively at the cold, blue light of the Morgue flickering in the wind. And, sitting there under the restless elm trees, Demetrio would put to her his eternal question:

"For a thousand *silver* dollars! Will you sell me to them, little one, for a thousand *silver* dollars? Come, will you?"

Was there nothing else in his thoughts, she wondered. And why did he always speak of this thing to her sitting in the shadow of that awful place, with the blue light of the Morgue flickering unsteadily in the wind? Why did he not speak of the thing nearer to *her* heart? Then suddenly she would rise, stretch out her hand and drag him away, as if some nameless terror clutched close at her heart. And at home she would brood upon the whole sorry business, seeing *silver* and dreaming *silver*.

Thus it went on for days and weeks; for days and weeks he wooed her silently and tempted her with a ready tongue to betray him, until his presence grew to be a thing at once precious and terrible.

V

Looking back upon that last day, how well Rosa remembered the gay little beat her heart had given when Demetrio said to her:

"Little one, when are you coming with me back to my country?"

And at that moment she felt his generous palm covering her hand as it lay upon the table. She closed her eyes to shut out the vision of everything but her joy. . . . Presently, when Demetrio spoke again, very softly and in caressing cadences, Rosa opened her eyes and sat very still, fearing to break the spell. The room appeared to have faded into a remote distance, the wail of the orchestra had a muffled sound. Far up in front two comrades, meeting for the first time in years, danced together an ancient ceremonial dance of greeting. Their lithe figures, swaying rhythmically to an old tune, whirled like shadows in a puppet show. And while the music beat time for the dancers, Demetrio Sakis talked of his country until the glamour of the Old World lay like a spell upon Rosa's heart.

Ah, what a gay life they were to lead in this country of his! In the winter at Athens for the opera and the melodrama. And in the spring, flying like birds up to the mountains—beautiful mountains such as one could never imagine, full of flowers, and sweet smells, and water gushing from eternal snows, the music of bells and shepherds with their pipes. Then, coming summer, back again to the shore, lying all day on the hot sands, with eyes turned toward the blue sky. . . . And, summer over, were there not the islands to explore, glittering in the sunlight like golden beads upon the purple breasts of the sea?

"When are you coming, little one? When?"

All this time, all these weeks he had wooed her silently. Now, at once, he spoke his mind, and her heart fluttered like a dove caught in the soft strands of a woman's hair. And she said thoughtfully to herself:

"He will not speak of the old things again now that he has confessed what is nearer his heart."

And, above the wailing of the orchestra and the shuffling of feet dancing upon the uncarpeted floor, she had visions, glorious, but indistinct, like the

glistening spires of a city in the golden haze of evening.

Demetrio ordered raspberry syrup and sweetmeats of gum-arabic and honey and little pastry rolls dusted with powdered sugar and lemon sodas innumerable. Rosa, sitting opposite him, forgot even the cries of the customers as they tinkled their glasses or clapped their hands for her to serve them. It was a night choking with heat, and the men clustered about the tables like desert creatures about a water-hole at evening, while up and down the length of the street came sounds of like music and dancing and hoarse cries, expanding in the still, murky air.

VI

As Rosa took off her apron and prepared to leave she had a misgiving:

"Has he really spoken to me about *that thing* for the last time? Or will he frighten me again as we walk home?"

Demetrio went out of the café a little distance ahead of her and she found him waiting. But he had ceased smiling and she was afraid. . . . When they came to the Hall of Justice Rosa quickened her step, but Demetrio laid a firm hand upon her shoulder and drew her down by his side on the smooth coping of Portsmouth Square. She clenched her fists, waiting resignedly, as one waits for a crushing blow.

"If you go with me back to my country," he pleaded, "will this snake tattooed upon the second finger of my right hand matter? Will you ever say: 'I could have had a thousand silver dollars in place of this man of mine?' " In her terror she tried to draw away from him, but he held her close. "I am a murderer, little one, do you understand? With these hands—these two hands of mine— But there, how should you know about such things? And I had no quarrel with him. Come, shall I tell you about it—everything—from the beginning?"

She began to struggle faintly. "No—no. You must not tell me, I do not

want to know anything, Demetrio—except that you love me. Tell me that again, always that, and nothing else. Why should anything but that matter? Come, let us go away—*now!* Yes—at once, Demetrio, back to your country!"

He held her in a vise-like grip as he thrust his face close to hers.

"Why do you not cross over and tell them?" he muttered thickly. "Think, little one, a thousand *silver* dollars! And all you need do is to walk over and tell them: 'Do you wish the murderer of old Doomanis—he who has the figure of a snake tattooed upon the second finger of his right hand? For, if you do, he is across the way waiting for you.' . . . Come, will you sell me to them, little one, for a thousand silver dollars?"

She thrust his hot lips from her face. "Demetrio!" she cried. "Why do you worry me so? Have I not told you—what more can I say? Do you think that every woman can be bought for a thousand silver dollars? Shall we go back together to this country of yours, or shall I cross over and tell them? Shall we go back to your country, or will you drive me to do this thing? Will you let me have no peace until it is done?"

He tossed his hat aside and ran his fingers through his thick, black hair. "Think, little one," he began again, "think—a thousand *silver* dollars!"

She freed herself with a sudden movement and stood opposite him. The leaves from the elm trees were falling

about them in a melancholy shower.

"Are you afraid, Demetrio? Are you afraid to take me to this country of yours? Do you doubt everybody—even me?"

He covered his face with his two up-raised hands, and quickly, without another word, she crossed the street and went up the stairs to the Hall of Justice.

VII

DEMETRIO SAKIS was sitting where Rosa had left him when they walked over and put their hands roughly upon his bowed shoulders. Standing midway on the Hall of Justice steps she watched them take him. . . . As they urged him to his feet, swinging his footsteps in the direction of the jail, his hat blew off, but no one heeded it, except Rosa, for at that moment she saw his face clearly, unclouded by even the charity of a shadow. She shielded her eyes with her arm, turning outward a clenched fist. . . .

When she withdrew her arm and opened her eyes again Demetrio Sakis and his captors had disappeared. She crept down to the pavement.

Upon the curbing of Portsmouth Square she sat and waited, watching the blue lights of the Morgue dancing grotesquely in the wind. From the elm trees the yellow leaves fell steadily, like the golden tears of a penitent.

"He made me do it," she muttered to herself bitterly. "He was afraid to go himself and so he made *me* do it. He doubted everybody—even me!"



LOVE: The emotion an eighteen-year-old chorus girl experiences when she discovers the elderly man sitting beside her is a millionaire.



ANY man who thoroughly understands women has lost his ideals during his education.

And he has not—he is wise enough to conceal them from all people but a select few.

THE IDEAL

By Lilith Benda

BODIES relaxed in negligent postures, tongues loosened by a succulent dinner and the concord of fellowship, four men, four gray-haired, inveterate bachelors, sat abask in post-prandial contentment. Three of them, somewhat carelessly dressed, were of weather-beaten aspect. Of variant stature and cast of countenance, between them there was kinship, in that over all three there lingered an atmosphere of grayness. The lips, the skin, the eyes, the low, even voices, their very tranquillity, and particularly their contained smiles were suffused with a permanent gray note—that gray note which combines the impenetrability of rock with the softness of fleecy clouds, which steals in time from the blue peaks of the imagination as well as from its dark places, which speaks of weariness, disillusionment, resignation, and which, hovering dimly over the faces of the great who have failed, stamps itself pitilessly, indelibly, upon the features of the great who have attained. Engineers of note, all of them, brought together at first by a common interest in their craft, a coalescent engrossment in the era-making turns of mechanics, in time they had found in one another a like freedom from any bondage to the *idée fixe*, a like propensity to the new, the wonderful, the beautiful in all its phases—that curious, perhaps anomalous commingling of artist and scientist which manifests itself so unmistakably in the work of Da Vinci, for instance, or in the mass of scientific details which filters through so much of "Faust."

The fourth, a trig little old man with an aura of pomade and gossip about

him, an exquisite on the decline, seemed an incongruous element in the group. But, having drifted among them by chance some years before, immediately he had become a fixture. Perhaps it was because he came as from a world remote and yet in sympathy with their own; and perhaps it was because he, the ladies' man de luxe, the dinner-table raconteur, might relax among them into respectful silence and comfortable obscurity.

The dinner this evening had been somewhat in the nature of a celebration. Rowland Bevier, the host, a short, stocky man, more unobtrusive and aloof in manner even than the others, but nevertheless their spokesman and leader, had finally, after years fraught with difficulties due to antiquated state requirements, gained material recognition for the first altogether feasible system of generating gas from coal, in replacement of the old and costly oil process. After a lifetime of indigence, he sat finally among his friends on the upholstered lap of affluence. In an aroma of coffee, cognac and cigars the three spoke desultorily of their work, while, in his corner, the obsolescent Lothario smoked contentedly in the silence he habitually maintained among them—spoke of past tribulations, of upheaving possibilities, reminisced, prophesied, and drifted presently into an easeful stillness. For some time they sat without a word, when at length one broke in with a jarring note.

"And yet, Bevier," he said, "now that you've surmounted one by one all the difficulties, now that you've arrived at last at the distinction which should

have been yours years ago, I can't but regret, as I look at you, as I listen to you, the absence of the light in your eyes, and the ring in your voice which were there years ago when first you spoke of nascent plans and ambitions. I suppose it's the question which more than any other men have asked themselves since the first cave-dweller hit upon a sociological principle, and after years of endeavor, organized a tribe. Why, at attainment, does one find one's self bereft of the glow and enthusiasm which stirred with the embryo of the idea?"

For a moment Bevier puffed meditatively at his cigar.

"A mad, absolute disregard for obstacles," he said finally. "They all lie there—ideals, and illusions, and hopes, the splendid dauntlessness of youth. Once admit of obstacles as definite, tangible, fearsome things, and the glow is gone. An ideal: a chimera. They are more alike than we are prone to acknowledge. Throw off the ideal, and you've thrown off a deadening weight, but one which, strangely enough, made for resilience and buoyancy, which we are loath to part with, and eternally regret. Mind you now, I'm not discussing such qualities as judgment, achievement, immutability of purpose—qualities existent and enduring which all the nimbleness of the cynics can't brand as illusions. But they come with time, after acid tests and ugly trials. They are not intrinsically of youth's rose and gold. There everything is vague, is mystic—an undulation of sunbeams. There we have glamour and romance, by their very nature unreal, and ineffably beautiful, of course. A lad stirred to rhapsodical ardor by love of his land, we call a patriot; but, school-book maxims to the contrary, doesn't the man of fifty who spouts his 'my-country' shibboleths, damn himself as a chauvinistic loggerhead? Again, a youngster going out on a world-wide search for the lady of his dreams stirs us to pity and envy; a middle-aged man doing the same thing, we'd neither pity nor envy, but brand

an imbecile. A boy need only throw open his door to find romance on the threshold pleading to be taken in, but with the spread of the bald spot, more and more good money goes out for an adulterate brand.

"Do I make myself clear? I hold that the ideal is only a lovely monster of the imagination, a divine absurdity. I hold that it implies the chimeric unattainable, and that there's nothing of the realized ideal in that still contentment which comes, if not with ultimate recognition, at least with some measure of meed for long, laborious plugging, for brain-fagging tests successfully sustained, and hard work well done. Life is a continuous readjustment of values. Of the sound, the unalterable cases, outward appearances make it seem an integral part. What's idealization but a flattering conception of the universe, a minimization of its defects, a magnification of its excellences? What's time but a good-humored chaster? What's youth but a crazy, beautiful jumble of inverted values and topsy-turvy standards, of vacillation, irresolution, and mad, sweet shilly-shallying?"

The low voice fell into a stillness of which it seemed itself a part, and for some minutes they sat in silence, until presently one of them hit upon the subject of Conrad's "Youth."

"There's a story, Bevier, to belie your theory, a story which catches the very spirit of youth. No woman appears, and the boy is enchanted by the same life which is to hold him through later years, the life of the sea. Only, Conrad has entrapped that indefinite aspect of things which we all remember dimly, and which turns in time to something more solid and less lovely."

Bevier nodded. "Exactly what I'm driving at—the changing aspect of things, the readjustment of values. That story pulsates with youth, seethes with the joy, and the strength, and the glow of it. Woman is not nearly so essential an element of romance as we've come to believe. It's only that the mystery which to the youngling, en-

shrines her, has made her a sort of symbol for it. The lad who never meditates long and earnestly upon the mystery of woman is a commonplace lad; the man who does, a commonplace man. Yet I feel more of the spirit of romance when Siegfried forges his sword as if he were creating a new cosmos, than when he awakens Brünnhilde. And, in the story you mention, I find more of it in the boy's introduction to the East—the dark, shimmering boy, the soft night, the faint, fragrant puff of wind, that 'first sigh of the East on my face,' doesn't he put it?—than if some bronze-skinned, glittering-eyed girl of the tropics had first made him aware of the land's enchantment. . . .

"In most cases, however, there is a woman. . . . Once I knew a young chap. He shunned women, feared them, and was captivated, even as the anchorites of old, who, fleeing the she, in the uttermost isolation, in the innermost heart of the desert, found themselves most completely under her spell. . . . He was an interesting young man, and to me his story is interesting, in that it illustrates what I've been trying to tell—the cunning fusion, and yet the separateness of youth's ideal from life-purpose, life-work, life-meaning—call it what you will—and the falseness of it, the ingredient of grim grotesquerie, which inevitably there, kills it all in time. . . . I'll tell you."

He stopped, lit a cigar, and fell into a reverie. The others looked up in expectancy. It was seldom that Bevier spoke so freely; it was seldomer that he recounted any of the experiences which had enriched his life of continuous labor. The dispassionate voice, too, so devoid of all enthusiasm, made a story stand upon its own merits, without lending it any extrinsic attributes of eloquence. For some time he remained silent, and the others, warned by experience, put in no word to steer him from his intention.

At last, abruptly, irrelevantly, as it seemed, he spoke:

"Odd folk, the insane."

Another puff at the cigar, another short silence, and then, "In a way, I know little about them," he went on, "the various forms of mania, the cures, and all that. In our work we've so many technicalities to combat with that it's only the—shall I say the eternal aspect?—of other sciences, which interests. Nor do I know them at first hand. A lunatic asylum is too depressing a place, not so much because of the sorrow which dwells there as because of a somewhat cheap shoddiness that prevails. But I've read some—and then in my talks with the doctor, the young man I spoke of. . . . It makes one thin. . . . The maniac and the imbecile, for example, the expansive and depressive forms of aberration. . . . Sometimes one can't but see a likeness between the loose-lipped idiot and the stupid masses of the world, and again, one more poignant between the maniac and the great man. I've heard of the worst dullards, the cheapest Philistines transformed by mental disease into possessors of keen imaginative and intellectual faculties. They ascribe it to hereditary influences—to atavism, even. . . . a curious thing."

"I've studied some of the work of these distraught devils, pictures on the order of Blake's, music akin to Schumann's, weird poetry abounding in symbols, assonances, alliteration, puns even, and yet with an eerie charm about it. And it occurred to me. . . . Despite the modern tendency to belittle the power of the afflatus, our biggest thinkers have confessed to golden moments of inspiration, of no avail, of course, without sound labor backing them, moments of *bien-être*, when, of a sudden, difficulties smoothe themselves away by magic, and stimuli come pouring in. Insane artists have these very moments, usually just before or just after a paroxysm, when sometimes they stumble upon things it would take an adroit intellect months to arrive at. What makes for the melancholy of big thinkers? Temperament only? I wonder. . . .

"In our small way we're all of us

theanthropic—partly divine and partly of human denseness. When we realize that the biggest things we've done were in a measure fortuitously stumbled upon; when we admit to the moment of *bien-être*, when we recognize, if only lazily, that the transport of these golden instants is analogous to the madman's ecstasy, and the vain striving of murky hours to the blindness of doltish herds—doesn't it all tend to bitterness and melancholy? There's a great deal that's very grim in this idea of the brotherhood of man. My friend—the poor young doctor . . . it all came to him so suddenly . . . I anticipate.

"He was sprung from the pages of Russian fiction. You all know the Turgenef doctor, the Tchekoff doctor—the sceptic who sees visions, the day-dream materialist. He called them 'my people'—his patients. There was something very gentle and—well, maternal is the only word to express it, in his attitude toward them. Left a small fortune, he had impoverished himself in the cause of science, and even when, while still well under thirty, his work was beginning to bring material returns, hovered perilously close to penury, in a tiny cottage close to the hospital, tended by a devoted old housekeeper, surrounded by a little garden full of the flowers he loved. Despite his unflagging ardor, he didn't remotely suggest the rabid enthusiast. And it surprised me to find so much calmness, so much of indomitability and balance in so young a man.

"I liked him. I was interested in the trend of his work, and he knew his craft from the rudiments up. He was destined to big things. I liked the tranquil glow in his eyes, I liked the massive simplicity of the fellow. He was a big chap, well over six feet, broad of shoulder, wide of girth and with large, prominent features on his sun-tanned face. There was that degree of nobleness and grandeur about him which one finds in Norman architecture. He was big, and gentle, and soothing, and fine, and austere. The villagers loved him, and cheated him—looked at him with a sort

of venerating disdain in their eyes. I found the quaint little cottage charming. So much serenity and good will were to be found there that often, as a relief from the stress of maddening hours, I'd brave the railroad trip, and run off to the quiet New England hills, where, in a valley, the hospital for the insane stood.

"The cottage was simply, even crudely, furnished. But a few fine engravings hung on the walls, and the bookshelves had been filled with the selection of a litterateur. He was particularly fastidious in the matters of food, too—one of my weak points—and the crabbed housekeeper contrived delicacies to hit the palate of a gourmet. He knew how to talk, how to listen, and when to keep silence. There was about the chap a poise, a composure, neither word quite expresses it, but it's something engendered by time and obstacles overcome, which I was astonished to find in one so young, and astonished, too, to find linked with the very golden essence of youth, *il fuoco Giorgionesco*, someone called it, in speaking of one who, having it, died early, and left, with perhaps only one authentic picture, a great name, a revolutionary school of painting, a new era in art.

"Where did he get it, this imperturbable, impassive young man? I knew it was there, and resolved to discover whence it came. Little by little, in time I hit upon it. Chance words—opinions he would let slip—a look in his eyes—a certain smile—a touch of diffidence and deprecation when the subject came up—and especially an anxious, nervous avoidance of the topic told me finally that in this fellow all the illusion and romance of youth were crystallized into the image of some ideal of womanhood. He wanted to find her, but never set out to seek her. Women in general he shunned. Toward them he had the antiquated, mediæval attitude—abjectness and adoration, and a little distrust mingled with indeterminate fear. Fantastic reveries his must have been.

"Bit by bit I gleaned that he sought

the houri with the virgin, the innocence of a maid with a siren's enticement. He sought passion, and beauty, and virtue, and tenderness—and a little sin as well. The saint in him cried out for its antitype, and another side, a hidden side—there was a certain fulness about eyelid and lip—that side cried out, too. And, serene in his conviction that eventually she would appear, he never troubled to go out in search for her, but, with absolute assurance, waited quietly and worked—and achieved. . . . Don't smile. I, who watched it all, couldn't. For, you see, in due time, she appeared. . . .

"I hadn't visited him for several months. A furious rush of work had made me irascible and morose, and the placidity of New England hills suggested itself as an anodyne. I could spare only a day, but impelled by the mood of the moment decided to spend five morning and evening hours in a dusty Pullman in order to have an assuaging afternoon with the doctor. So I telegraphed him to meet me. . . .

"When I glimpsed him on the station platform, at once I was struck by the intense and strangely radiant look on his face. In his manner when he greeted me, however, in his conversation, there was no difference, except that seldomer than was his wont did he meet my eyes, and that during luncheon he was extraordinarily silent.

"Finally, over coffee, he told me. A patient had been brought to the hospital, who, through some fall a year before, had become what everyone believed to be incurably insane. I can't give you the medical details—lesions, trephines, some such things—he told me, but I listened inattentively. He, however, was to operate on the following afternoon; a dangerous operation it would be, which, if he succeeded, would place him right among the few highest in his profession. Remember his work meant so much to him. He was bound up in it. This opportunity was one of the really big things of his life. And yet, despite that, I sought some other reason for the effulgence he so unsuc-

cessfully strove to conceal. The suspense and joy in his eyes, the shamefacedness, shyness, diffidence, the ring in his voice—this was not the way he had met other tests. I had seen a composure and self-control utterly lacking now. He struck me as if on the verge of some stupendous, world-conquering happiness never before experienced by man.

"When we'd finished eating, he told me he must go to visit his patient. I turned to the bookshelves. You understand, I never went with him to the hospital. Couldn't endure the depressing atmosphere there.

"But this time, hat in hand, he remained in the doorway. After a moment I looked up, puzzled, and was struck aghast at the appearance of the man. He was blushing like a bashful bumpkin, shifting from one foot to the other, twirling his hat in his hand. He stammered a few incoherent words. At first I couldn't grasp their significance, but finally it dawned upon me that he was asking me to accompany him, pleading with me to go 'as an especial favor,' insisting, repeating, jumbling his words, urging, fawning, acting altogether like an egregious ass, and, for an instant, begetting in me the hideous notion that even on the eve of his greatness, he had himself gone mad. It was rather ghastly. Wouldn't have been so noticeable in anyone else, but he, the always unruffled! Reminded me of a horse with the blind staggers. Quickly, however, I agreed to go, and as we set out I noticed that already he had regained some of his composure.

"By his very stride I could tell that there was a woman somewhere in the situation. Not that in the slightest degree did he give an effect of floating in ether. No love-sick mooncalf, this chap. But he walked as if, but for a gracious condescension, he could cleave the terrestrial sphere with the sole of his boot. And I caught him gazing full into the sun blazing above us, ready, it seemed, at any moment, to cow its coruscations with a flash from his eye.

"She was very beautiful. . . ."

Bevier lit another cigar, and rose. Slowly he crossed the room, and halted at some distance from the others, facing them, but with his eyes, hitherto cast down, fixed as if on something immeasurably remote.

"I'll never forget how she looked as she came toward us into the room—there—in the hospital—with the commonplace, hygienically white walls for a background. Irradiate of allure, she symbolized romance. To her walk there was an undulating magic; about her a fire, just hinted at in the subdued flush on her fine skin, and leaping in flames from great, heavily fringed eyes. A loosened, lustrous mass, of that mirror blackness which one finds only in old Chinese porcelains, and in the hair of a few Irish women, hung in heavy waves to her knees. Heavily built though she was, the folds of a white dressing-gown revealed I don't know just what of breath-bereaving grace—in the great, curved lines of her, the slow, majestic movements, the play of lithe muscle, the mould of fine flesh. And then her smile. . . . It hailed alike from cloister and seraglio. The circean magic of it enticed, while, with its innocence, it awed. . . . She was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and in my time I've seen a good many.

"Over her arm there hung an embroidered scarf. Strange how many insane women take up embroidery. But with my first glance, I knew that here was something out of the ordinary. Over many yards of some white, filmy texture, she had fashioned, without any printed design to guide her, an exquisite pattern of great, richly colored flowers. Enormous poppies, their shades of red blended as with a skilled artist's brush, flaunted their magnificence among giant ochraceous pansies, and mighty pond lilies so beautifully wrought as actually to suggest a fragrance into which one was moved to bury one's face. In and out among the flowers there was a fine tracery in threads of gold.

"Taking it from her arm, timidly she held it out to him and whispered, 'My prince,' which such a sweet abasement, and splendid pride in the throb of her voice, in the lift of her head, as made me think at once of Iseult or Guinevere.

"Does the situation seem far-fetched and farcical? For my part, it brought the tears. There they stood, these two young things, and looked into each other's eyes. He saw the lady of his reveries brought to him as by a miracle. And she. . . . The wistful, burning eyes blinked at times, and she would rub her forehead, for all the world like a bewildered little child who knows vaguely that something is wrong, and with absolute trust and devotion, looks to its hero to put it right. They seemed to be on the outset of some glorious adventure, in the first stages of a sort of—of transcendence—sublimation. In poignant credulity they awaited, with the morrow, a new dawn. And I, who watched them, was captivated by this atmosphere of inflorescence. I was under the spell of an idyll, a romanza. I listened for the singing of viols. . . .

"Remember, though, that she was his patient, his 'case,' too. Don't lose the significance of that fact. With the next day's operation, he was to reach one of the goals that had been the incentive to years of unflinching zeal.

"Finally he turned to me, the erstwhile confusion and disconcertion gone. I suppose that, before, he had been all agog to justify himself, and now, having done so, was at ease again. In his usual, even voice he gave some directions to a nurse who, in the meantime, had joined us, and then together we left the place.

"The shrivelled little housekeeper had tea waiting, and for an hour before my train was due we talked desultorily, he a little more silent than ever, but radiating efficiency and steady assurance. Only when I was leaving, as I wished him success, did he become a bit rattled again, as he smiled and thanked me.

"In the city I was met by a tumultuous inundation of work, which even,

tually took me West, where, as you know, coal gas was an institution before it became as much as a probability here. I don't mention business in extenuation, though. It's made me ashamed ever since—my neglect of the doctor during the next six months. Moved as I'd been by the episode, friends though we were, engrossed in affairs of mechanics, I practically forgot all about him, save when I heard the operation discussed, or read in the papers of its overwhelming success. It was only after the business at hand had been definitely settled, and I was able again to indulge in a brief breathing spell, that the quiet pleasure of another visit suggested itself, and I telegraphed him I was coming. . . .

"Once, and once only, on the woe-begone countenance of a wounded monkey have I seen the look of startled bewilderment which greeted me from his eyes. I'd left him young, and hopeful, and full of high courage. Now all the vim and gladness seemed stamped out, and replaced by an expression of drab dreariness. I saw the faint beginnings of shadows, the first, faint hints of the lines which seam the face of a tired old man who has—what was it the German said?—*müde sich gedacht*, thought himself weary. It hurt like a physical blow, too—the changed manner, the altered voice. There was defiance without dignity, apathy without repose, despair with none of its majesty. A quavery self-pity made itself felt in his irascible and peevish air.

"We've all gone through that stage; it's transitional and odious—the slow, troublous journey as from one definite existence to another, the culminant passage from youth to maturity. Haven't you all experienced it? A choleric, chaotic period, and, to the onlooker, a bit ludicrous as well. There was something of the grimace in his fretful frown. He'd been limping slightly, and I almost laughed when, on the cottage porch, he gave vent to a petulant, half-blooded oath as he pulled off his shoe. At the toe his sock had been mended so clumsily as to give him pain. And I

wondered as I noticed the bulky stitches, for it didn't look like the work of the competent old housekeeper. I wondered, too, at the weedy garden, and at the threshold I was struck aghast—

"For, from the kitchen, a nauseous reek of frying meat met my nostrils, which I'd come to associate with the meanest boarding-house of penurious days, and by no stretch of the imagination with the doctor's punctiliously conducted *ménage*. Puzzled, I turned to him—

"—And was met by such a look of superb, resplendent defiance as I am certain cowed the Corsican's jailers, as I am certain, scriptural writ to the contrary, shot forth from the eyes of the Man of Sorrows, before he said, 'They know not what they do.' It was a last, supreme outburst of idealism. A triumphant capitulation.

"In an instant it was gone, and a pitiable exhibition of himself he gave me then. Apologetically he hemmed and hawed; he twitched, truckled, bleated, cringed—nor was it by any means disgusting to watch him; sad only, and terrible—he mumbled something about having needed two servants, of having acquired another—about her being 'inexperienced, but sure to improve in time—in time, you know,' about the old housekeeper having left, unable to 'get along with her,' and then suddenly, in jerky phrases, his face surging red, and his voice shaking horribly, he told me that he'd given the position to his patient, 'the patient—you recall—the patient whom I cured—she's in my employment now. . . .'

"An execrable meal she served us. An unpleasant experience the sight of her was.

"She was still beautiful. Perhaps it was the most distressing part of the whole affair, this beauty of hers. A towering pompadour of crimped hair, the ungainly lines, stays so tightly laced that they made her waddle, gave—a soiled red ribbon at her throat, a dirty dress . . . in spite of them all, the beauty remained inobliterate. Fine

skin, raven hair, violet eyes, full, red lips, all were there, but overshadowed by something palpably mean and sodden. In her eyes grossness revealed itself; in her voice there was a certain slimy quality which made for crassness. Within a few minutes, I knew that, through and through, she was an incompetent, stupid, insolent, malodorous slattern. A bit indiscriminate with her favors, as well. I caught her once staring at some greasy yokel with just the sleepy esurience with which a pig contemplates its meal. During my visit, too, the grocer's wife came to the house with tears and ululations, and gave the poor doctor a rather nasty half hour—almost came to blows, the two women. Reptorial in other lines besides. She had a lewd way of smiling at the tips I gave her, a way of digging her dirty nails amorously into the coins, which made the heel of my boot grow alarmingly intractable.

"Does it all seem extravagantly overdone? As a matter of fact, such phenomena are by no means unusual among the insane. Her regal air, the nobility she had exhaled, may seem inexplicable, but the annals of the alienists abound in similar transformations, many far more miraculous in nature than this one—from doltishness to the possession of extraordinary qualities, and, with the cure, back to doltishness again. That's the puzzling part of it. He, who understood his profession so thoroughly, must, at the outset, have considered this, must have realized what in all probability the aftermath would be. The hospital records had her pedigree and status; surely he knew them before ever he met her. But for all that, you see, the youth in him surged, and triumphed over a judgment extraordinarily sound, a reason extraordinarily well developed for his years—the youth in him with its mad, sublime credulence in a power to kick away every impediment, to knock over every obstacle, to expunge, with a sweep of the hand, all the sins and sorrows and ugliness of the world. I see him, scalpel in hand, bending over the lovely,

pallorous face on his great day, thinking at once to reach the goal he'd worked toward for years, and to obtain an ecstasy half hinted at in indeterminate reverie—hearing perhaps already, in his serene self-confidence, the '*Heil dir, Sonne*' of her awakening. . . .

"And I see him again, after the blow, staring stupidly at the sodden beauty, cursing himself, reviling himself, condemning himself as one of the madmen he knew so well, and writhing in the slough of petty unpleasantnesses which followed. She was on his hands, as it were; he felt under a certain obligation to the insufferable slut. He tried to get her work in several places, but invariably her laziness and incompetency led to speedy dismissal. And so he took her in, the poor chap. But again I ask myself, why? Undoubtedly a substantial sum of money and a railway ticket would have pleased her infinitely more. She was of the breed which drifts eventually cityward. Then why? I wonder if perhaps, in a transitory enamourment of horror, he sought to steep himself in that element of the macabre which each sight of her must have evoked. . . . Poor fellow!

"And yet again, why poor fellow? Emotionalizing aside, it was the best thing which could have happened. He was an altogether fortunate young man. Disillusionment, of course, there was bound to be. Supposing it had been gradual, instead of sharp, stunning and over with. Supposing she had been less impossible—well-bred, for instance, or if menial, at least devoted and gentle. Imagine the clinging weight about his neck, the petty discomforts and unhappiness of years—of a lifetime perhaps. I'd stake my soul's existence that many an apparently happy married man has, in a far greater length of time, of course, gone through an awakening not one whit less revolting than was his.

"As it was, the poignancy must have passed quickly. That transitional period I spoke of was, for him, a short one. Soon she drifted out of his life. He struck earth, struck good, solid bed-rock, that's all, and for a time the blow

dazed. Everything of import in the affair, everything that, for all it had seemed so much a part of him, one must consider but a glimmering when one realizes how completely the other side, the verdant, romantic side, dominated at the time—everything, the operation's success, the stride forward in his life work, was smoothly consummated.

"Even while I was there, I noted a changed attitude toward him. The villager's venerated disdain was gone. When they said 'doctor' I sensed the capital D. And from then on, values readjusted, complete balance acquired, he's gone on, strong, zealous, content, from one achievement to another. He threw off the chimera—you see? Why then, in spite of this, do I find the incident replete with pangs? Why does the full, mellow tranquillity which has come to him seem no adequate return for the light gone from his eyes, the ring lost from his voice? I wonder. . . .

"And I've often wondered. . . .

"That woman's queenly bearing—the majesty of her allure, was it of no import whatever? Sometimes I can't but believe that the period of her insanity was the one lucid interval in her whole existence, the one part of her life which gave some sort of justification and meaning to all that squandered loveliness. The way her voice broke when she whispered 'My prince,' the scarf she'd embroidered—she, who, when rational, could not so much as mend a sock, who let the doctor's garden fall into decay, and was of the ilk which at any time prefers a gaudy bow to a fragrant flower. How explain it? I know that many a maniac yearns for his mania when cured, and looks at his physician with hurt eyes, as if he'd been torn against his will from some magnificent Eldorado of the imagination. I've heard of a demented woman who, when asked whether she hoped to leave the asylum, laughed, and answered, 'When those outside have recovered their reason.' Something in that perhaps, eh? Youth and madness are close kin, for, general belief to the contrary, the dominant note of insanity is youth's

dominant note of acute joy, '*S'épanchement du songe dans la vie réelle*,' is how a writer, himself insane, once defined it. And perhaps in the idea of an effusion of dreams over actuality we may sense dimly the lucidity of youth and madness. Certain it is that the gray-haired probers for the significance of existence, of the universe in general, all end with an immutable conviction of its crazy meaninglessness. Certain it is that when youth goes, while we realize that a shackle's been torn off, yet, for the life of us we can't decide whether, after all, it was everything in the world, or nothing. . . .

"There's the story. . . . And now how about a drink?"

Bevier seated himself among his friends, and refilled the glasses. The three, the three of the gray faces and contained smiles, looked at each other in a silence fraught with the tenderness which bedumbs the most concordant moments of long associations. Presently, however, they started in surprise. A sound, at first a faint whimper, arrested them. Gradually it grew in volume to something which suggested at once the yelp of a frightened puppy, and the laugh of a voodoo. With one accord, they turned to the corner of the couch where, unnoticed, obscure, the desuete dandy sat huddled with his burnt-out cigar.

He leaned forward now, eyes popping, mouth twitching, and waved a long, scrawny finger in their faces, as he quavered:

"I have to laugh to hear you talk as if you'd probed to the root of the whole matter—you, whose work by its very nature makes for definite achievement, and a consequent measure of contentment. You represent only one little class, remember that. . . .

"When I was young I was good-looking. My ideal was a life of indolence, beautiful surroundings, lovely women and savoury meals. I still maintain it was by no means the lowest ideal ever cherished in a youngster's heart. The ladies liked me. They flushed with pleasure when condescendingly I patted

their pretty shoulders. With my presence I bedizened many a boudoir. I had a good figure, a good digestion and plenty of money. Now I'm getting old. My ideal is still a life of indolence, beautiful surroundings, lovely women and savoury meals. The ladies like me. They've heard how with my presence I bedizened their mothers' boudoirs. I flush with pleasure when condescendingly they pat my shoulder. I'm ac-

quiring a paunch. My digestion is poor. My money's about gone. It's all very well to tell such tales as yours, but I claim there's more genuine tragedy in my waistline than in your story.

"Would you contemplate sorrow at its apogee? Gaze upon my paunch then, gentlemen. Meditate for an instant upon the possibility of an inflated ideal."



THE EVERLASTING YEA

By John McClure

ALWAYS the world is beautiful.
 Spring comes and with it the rose.
 "But what of the roses that bloomed and fell?
 Singers of songs, what of those?"

Always the dream is beautiful.
 Spring! and the lovers are come!
 "But what of the lovers that loved and died?
 Ah, singer of songs, thou art dumb!"

Dumb am I? Dumb am I? Fool that thou art!
*Spring comes with the whirl of the year
 And the old, old roses, the old, old dream,
 And the old, old lovers are here.*



CCOURTESY: The doing of something that is a nuisance, in order that a woman I care nothing about will compare me with her husband in his presence and to his discredit.

Present-day Courtesy is hypocrisy so subtle and fine-tuned that none but the advanced soul can detect it.

SATISFIED: How your wife feels when she has caught you in a lie.



CONVERSATION: The art of keeping other people from talking.

THE SKEPTIC

By John Russell McCarthy

ARE you prepared to say that curiosity is a vice, or that incredulity is a virtue? Certainly the matter is difficult to decide. Not so, however, for Martin Hunt. Martin Hunt, lawyer, scorner of the obvious, delver into mysteries, lover of all that was hidden, profound and abstruse, was perfectly certain that curiosity was a splendid virtue, and equalled only by that other splendid virtue, incredulity.

A tireless student, he had read far into a hundred branches of human learning from anthropology to theosophy, from philology to meteorology, from transcendentalism to pragmatism, always insatiable, yet always unbelieving. Logic, he considered a bore. Your nicest syllogism was destroyed by the vitriol of his sarcasm. Perhaps his greatest antipathy was for the inductive method of reasoning and he would go to any length to laugh it to scorn.

This strange man, Martin Hunt, even distrusted the evidence of his senses. Not all his senses, it is true. But certainly he had no faith in his nose. He would stand outside a barroom at Reading, Pennsylvania, for twenty minutes, and unless he saw the sign on the door he would not believe that beer reigned within. His suspicion of the aural sense, always vast, was based on his utter disbelief in most of the ideas conveyed to him through the means of that sense. As for taste, in its literal meaning, he would assure you that there was no such thing.

On two senses, and two only, did he rely with any faith: sight, and the tactile sense. What he felt with his own hands he accepted as fact. What

he saw with his own eyes he believed to be true.

Martin Hunt, at thirty-eight, had grasped at many things, animate and inanimate, with his two hands, and had looked with his two eyes upon a vast deal of this world's comings and goings, virtues and vices. And among all the world's myriad fallacies, propositions and beings, he was sure that he knew woman best of all.

There had been a time, during his early investigations, when Martin Hunt had thought of marriage, but now no idea was further from his mind. What on earth was the use, with nothing remaining of woman to discover? At his club, where he was considered a rather interesting sort of crank, the men would twit him a bit on this subject. Now and then, at long intervals, an unprecedented trait in this woman, or that woman's astounding idiosyncrasy would be hinted at, but always Hunt, delver into mysteries, was ready to elucidate from personal knowledge. It seemed that never, in this one matter, could they arouse his curiosity, at other times and on other subjects so readily awakened.

It remained for the most casual of conversations to quicken his innate interest, to blow into a flame his waning spark of curiosity concerning woman. And, quite naturally, the subject took the form, not of woman in general, but of one woman in particular. Nancy Kimes, a taffy-haired waitress at the Bogert \$1.50-a-day Hotel, trim, trig and splendid of figure, unutterably ugly of feature, was the provocation, and it was with her, indeed, that the casual conversation took place. Martin Hunt

had spent a long night endeavoring to study the psychology of night policemen, and, having found no psychic development whatever, was on his way to his apartment. At the bidding of a whim he entered the Bogert for breakfast; time, 6:45 a. m. Soured on the world, sick with unsatisfied curiosity, he glanced up at the waitress, the taffy-haired Nancy Kimes, standing there, buoyant, cheerful, ugly, her body seeming hardly to rest on her feet, her one blue eye seeming in great eagerness to be off and away from her one black one.

Martin Hunt was startled. He admitted that to himself. He tried to see the woman part by part. He endeavored to fix his attention on her eyes, but found himself admiring the perfect curve of her shoulders. He tried to criticize the cheap ring on her finger, but found himself gazing at her slender waist and her delightfully moulded hips. Also he found himself staring, and stammered his order. As she moved toward the swinging doors, gracefully, silently, the great skeptic cogitated. "She is forty," he told himself. "She is homely, unspeakably ugly. Her nose is—is vast. Her lips are too large. Her hair is the color of last year's onions. She is forty," he repeated, "and yet her body has seemingly all the curves and suppleness and grace of sixteen. How does she do it?"

And it was thus that the casual conversation began. Over his grapefruit he spoke to her.

"Would you mind, Miss—" he hesitated.

"Kimes," came the interpolation, with a hideous smile, "Nancy Kimes."

"Would you mind, Miss Kimes, if I were to ask you a personal question—several personal questions, in fact?"

He was a little doubtful, but evidently without reason. The answer came quickly enough.

"Oh, no, sir," said Miss Kimes. "Lots of people ask me personal questions, or rather one personal question. Always the same question. I do hope yours is a little different."

Hunt wasted no more words. His interest was getting the better of him.

"Now, Miss Kimes," he asked, "you are forty, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, I am. That's just the first part of the question, isn't it?"

She was leaning over, and he could not avoid noticing her straight back and splendid bust.

"And you have worked hard," he pursued, "all your life?"

"You can just bet I've worked hard." He could tell that she meant it.

"And yet you are graceful, supple—probably a perfect thirty-six. Now, how do you do it?"

"There," she exclaimed, with a great satisfaction sounding in her voice and showing in her divergent eyes, "I knew it would be that. They all ask that. Why, mister, it's so very simple. Any-one could do it. Ice-water, that's all!"

"Ice-water! Why—how—what do you mean? Do you drink it?" Perhaps she was spoofing him.

"No, of course not. That's what they all ask, though. I use it outside. Get into it, lie in it, splash in it—every morning at five o'clock exactly. And it does the work. Why, it would do the work for everybody."

He cut short her propaganda with a skeptical inquiry.

"How do you get your ice-water now, in midsummer?"

"From ice," came the ready answer. "A cake of ice. It's my only extravagance, but it pays." And she tossed her homely head.

Having breakfasted, Hunt forgot his apartment. He wandered to his club. Some hours later the early comers found him staring at space, evidently nonplussed. He even asked them questions. Had they ever eaten at the Bogert? Did they remember a taffy-haired waitress, one Kimes? Two of them did, most emphatically. And had they ever asked her about her—well, about her cosmetic secret? They had. Did they know about the ice-water? Yes. And did they believe it? "No," said one. "Yes," said the other.

There were reasons on both sides. But a long discussion was fruitless. Martin Hunt knew it would be fruitless, but his curiosity compelled him to exhaust every means of finding out. He dilated for an hour on the psychology of woman. He ventured opinions concerning the probable psychology of this woman, based on her age, her ugliness, her humble position in life. He used the scorned syllogism, and found that it merely angered him.

Finally, vexed with himself, sarcastic with the others, he rose to leave the club. "In a week," said he, "I will come back. And I will tell you whether or not she uses that accursed ice-water, when she uses it, and whether it works. In one week: next Friday morning at 11:45. Until then, adieu." With a flourish he disappeared.

* * * * *

By ten o'clock the next Friday morning threescore men were standing

about, sitting about, filling the club-rooms with their prophecies. Hunt had not been seen during the week. "This crank of a Hunt will know," was the universal opinion. "But how?" was the universal question.

Martin Hunt was on time to the minute. A great cheer greeted him, and then an avalanche of questions. He stilled them with his raised hand. He spoke laconically but with dignity:

"She does," he said. "Each morning at five. And it works."

There was a moment's hush, a moment of silent admiration. Then came the chorus again:

"But how do you know? How did you find out?"

Martin Hunt's look was the look of the satisfied scientist, the man who has delved into a mystery and discovered the answer. Again he stilled the clamor with his upraised hand.

"I married her," he said quietly.



NEVER BE KIND TO A GHOST

By Patrick Kearney

A GHOST is a pathetic sight, especially when he comes to one on a rainy dreary evening, and begs for shelter. At this time his frame is bedraggled, he needs a shave, and he looks as though he had not had a grave to sleep in for weeks.

Such a one rang my bell a few weeks ago. I pitied him and was kind to him. I shall never be kind to a ghost again.

The next morning he brought in three more ghosts to live with me. They fell on my neck, caressed me with their fleshless hands, and stayed. They are still with me.

If they would not insist on bathing in

the night time I would not mind. But each evening one of them turns on the shower, which wakes me up, lets the water tinkle through him, and uses up all my soap. There is never any soap in the morning.

And they never make their beds. It is disheartening to come home after a hard day's work and have to make beds for a crowd of lazy ghosts. I do not like it.

They break my dishes, drink up all my liquor, and frighten my friends when they call.

And they refuse to leave. I shall never be kind to a ghost again.



VANITAS

By Odell Shepard

THREE queens of old in Yemen,
Beside forgotten streams,
Three tall and stately women,
Dreamt three great stately dreams
Of love and power and pleasure and conquering quinquereines.

They dreamt of love that squandered
All Egypt for a kiss,
They dreamt of fame and pondered
On proud Persepolis,
But most they yearned for the wild delights of pale Semiramis.

They found for lords and lovers
Dark kings of Araby,
Corsairs and wild sea-rovers
From many an alien lea,—
Black-bearded men who loved and fought and won them cruelly.

They reared a dream-like palace
Stately and white and tall
As a lily's ivory chalice
Where every echoing hall
Was rumorous with rustling leaves and splash of water fall.

There to the tinkling zither
And passionate guitars
They footed hence and hither
Beneath the breathless stars.
From bare bright breast and shoulder waved their glimmering cymars.

Theirs was an empire's treasure
Of gems and rich attire,
Love had they beyond measure
And wine that burnt like fire.
Each stately queen in Yemen had, verily, her desire.

But beauty waned and smouldered,
Love languished into lust,
Time tarnished, wore and mouldered
Their raven hair to rust.
The desert sands are over them, their darkling eyes are dust.

Their bosoms' pride is sunken
Beneath the purple pall,
Their fair round limbs are shrunken,
Through clasp and anklet crawl
Lithe little snakes; upon their tombs lean lizards twitch and sprawl.

THE JOKE THEY PLAYED ON CURWEN

By Robert W. Sneddon

IT was Charlot who told me this story, that same Charlot who could write the Thousand and One Tales of Paris, but shrinks from the laborious mechanics of the writer's craft. Catch Charlot after his *apératif* when his tiny pipe is going well, and he will play story-teller to your heart's content, but suggest pen and paper, and he will laugh. His medium, he will tell you, is canvas and paint, and that in spite of the fact that his are the worst pictures exposed for sale at five francs apiece in old Grassau's morgue of the unhung in the rue St. Jacques. The rogue would starve were it not that under another name he writes half of those popular songs which bring tears to the eyes of the little dressmakers and clerks of Paris. But he does not care to be reminded of this. It is not his art.

Charlot and I were stepping out along the Boulevard St. Germain one day when he halted at a paperstore jammed between two buildings, a veritable architectural sandwich. I went in with him, and he introduced me with a flourish to the woman behind the counter, a pretty woman of thirty-five or so. Madame Curwen, he called her.

"How is my young friend Reginald?" he asked.

Madame answered eagerly, her eyes lighting with pleasure:

"Very well, and he is getting on so fast with his studies, M'sieu Charlot"—and she hesitated with a blush—"already he begins to attempt to write. Some day, perhaps, who knows?—he will be a great author like his father."

"If he is as good a man," said Char-

lot soberly, "it will be enough. Give me that villainous romance—there in the corner—I need some light reading. Thank you, Françoise, and *au revoir*."

I thought Madame looked after Charlot very affectionately as we left. When we came out I asked Charlot what it all meant, for I scented a romance.

He looked at me steadily.

"Perhaps if I tell you, my friend, I shall find you walking past me on the other side of the street, though my part was not so blameworthy."

"No! No!" I protested.

"But yes. However, you shall hear the story and judge for yourself. A little glass might help me," he added plaintively, and led me into a café.

"How shall I begin?" he asked. "With her or with him? With the woman or the man?"

"The woman," I suggested. "I have seen her, and it will be easier."

Charlot lit his pipe slowly.

"Yes, it will be easier, perhaps. Françoise has not changed much in appearance. A little more serene, more content . . . less gay in her talk and dress . . . no longer a girl, but a woman who has found love, who has suffered. I know she is wrapped up in her son. See here! I have a great respect for Françoise."

"Yes, yes. I could see that," I assured him, for a certain tone of defensive ferocity had crept into his voice.

"When I knew her first," he continued, "she was a scatter-brain, pretty as they make them in Paris. If you had told her she had a soul, she would have had to look up the word in a dic-

tionary. So long as she had enough to eat, clothes on her back, a warm bed to sleep in, and someone to pay her way into theaters and concerts and to tell her what a pretty pair of shoulders and ankles she was born with, she was content. She was a veritable grasshopper of the fable, laughing and singing, without a thought of that old age which gives us our concierges and supplies the Seine with its annual tribute of victims. She had several affairs before I met her. Then she was the little friend of a violinist in the orchestra of the Bullier, a melancholy Pole, who used to dry his tears of exile on her hair. What she saw in him, I never could imagine, but they were apparently devoted. Then he went off with a concert party and left her. I always knew he was no good. Françoise mourned him and remained faithful to his memory. She always expected he would return but he never did, the rascal, so she turned model again.

"She got into the habit of joining us at dinner . . . we grubbed at a dingy little den in the rue Huyghens, and we became good comrades. Oh, nothing else," he added hastily as I looked at him questioningly. "We were a merry little bunch, all of us going to set the world afire with our talents, Davidovitch, the painter; Major, an American sculptor; Brissac, who writes such damnably dry articles on finance, he was trying to write stories then, and Gaunt, the correspondent of the *London Globe*, a crazy Englishman. It was through him that we first heard of Reginald Curwen."

"Not the author?"

Charlot nodded.

"One evening Gaunt was reading a magazine at the dinner table and chuckling to himself. I asked him what he found so amusing. 'Listen to this,' he said and translated as he read aloud. Conceive, my friend, some English writer had written a story of the Quarter, so absurd, so foolish, that we all roared with laughter. My faith, the ears of the author would have burned, had he known of us. And to add to the joke,

this magazine announces that they have secured the services of this brilliant writer to contribute each month one of his delightful pictures in the Quarter, so true to life, so . . . so all the adjectives of the dictionary of the advertiser.

"Each month as the magazine appeared this Gaunt read us aloud the marvelous works of the romancer. What a night of merriment for us all! Even Françoise would laugh the loudest. Where the man got his information from, none of us could guess, but this imaginary Latin Quarter of his was a magnificent joke, a scream."

"One night Gaunt burst in upon us waving a letter.

"Listen, my friends," he cried, 'who do you think we are to have among us? No other than the renowned Reginald Curwen.'

"What a chorus of exclamations!

"It is true. My editor is sending him across to me. Curwen has never been in Paris, and he wants to see the real Bohemia. Now it is up to us to give him the time of his life. I am to meet him to-morrow night, and I will bring him here first thing."

"What does he look like?" I asked.

"Gaunt shook his head.

"I don't know. I suppose he's some loud-mouthed fellow with a great conceit of himself. We'll take that out of him. Now, you must all be on your best behaviour, and if you hear me romance about you, don't give the show away. See."

"So it was agreed, and next night we sat expectant. At seven o'clock Gaunt entered, and held open the door. We rose to our feet. Then enters our romancer. But what a surprise! A tall thin man of thirty-six, perhaps, clean shaven, with brown eyes very humble and timid, in a shabby grey suit, who bows to us awkwardly and blushes. Yes, blushes, my faith, like a schoolboy. Gaunt makes the introductions, we give the romancer a bang or two of welcome on the table, and we sit down. This Curwen, it is plain, is not used to society, for his awkwardness is painful.

He appears to suffer the torments of the damned as we speak to him, and his French. . . ."

Charlot threw up his hands in eloquent despair.

"His French! But he understands when we speak slowly, and over his face passes the sign of his mental struggle as he translates. I felt nervous myself. At last this trial is over and the tables cleared. We got our tobacco going and Curwen smokes a great pipe. Gaunt rises to his feet with a wink at us, and we prepare for enjoyment. He places his hand on the shoulder of our new friend and commences a rigmarole.

"The star of Maupassant had sunk as all thought for eternity, but no! it had risen again among the fogs of England, more brilliant and enduring. The cloak of Murger had descended upon the shoulders of an Englishman, whose imagination with glowing pinions had winged its flight across the raging waters of the Channel and found a refuge on the heights of Montparnasse, fitting home of the Muses. . . . And met here to do honor to the most illustrious author of Albion, no longer *perfidie*, was a noble band of all that was most intellectual in Paris, a band of which he himself was the humblest member.' And one by one, he introduced us, heaping us with honors unheard of. . . . I myself was the Rubens of the Twentieth Century. You may judge what he said of the others. M^{lle} Françoise was the most charming woman in all Paris, uniting in one the tender passion of Venus and the chastity of Diana. This Gaunt, as I may tell you, had a year earlier, a fancy for Françoise, but she had boxed his ears. They made up, and Gaunt was very polite after that, but . . . still sometimes I saw his vicious little eyes . . . but, *Peste*, I run ahead of my story.

"To our amazement Curwen swallowed all with the greatest seriousness. When Gaunt pushed him to his feet to make reply, he could not, he was overcome, he was overwhelmed . . . he faltered, he could say nothing but '*Merci, mes amis, merci.*'

"We took him to his hotel with a little music . . . I played the hunting-horn in those days with soul, presented him solemnly with a tin of powder that he might sleep undisturbed, and left him. He shook hands all round with profound emotion. It was plain he was deeply touched by our comradeship. Then we crossed to the Dome and sat down in council. It was agreed, on the proposal of Gaunt, that while the good Curwen was with us, we must play up to him. He must see the Quarter of his writings, he must live, love and learn. But whom to love? Someone proposed Françoise—always this cursed Gaunt—but she refused. The others talked to her with argument upon argument. There was no harm. It was a joke. She would be doing a good deed to give this scribbler a lesson. She must lead him on, and leave it to her friends to ring down the curtain on the comedy. It was Gaunt who proposed to do that himself. And I sat in the corner like an image."

"Why?" I asked casually.

Charlot scowled at me.

"*Dame*, must I tell you everything," he asked peevishly. "Why, you ask. Do you not think I too can love? I was very fond of Françoise myself . . . and well—the programme began. The good Curwen was led a fine dance. The news was spread about the Quarter. My faith, we turned the Boul' Mich' upside down. Such costumes, such goings-on in cafés, such desperate doings in the studios, such theatrical staging of all that Curwen had imagined in his romances. For weeks we had the gayest time with him. Never was such a goat led to pasture on the slopes of Parnasse. You would find him with eyes agape, his cheeks blushing, stuck in a corner, pretending with what mockery of pretence to be enjoying himself, but on his lips I could see always the word—*Dieu!* what is it? Ah! shocking! Once he nearly fainted. We got up a little scene for him, a jealous quarrel over a model, a duel with knives, two corpses bloody with

red paint, the police. That was too strong for him, and he did not get over it for days.

"And in the centre of the fun was Françoise. She had attached herself to Curwen. Where one saw Curwen, one saw also Françoise, clinging to his arm, he bending over her with awkward courtesy, smiling painfully as he tried to follow her chatter, and she, little rogue, gazing up into his eyes with assumed devotion. *Dame!* I would willingly have been in Curwen's shoes. Yes, very willingly. And this blundering romancer dined with her, talked with her, and saw her home at night. Kisses, embraces. No! He was too shy.

"One night Françoise appeared at our dining table without her cavalier. He had gone to dine somewhere with a distant relative. And the others quizzed Françoise.

"She turned very pink when they asked how the affair progressed.

"It goes," she said and laughed loudly, 'I have never met such a man—so simple. Oh, you will be content with my part. I shall be at the *Comédie* before long.'

"You always were a clever little actress," said Gaunt.

"Thank you, M'sieu Gaunt, I am glad you think so. I shall remember that," she answered gaily.

"But tell us, Françoise," asked Davidovitch, 'how he conducts himself with you. You are among friends, you know. You must give us an imitation.'

"Françoise gave a frightened smile and fluttered her white hands in protest:

"But, no, I cannot. No!"

"An imitation."

"The Englishman."

"I love you."

"They all shouted at once.

"*Bien!* It is a shame," I said, but my voice was lost in the uproar.

"They persisted.

"*Tiens!*" she said at last, very nervously, and rose up. It was the Curwen to the life. His awkward walk.

His *gaucherie*. His halting French.

"More," they cried. 'Bravo, Françoise. Go on. Now his love making.'

"She started, faltered, looked at us and began to cry. I could stand it no longer.

"Enough," I shouted. 'I will take you home, Françoise.'

"No," she said, and ran out of the room.

"The devil," said Davidovitch, 'I believe she is in love with him. Who would have thought it? The man is a child.'

"Perhaps that is why . . ."

"Why, what? my sage," asked Major.

"Oh, nothing. Let us have a drink all round," I said, 'I pay.'

"I thought they had forgotten all about the affair, for I saw nothing of Françoise or Curwen for eight days. Then I ran into Davidovitch one evening.

"Hola, Charlot," he shouted at me, 'I have been looking for you all day. Come along. Gaunt gives a dinner to-night, a splendid affair, five courses, wine. We are late now. M'sieu Curwen leaves for London to-night, and we bid him farewell!'

"I hurried along with Davidovitch.

"And such a joke," he explained, 'we have learned that Curwen has been going about with Françoise, and that he thinks her a Sunday-school girl . . .'

"I could have throttled him, but I wanted to hear more.

"Yes," I assented.

"So to-night, Gaunt has planned to open his eyes. He has a little joke to play on both of them. He proposes to relate the career of Françoise. That will be very amusing.'

"I ground my teeth.

"Truly amusing," I muttered. This same Gaunt. Dieu! I would break open his head. Revenge of canaille. Bah!

"We burst in upon them. They were all there, Curwen and Françoise too, and we sat down. I was on edge, I could scarcely eat. What torments!

At last we finished. Gaunt rose to his feet. The blood flew to my head. If he dared, *'cré nom*, if he dared. I saw him smile at Françoise. With what malice, you may imagine. He rapped on the table for silence. I knew what he was about to tell . . . the story of the Pole—perhaps more—the innocent affairs of this poor girl. I was about to rise and hurl myself at his throat, when someone else rose. It was the good Curwen, very solemn, blushing redder than ever. I heard him speak. He begged leave to say something which would interest them all, before his good friend Gaunt spoke. That day he and Françoise had been married, and he desired the good wishes of all those whom he had learned to love and honor as brother artists. Dieu! What a sensation. I looked at Françoise. She was regarding this clumsy Englishman with eyes of adoration, I would have given my life for just such a look, and he at her, so tenderly, so protectingly. It was a love such as one sees but once in a lifetime. I saw Françoise's hand go across the table to her husband's, and he held it fast as if he would never let go.

"Such an exhibition of shamed faces, of remorse, then of cheers, kisses, embraces.

"My poor Charlot," whispered Françoise as I kissed her, "I am so happy. You will be glad for my sake," and I nodded my head. My faith, it was the first time I ever lost the use of my tongue."

"And Gaunt? What about him, Charlot?" I asked.

"He was not all bad. No! After the first chagrin he congratulated them, and made a neat little speech on Curwen's carrying off the best-beloved Muse of Montparnasse. We saw them off that night, and I went home to my bed, very tired of the world. And that is all."

"But how does she happen to be here now," I inquired.

"They were happy as two turtle-doves for three years. The little Reginald was born, and Curwen wrote two novels, but of his own people. He wrote no more about Paris. I went to see them once, out of curiosity. One had told me of the English home. And then he died—a cold—pneumonia. Ah those fogs. Françoise found England very cold, very hard, so she returned here, and with what she had—so very little—she opened this store. And now we must be going, my friend. I must sketch in my masterpiece."

"Wait, Charlot," I pleaded, "the romance is not complete. Where do you come in now?"

Charlot heaved a prodigious sigh.

"This good Curwen," he said—and then stopped short.

"Well?" I queried impatiently.

"He still occupies Françoise's heart, and the memory of a first husband is a bad thing to commence housekeeping with. So we are content to be good friends. Now no more questions. Allons!"



TWO things damn the cabarets; the singer isn't good enough to carry your thoughts away from the cocktails, and the cocktails aren't strong enough to make you forget the singer.

By both

and fools are highly entertained



MAN has but two prerogatives—one woman or another.

said either way

and he is badly

THE FOREIGNER

By William F. Jenkins

HE was a tall, quiet stranger in our midst. But after dinner, when we gathered in Mrs. Mulvaney's parlor to admire the crayon portraits of the husband whose untimely demise had forced her to take in boarders, and amuse ourselves in other and less obvious ways, he showed himself to be a very likeable sort. I was puzzled, though, from the first, by his accent, which was odd and unlike anything I had heard before in New York. It was a gentle but continual maltreatment of the rules of pronunciation that fascinated all of us, but me in particular.

I thought it might be Irish, but Mrs. Mulvaney indignantly denied it, though why she was indignant I cannot imagine. Ramirez, in New York for the express purpose of studying the finer shades of English pronunciation, had never heard anything like it, though he thought it might be French. But Lefevre talked to him in French and, though he spoke it fairly well, it was obvious that he was no Frenchman. I became interested. In succession I introduced him to Hebrews, Italians, Russians, Poles, Germans, a Dane and a Swede, a Finn, an Austrian. In fact, nearly every nationality being represented in the student quarter in which we lived, I tried every one of the Caucasian races and languages, even Welsh, which I could answer for myself. But no-one had heard the accent before. At last, beaten, I asked him.

"Why, I thought you knew," he answered. "There aren't many of us in New York, it's true, but there are some. I'm an American."



PURPLE PUP

By J. Leland Mechem

A DOG may look at a queen—
Ay, and, if he see fit,
Think her squinting,
And freckled,
And homely.
And who shall say which is the better opinion—
The queen's,
That he is a nice dog,
Or the dog's,
That she is a hell of a queen?

*This needs
no comment*

*Each one may
answer those ques-
tions for him and her-
self*

THE APEX

A SURVEY OF THE AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY

By Patience Trask

LIKE the lady in the opera, "I don't want to vote, and all that," but I cannot help wondering if there would not have been a considerable difference, had one or two clever women been consulted when the Declaration of Independence was being drafted. Suppose, when he was working upon that document, Thomas Jefferson, having dined well and being full of food and satisfaction with the world, had felt himself in a talkative mood and had taken into his confidence his worthy spouse, who, having been married before, was not without fairly comprehensive knowledge of the ways of the world. Is it not fair to assume that the conversation might have shaped itself in this wise?

MR. JEFFERSON: My dear, I have decided that in future, all persons in this country shall be equal.

MRS. J.: Tom! Not really!

MR. J.: Yes, it's quite settled. I have just written a clause to this effect in the Declaration of Independence.

MRS. J.: But it can't be!

MR. J.: It *shall* be! We will make a law to this effect.

MRS. J.: (*After a few moments' thought*) Tom, have you that list of guests for our dinner party Friday week?

MR. J.: Yes; it is in my pocket. Why?

MRS. J.: Will you just add to it, John Grouch the farrier, and his wife. Will Buffin, the hangman, and my sempstress, Mary Coddle?

MR. J.: (*Aghast*) What can you be thinking of, Martha? Why, that is the night we shall have the Washingtons, the Hamiltons and the Adamses. And, anyhow, you wouldn't invite such persons to dine with us. It isn't done.

MRS. J.: But Tom, if these people are to

be our equals when you pass your law, wouldn't it be as well to begin getting acquainted, so that it won't come too suddenly? Of course, Grouch is fearfully dirty, and his wife uses the vilest language, and Buffin is rather a brute, and Mary Coddle is an immoral little wretch, but we must get used to such things if everyone is to be equal.

At this point my imagination fails me. I do not know just what the First and Greatest of Democrats would have replied, but I opine that he would have changed the subject deftly, in the well-known democratic manner, at the same time making a mental note to discuss this equality idea a little further with George and Alex before putting it up to the Continental Congress.

However, apparently the conversation never took place. Martha may have been in Monticello, or the author of the Declaration may have considered it beneath his dignity to discuss national affairs with his wife. But if those earnest, but not omniscient gentlemen, who acted as fathers, godfathers, uncles and other male relatives of this infant republic, had called in consultation the mothers, godmothers and aunts thereof, there is no doubt that Mr. Jefferson's classic would have been disencumbered of at least one clause, and the social history of the nation distinctly simplified in consequence. However, with bland and childlike faith, the American patriarchs enacted—not merely advised, mark you, but decreed—that from that moment all persons dwelling within the borders of this country should be equal. Appointing themselves a supreme court of human relations, they arbitrarily de-

clared nonexistent all human tendencies conflicting with their idea of equality, and considered the matter settled for all time. One cannot resist wondering why they did not go a step further, and provide that no person should be awkward, ill-mannered, boorish, poor, ignorant or criminal.

The fact of the matter is, the leaders of the revolution were the aristocrats of their time, and had no idea that anyone would take the equality idea seriously. It had a fine sound. But it does not appear, from what evidence is available, that the Washingtons were accustomed to mingle socially with the servants on the Mount Vernon estate, or even with the tradesfolk. That is what a literal interpretation of the equality idea would have entailed—the erasure of social distinctions.

I do not like the term "society." It suggests church socials, temperance organizations, the Black Hand, silly secret lodges, plays by Somerset Maugham and novels by The Duchess. Therefore in speaking of what is vulgarly described as "high society," the necessarily small group of men and women who dwell at the apex of the pyramid of castes, I shall, therefore, use the word *Aristocracy*, a word of which Americans stand in such deadly terror. "How can you have an Aristocracy in a democracy?" the Socialist screams. He does not realize that a democracy is only a political expedient to furnish toys for the agitators, keeping them comparatively quiet by allowing them to potter stupidly with affairs beyond their comprehension. It has no reference to social relations. Sane people willingly admit that there always will be men and women who are healthier, wiser, wealthier, wittier, cleaner, than others, but when you suggest that there must be kindred social gradations they cease to be sane, and babble at you.

Here, then, we have the essence of the Great American Hypocrisy. If you herded into one group a million individuals, chosen at random from all walks in life, within a brief period they

would separate themselves into strata. At the top would be a very small coterie and at the bottom a huge, undigested, indigestible horde. The group half way between would admit that the coterie was superior to the horde, and itself feel quite superior thereto as well, but they themselves, being half way to the top, insist vociferously upon the theory that all men are equal. While the middle classes may be firm believers in foreign missions, Nottingham curtains, woollen underwear, Theodore Roosevelt, New England boiled dinners, palmistry, Santa Claus and Dr. Frank Crane, still they will insist that no person can be their superior. They get quite emotional about it. They seem to think that to admit inferiority is to confess immorality. They never grasp the eternal principle that all people cannot be equal, because all are different. Yet the truth is suggested to them by the school teacher in the first arithmetic class, who tells them that you cannot add apples and oranges. Still they persist in the mathematical blunder that a woman possessed of lineage, education, culture, refinement and good taste plus a mere household drudge with no idea beyond the kitchen and the wash-tub, equals merely two persons. But they who most volubly profess adherence to this fallacy naïvely prove their hypocrisy, if their audience is sufficiently unwashed, by actually insisting that the drudge is the superior, proving this by emotional diatribes.

This, then, is all that *Aristocracy* means: the charwoman is humble before the janitor, the janitor is soft-spoken to the clerk, the clerk crooks the spine to the cashier, the cashier is servile toward the employer, the employer is deferential toward the banker, the banker is respectful to the capitalist—but they do not invite each other on week-ends. To deny that this proves gradations in rank is sheer snobbery, a vice peculiar to the lower classes. Snobbery is an attitude of superiority, adopted to conceal inferiority and ignorance. In the *Aristocracy*, the superiority is real, so snobbery disappears. When we

dwell at the apex, to attempt to look down upon our equals, is to lower ourselves. Snobbery is a man trying to play a Beethoven sonata on a cornet, Robert W. Chambers patronizing Cervantes, an East Side bartender sniffing at Chateau De Bruxieme '63, a Cook's tourist in the Vatican. Snobbery is a declaration that a pyramid can stand upon its apex as steadily as upon its base. Snobbery, in short, is vulgarity insisting that there is no such thing as refinement.

Thus we find that among the plebeian and ignorant the salutation is "What do you do?" among the prosperous middle classes "Whom do you do?" and in the Aristocracy "How do you do?" Aristocracy cares nothing of your vocation and less of what pecuniary results you have gained therefrom, but only of what you are, aside from these purely material affairs. It is this fine point that the climber never can grasp. She has advanced a few steps out of the masses, and the question, "What do you do?" referring to her husband's vocation, is distasteful, as it reminds her of the caste from which she has just sprung, and she is as scrupulous in concealing the fact that the station of the family progress has been reached via agriculture, coal, pork, steel, railways, real estate or taxicabs, as she is to bury the dark secret that she once wore \$1.98 corsets. She would rather be known as a shoplifter (which can be made to appear a mere eccentricity) than to have it known that her husband was a shopkeeper. Yet the Aristocracy to which she aspires has no interest, one way or the other, in such matters. Her life is a constant series of endeavors to bribe the world to forget the source of her wealth by displaying its magnitude, whereas the people with whom she hopes to mingle care nothing of either source or extent, but merely inquire what sort of person it is who seeks admission. Mental supremacy brings arrogance, mere riches breeds vulgarity—Aristocracy tolerates neither arrogance nor vulgarity, and hence the query, "Who are you?" in-

stead of "What do you do?" or "How much have you?" The typical, unsuccessful climber always fails to understand this. I do not even expect it to be understood by the majority of persons who read this statement of the case, yet in no other terms can the ultimate test be defined.

How, then, is the aspirant to reach the apex? The recipe is as simple as that for making a million dollars, but the common error lies in thinking it is the same recipe. The near-social plateau of New York is one vast catacomb of buried hopes, come to a violent death because of a blind belief in this error. Many a millionaire has erected, at the behest of wife or daughter, a gaudy, gilded altar, and offered up his sacrifice of a hundred bulls, but all in vain. From Portland to San Diego everyone interested in such matters knows of the western mineral monarch who, having bought a state legislature to procure political preferment, thought the mere "getting into society" in New York would be much easier and cheaper. He caused to be erected in the fashionable section of Manhattan Island one of the most magnificent residences ever built in the city. Therein he placed rare tapestries, paintings of fabulous value, and splendid art creations. His own taste, doubtless, ran to wall paper with red roses and oak leaves, brewery calendars and pictures by Asti, but he obeyed his social helmsman. The checks he signed were as nothing to those he encountered. Despite his lavishness and regal entertainment he was never noticed by the Aristocracy. To them he was nothing but a miner without the picturesqueness of his craft. He was trying to buy for cash in a market where money has no value, not because there is so much of it but because it is not the recognized medium of exchange. In a certain southern city, on the other hand, where the door to the inner circle is traditionally difficult to discover, and when discovered is found to be equipped with a time lock, one of the recognized social leaders is the daughter of a wash-

erwoman, and so far as money is concerned, her thousands hardly outnumber the millions of the western Croesus. But she had the natural aptitude, he had not; she could overcome her disability by a fortunate marriage, while he could overcome his only by remaking his entire life, and he was too old for that; what money she needed for membership in the Aristocracy, she could obtain, but he could not obtain the thing she had as a natural gift. The distance from Wall Street to Upper Fifth Avenue is much greater than is indicated on the Rand-McNally.

The relation of money to the life Aristocratic, then, is much the same as its relation to membership in, say, the Knickerbocker Club. Your money cannot get you in, but then again, without money it would be difficult to get in. This is not because the fees are exorbitant, but because you are going into an atmosphere where nobody thinks or speaks of money. Those who hold the power of yea and nay at the portals are careful to see that the newcomer is financially able to keep up with the procession, but that he is not prone to inscribe the fact on his calling cards. When a member of such groups desires to do a thing, he does it, nor needs to stop and add up the columns in his check book to ascertain whether he will be able to pay the bill. He is accustomed from childhood to getting what he wants; it is impossible for him to conceive wanting a thing and not being able to afford it. The phrase is Greek to him. Consequently the aristocrat is not the spender, the midnight guzzler, the public champagne buyer, the wearer of twenty-carat diamonds and the purchaser of next year's automobiles this year. The spender is always conscious of his money and its purchasing power, and wants everyone within eyeshot to be similarly conscious of it; the Aristocrat (outside of office hours, for among the Aristocrats are the nation's greatest business men) has been educated to such a fine point that he subconsciously adjusts his desires to his resources, without either one of

them giving him a moment of thought. If in New York, the financial center of the world, this is true, how much more so in the south, where money is looked upon with grave suspicion, and in Boston, where it is regarded with open horror. The only important cities where mere wealth brings social prestige are Pittsburgh and Chicago, and that is why they have no true Aristocracy.

Where the dynamite of wealth has no power to break into the social vaults, the keynipper of lineage is only a little more likely to succeed. If mere family tree were the test of Aristocracy here, as it is in other countries, the roster of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution would be the social register. Many an aspiring lady has offered her genealogy, properly certified, as a ticket of entrance, and has been informed that, as a relic it is interesting, but as a passport it has about the same value as the Czar's order of arrest in Berlin. This is why the American Aristocracy is cleaner, more virile, more definitely expressive of the highest ideals of this country than are the father-to-son Aristocracies of Europe of theirs. Even the princes of the *Mayflower* blood (if there was blood in such a watery crew) must meet the requirements. Were this not the case, we should soon be swamped by unwieldy numbers, when, as a matter of fact, there certainly are not more, and probably are fewer *bona fide* members of the circle of which I speak in New York to-day than there were a dozen years ago. When Ward McAllister arbitrarily placed the number of eligibles at four hundred, on the occasion of the first Charity Ball, he may have been well within the mark. Of course, the Charity Ball is no longer a criterion of position, so common and commercial an affair has it become, and now the only possible social distinction connected with it is to stay away. But were that discriminating leader alive to-day and to make a canvass of the situation, it is extremely doubtful if he would be satisfied with the credentials of more than three-fourths, or perhaps

half as many as he accepted then. Yet those families that constituted the evanescent four hundred have increased in numbers, have grown up, have married and given in marriage, begat and been begotten. This very natural increase requires that they, too, shall be subject to scrutiny on their merits.

Yet, of course, birth is a great advantage. It is useful to become familiar, in early years, with various facts, as, for example, that an English butler has a real reason for existence apart from furnishing comedy relief in melodramas; that a French maid is a rather modest and retiring but extremely efficient young woman and, tradition to the contrary, customarily wears longer skirts than her mistress and may be tall, stout and homely; that one does not have one's clothes made by a modiste or tailor because it is more expensive, but in order that they may fit; that the headwaiter at Sherry's or the Ritz is really anxious to please you; that one occupies a box at the theater, not to avoid looking at the performance, but to be able more readily to escape it. The traditions of an Aristocratic house tend to inculcate those fine discriminations and appreciations of social niceties which are difficult to acquire by the book. This and this only is the reason why such names as Schermerhorn, Astor, Belmont, Stevens, Lorillard, Vanderbilt are prominent from generation to generation. Society has learned to protect itself not merely from those who are trying unwarrantedly to get in, but from those who already are in. To refer again to Ward McAllister, who did more than any other one person to establish the present high standards of Aristocracy in this country, there was much wisdom in his principle, "Brains before beauty, mind before money." Intelligence always has ranked and always will rank far ahead of wealth and birth in our Aristocracy. Witness the career of an American girl who married one of England's greatest nobles, captured London, and became internationally famous because of her grace and wisdom as the friend of the

ruler of an Empire—one of the finest types of Aristocracy the world has ever known. She had beauty and wealth, but it was her mental qualities that brought the flower of the Old World to her feet, despite the fact that, until that time, her family had been known merely for its millions, and never had been accepted.

It must be recognized from this, by any fair-minded person, that the rigid restriction of membership in the Aristocracy is not enforced merely for the fun of kicking the bleeding knuckles of the weary climbers who are trying to grasp the upper rungs of the ladder. Superiority realizes that inferiority would not be at home at the apex; inferiority denies this. She who does not belong by right in society, no matter how intensely she may aspire to it, if accident placed her within the charmed circle would be unhappy. She would lack the ease which is the *sine qua non* of social prestige. This is not a matter of knives and forks, but of mental attitude. Such a woman cannot breathe freely in the rarefied atmosphere. Unaccustomed to the altitude she is so engrossed in the view of what lies below that she does not become a part of her environment. She wants to spurn somebody, she wants to belong to a backbiting clique, she wants to look down upon inferiors, and they who persist in looking down from great heights are in danger of toppling off. She becomes a woman without a caste—an *outcast* in the real meaning of the word—selfexiled from the place where she belongs and unfitted for naturalization in the one into which she has intruded. She is a rare and pitiful object.

Even the woman whose birthright entitles her to a place in the Aristocracy cannot simply exercise this right and with no personal effort enjoy all the privileges offered. From childhood she must be trained to be a social success. She will be intimate with statesmen, noblemen, princes, men who lead the world's thought and activities, so her mind must be developed. She will be called upon to preside as hostess to

groups of men and women of keenest perceptions and sensibilities, and so she must be a close student of human nature. If she is to participate in the diversions peculiar to her set, there are many pastimes calling for skill and endurance in which she must be an adept. She must understand the art of the gown, of home decoration, of epicurean science, the latest movements in the arts and crafts, unless her body and her home are to be the repositories of hideousities foisted upon the ignorant by clever charlatans. She must know more of modes than the modiste, more of diplomacy than the diplomat, more of art than the artist, and all this must become so perfectly a part of her that at no point does her knowledge bulge out in knobs. I venture that there is no woman who has won a place in New York society who could not, if need arose, distinguish herself in at least one profitable calling. But this is not for parade but for use—not for war but for preparedness.

It is, therefore, quite amusing when people and newspaper writers mistake wealth for position, birth for birthright, immodesty for fashion, snobbery for pride, extravagance for luxuriousness, aloofness for exclusiveness, idleness for leisure, wastefulness for generosity, ostentation for hospitality. . . . When these self-appointed critics make an effort to be appreciative they are still more ridiculous. They speak of good breeding, as if the social roster were some sort of human stud book, when they mean culture. The cheap and nasty variety of newspapers know there is no subject so dear to the hearts of the mob as the class at the apex, especially when it is disparaged; so the terms clubman and society leader are dragged out to apply to every kind of man from a member of a ward political club to the Y. M. C. A., and to any woman whose name happens to be in the telephone directory. If a gilded youth gets himself into trouble in an escapade, he is forthwith a cotillion leader, which the reporters appear to regard as a mark of especial distinction.

If a woman gets herself into print through spouting on a street corner for suffrage or against it, she is a prominent member of the Four Hundred, which body, as I have intimated, is as extinct as the dodo. But the readers, ignorant as they are of everything pertaining to the upper strata, absorb it all with the greatest avidity as part of the gospels hitherto unpublished.

It was Frederick Townsend Martin who most pungently described the situation as it exists perennially: "Always, in every country, just outside the gates there lives a people peculiar to itself. They have wealth, equal perhaps to that of any in the social world. They have education, it may be, of the finest. They have instincts, it may be, little better or little worse than those of the best in the land. The gates are closed against them for reasons that, to those inside, seem quite sufficient. It may be vulgarity, it may be immorality, it may be mere *gaucherie* of manners, it may be lack of education, or any one of a dozen other reasons that puts them beyond the pale. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that they are beyond the pale." No one ever accused Freddie Martin of being a snob; he was as much at home on the Bowery as at one of Mrs. Astor's drawing-rooms. But he knew there was a distinct line between Aristocracy and the outside, a line which had a real and not an imaginary reason for existence. He knew that the Aristocrat could understand the climber, but the climber, simply by reason of being a climber, could never understand the Aristocrat. The mention of his name recalls a case in point. A family in the highest ranks organized an entertainment that was just a bit too wide open, just a little too flamboyant, caused just a little too much vulgar comment and provided for that comment a trifle too much justification. For quite a while it was not entirely comfortable to be known, even in the inner circle, as an intimate of this family, and they eventually were forced to leave the country, receiving in England the warm welcome to which their ac-

complishments entitled them, because the incident had not attracted much attention there. It was a distinct loss to New York society, yet it could not be helped. It was the moment of indiscretion which loosened the firm foundations—they had gone too close to the line, and to many it seemed that they had stepped across it.

What, then, is our Aristocratic society? It is a deliberately organized, close corporation of individuals, each of whom realizes without vanity his innate superiority as a social being, possessing those qualities which make the fact manifest. He does not ask the world to admit this; all he desires is that the world forget him and permit him to go about his affairs in his own way. He does not want to hector it over his fellows and he does not want

to be surrounded by sycophants. He is quick to discern the fitness of others for membership in this corporation, but he realizes that the clamor of the climber is more likely to be proof of unfitness than otherwise. He is past master in the art of human intercourse, and so orders his life that its machinery does not creak or rattle. But aside from this, good people, he is just a human being, "subject to like passions as we are," and perhaps more so, for his emotions have been intensified through being clarified and refined, while losing none of their virility. And his fondest hope is that one day the vulgarities and disagreeable features of the life of the masses will be so far ameliorated that they will begin to catch something of the high ideals that are expressed in the life Aristocratic.



OLD DAYS

By Sara Teasdale

I LOVE another now
Far more than I loved you,
Yet sometimes I remember
The things we used to do.

How we walked where lights paved
The rainy streets with gold,
And how the benches in the park
Seemed never hard nor cold.

And the steaming restaurant
Where we talked together
Taking tea and waffles
In the wintry weather.

I love another now
In a deeper way,
Yet sometimes I remember
All we used to say.



*Rather sad-
forget get it.*

INCONSIDERATE

By William Sanford

MY wife annoys me exceedingly. She is most inconsiderate of my feelings.

When, for instance, I am seated in an easy chair in the middle of an interesting story, she will shovel quantities of rattling, noisy coal into the furnace, then shake the stuffing out of the contrivance with a ponderous iron shaker, causing a horrible grinding sound, *most* unpleasant and disturbing.

At other times when I wish to lie quietly amid the cushions of the *chaise longue*, I hear her toting up great buckets of coal for presumable use in the kitchen. Sometimes she slips, falling down the basement stairs with hods and coal on top of her, making a horrid clattering that sadly disturbs the state of my mind.

When I would doze by a sunny window, or loll at ease in the enjoyment of a cigar, I hear her smashing up boxes with an enormous ax, seemingly for kindling wood, or beating great dusty rugs outside . . . or scrubbing up floors near by with an unpleasant sloppy sound.

My wife annoys me exceedingly.



THE BIBLIOMANIAC

By James Shannon

I WANT books. I want to wallow in the gutter with Rabelais. I want to slink along the St. Denis road, past the gibbering corpses swinging in the moonlight, with François Villon, Master of Arts. I want to dine at the Sabine farm with Horace—and Horace's Lydia. I want to eat red-deer pie and drink malmsey at the Mermaid Tavern, while I listen to huge Ben Jonson, the bricklayer's son, tell how he saw the Carthaginians and Romans fighting on his great toe the night before. I want to hear Homer chant of Helen and the sounding plains of windy Troy. I want to hear the gentle stutter of Lamb, the dry rasp of the mad Dean, the gargantuan laugh of Dumas, *père*. I want to live with mighty men, drink their wine, steal their loves, and be warmed by their fires. But alas! it is not for me. I am reader for a well-known publishing house, and my days are spent in perusing Ibsenish dramas by college professors and cub-reporter stories by New England spinsters.

WHAT THE JUDGE KNEW

By Ernest Howard Culbertson

JUDGE FAWCETT came heavily down the stairs, sniffing and looking very glum and disconsolate. When he reached the dining-room door he paused, brought his large, flabby right hand across to the upper left-hand coat pocket, insinuated it into the pocket and drew forth a glossy white handkerchief, folded it into a perfect square. If the handkerchief had not been there, and if it had not been immaculately clean, and if it had not been folded just so, the Judge would have been moved to wonder what malign influence was abroad in his household.

"Must have taken a little cold!" he grumbled as he blew his nose vigorously. He moved to his place at the far end of the table and sat down. Magically the door leading to the pantry opened and Clara, the maid, entered bearing the half of an orange on a plate and placed it before him. At the same instant, unvaryingly punctual to the second, Angela Fawcett, his wife, glided into the room, dressed for the day in a loose-fitting gray gown of nondescript style. Angela affected subdued colors and nondescript styles and did not so much as possess a single peignoir in her entire wardrobe. She held all forms of *dishabillé* in frank abomination. All flimsy, fluffy lingerie she characterized as "French importations," and the French, you know, were indecent.

"Good morning, Eldred," she said in her mincing tones and with that accustomed air of virtuous cheerfulness, which he found so intolerably irritating. She came over and pecked him on the cheek, thereby accentuating to the final

pitch of endurance the mood of revolt against the scheme of things in general and his household in particular which enveloped him.

He responded with a short "Good morning," and set himself grimly to the task of despatching the orange.

Angela was small and slender and waxen—and fifty-three. Her black hair, streaked with gray, was drawn tightly back from her high, white forehead and done up in a neat roll on the back of her head. Her face was small and oval, and she had very small, intensely blue eyes, a prim little mouth and a straight, thin, prominent nose that fairly shouted will-power and determination. She was the very embodiment of impeccability, ready competency and demure aplomb.

"You have a cold," she commented, casting a studiously negligent glance out of the window.

"It's of no consequence," he replied curtly and concentrated upon the orange.

He knew by the darkening of those eyes, the studied movements of the hands—the ominous silence—that she was administering one of those eloquent and effective reproofs for his heedlessness, despite her cautioning, in not taking his rubbers with him on the previous morning, when the weather looked threatening. This was one of her practices that goaded him almost to the point of desperation.

"Damn it!" he said to himself, "why in thunder doesn't she say something? If she would only pick up that orange and throw it at me!"

This long and sedulously cultivated system of silent rebuke had come to be,

in her hands, a weapon of subjugation and control of inconceivable power. Judges are generally reputed to be men without much imagination, but Judge Fawcett, imperator of justice in Divorce Court No. 1, was a conspicuous exception. Largely because of a natural, but grievously fettered combative instinct, and a rather sensitive conscience, these formidable silences of hers had the effect of inciting him to imaginative orgies in which he attempted to vividly conjure what she was thinking of, what she would say if the barriers of that marvelous restraint were to suddenly snap. It had the curious and paradoxical effect of making him intensely self-condemnatory and self-analytic and also furiously resentful of her surreptitious dominance. He labored under the insufferable sense of being controlled—manipulated—of obeying the mandates of an unseen will without a possible chance of meeting it in the open and defying it.

He began reviewing the manifold indignities it seemed to him he had suffered at Angela's hands during the previous few months. He had observed lately that there were three mats on the bathroom floor, whereat heretofore, as far back as he could remember, it had never been graced by more than one. With the customary dexterous circumlocution she employed in advancing all of her opinions or suggestions or admonitions, she had mildly hinted once that it was requiring an unwonted amount of the maid's time to keep the bathroom in proper condition. Because he splashed some, eh? Why in the name of all getout, didn't she say something? There was absolutely no necessity for three mats! That was the way she forced home her reproofs—by an exaggerated actuality! A refined and studiously cruel method of humiliation—especially when practiced upon one with a sensitive nature and inordinately active imagination. Now, here this morning, she was sending Clara out for a larger plate. He had spilled a little egg on the tablecloth on the morning before, and she was reminding him in

this mute, maddening way that he mustn't do it again! Clara came in and adroitly placed a dinner plate before him as she removed his cereal dish. Fancy! Treating him as though he were a ten-year-old child! He could easily have said, "I don't need a large plate," and it would have been instantly removed, but the rebuke would nevertheless have been administered and its subtle potency not in the least diminished.

Though he made a very generous contribution once a year toward the support of his church, it was his custom to drop a small sum in the collection basket each Sunday for mere appearance' sake. One Sunday not long before he found himself in church with no smaller denomination than a five-dollar bill, and into the collection basket perforce a fiver went, to his own very considerable dismay and to the provident Angela's immeasurable horror. Thereafter he had regularly found in his trousers' pocket on the Sabbath morn a bewildering confusion of coins, ranging all the way from nickels to half-dollars—and charged, because of their very profusion, with an admonitory significance that was compelling. This made him furious. Didn't she, after the one experience, think him forehanded enough to provide himself with the necessary coins on Saturday night?

Her habit of helping out with a story, of supplying him with dates and names and words in the midst of an animated conversation angered him beyond words. Then the vague implication she conveyed that he was growing senile when she told people—sotto voce—that they were going out very little at night! He would show her whether he was growing senile or not!

He allowed his gaze to wander gloomily about the room. It was a high, airy room, with a beamed ceiling, white woodwork that gleamed and shone, and walls done in pale, soft green. The resplendent, mahogany sideboard stood on his left, presenting a dazzling array of polished silver and cut glass, which

caught the rays of the sun as they filtered—discreetly—through the lace curtains (miracles of the laundress's art) and diffused them in a hundred tiny spectrum-colored beams across the table. The tablecloth was a glossy snow-white, the napkins a glossy snow-white, and the creamer, sugar bowl, salt and pepper cellars—plates and knives and forks—all disposed in a geometric arrangement in which the balancing value of each was accurately taken into account.

The Judge longed incontinently for a false note—for a clamorous discord (though even a note of homely slatternliness would have been welcome) to jar his consciousness out of the stultifying groove into which he felt he was inevitably settling.

He watched Angela pour his coffee with an inimical glare. He knew that she would put in three lumps of sugar—and he knew that, notwithstanding the fact that he had urged her time and time again to make it stronger, she would (according to the doctor's orders) weaken it abominably by putting in too much cream.

"A little stronger this morning," he said warningly.

She hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment, then gave him one of those pained acquiescent nods—the nod of a fond mother yielding, because expediency seems to demand it, to the whim of a naughty, wilful child.

He hurried through the rest of the meal in sullen silence, then rose, gave her his usual perfunctory good-bye kiss and rushed out.

In the hall he found his rubbers occupying a conspicuous place on the door mat in front of the hat rack. It was cold and there was still snow on the ground, yet he would have almost rather braved the dangers of grippe and pneumonia than to have put on those rubbers.

"Doesn't she think I know enough to put them on?" he muttered savagely. He deliberated darkly for several moments. Finally, in extenuation, he sat down and put them on, giving, as he

did so, an exhibition of his capabilities in blasphemy that would have astounded and disillusioned his large circle of worshipful friends. He got into his overcoat, and as he thrust his hand in his pocket for his gloves it came upon—ah, a box of quinine! So that had been Clara's surreptitious mission upstairs—to get that! Ha! He rushed out of the door, grim, defiant—thoroughly at odds with the world.

Judge Fawcett's court on the morning of March twenty-fourth was, as usual, crowded to overflowing. It was regarded by that large and inclusive section of the general public with a taste for the morbid as one of the most reliably entertaining attractions in the entire scheme of civic judicial procedure. Here was purveyed, with gratifying frankness, the frailties and shortcomings of human nature in their more intimate and colorful aspects for the delectation of anyone who was willing to spend several hours a day in a fetid atmosphere, sit on the hard benches and brave the devastating glances and raucous voices of some half-dozen grizzled, implacable old bailiffs who ruled over the place with rods of iron.

The room was high and long and narrow, with old-fashioned wainscoting about the sides and calcimined walls and ceiling. There were four large windows on the right-hand side looking out upon the street and four on the opposite side looking out upon a small, dark court. It was, I should say, late Rutherford B. Hayes in period, embodying architecturally all of the puritanical inclinations of that worthy gentleman, with here and there a few modern interpolations, notably in the way of large easy chairs for the lawyers, the clerks and the judge. The public, unhappily, and with apparent malice-afore-thought on the part of the court, was forced to eke out its hours of avid vigilance upon hard benches with barbarous, prehistoric iron backs. The court, however, with all of its profound legal learning and its perspicuity in the matter of motive and subtle workings of the human mind failed utterly to

comprehend the stoical hardihood, in the face of physical discomfort, of those who came to listen to its proceedings.

At a table in front of the clerk's desk, and just a little to the left, sat Edwin G. Harlow, a rather tall, spare, middle-aged man, with stooped shoulders, thin gray hair, heavy black eyebrows over-arching a pair of sullen gray eyes. His manner was reserved, distant, ill-at-ease and he drew figures with a pencil on a small pad which lay on the table before him and fidgeted with his watch charm. To the right of the table stood the noted Thetus W. Allison, engaged in his favorite diversion—badgering a recalcitrant witness. He was a thin, sharp-featured, elderly man, entirely bald save for a few straggling wisps of hair just above his prodigiously large, spreading ears. His neck was long and appallingly thin and he had an uncommonly large Adam's apple, that bobbed up and down in the most unseemly fashion when he talked—a pair of big-snapping, black eyes, and a harsh rasping voice. He had a hair-trigger, inquisitorial manner and seemed the very embodiment of incisive, caustic logic.

At a table some thirty feet away and just in front of the stenographer's desk sat the defendant, Mrs. Edwin G. Harlow, a small, florid, middle-aged woman with a tense, precise manner. Her eyes were red from weeping and there were little puffy welts under them and her face was drawn and on the whole she presented a picture of abject and pathetic distress. At her left sat Logan P. Wentworth, her counsel, a portly pompous man of about forty-five with a double chin, and pendulous cheeks and a pair of small, pale blue eyes. Above, in his silken robes, reclined Judge Fawcett, gazing out over the assemblage with that air of fine, austere diffidence, which, I take it, is the true hall-mark of judicial competency and distinction.

A stout, elderly woman, slightly deaf, occupied the witness box on the Judge's right hand.

"Now, Mrs. Jackson," rasped Mr. Allison, "to get some of these points straight—"

The witness put her hand to her ear and bent forward.

"To get some of these points straight, I say!" shouted Mr. Allison. "You say you lived in the same 'paying-guest' house in Omaha with Mrs. Harlow for over a year?"

"Yes," responded Mrs. Jackson in low, halting tones, "yes for—"

"You heard her speak of her husband?"

"Oh, yes, yes—she—"

"In complimentary or uncomplimentary terms?"

Mrs. Jackson hesitated a moment, struggling with certain inherent notions of courtesy. "Er—generally complimentary," she replied with a slight cough.

A stifled titter ran through the spectators. "Silence!" chorused the bailiffs, bristling formidably. Harlow bent low over the table. Mrs. Harlow bit her lip and stared fixedly at the wall. Judge Fawcett frowned.

"I heard her say," began Mrs. Jackson, suddenly becoming pleasantly conscious of the conspicuous importance of her role, "I heard her say she wouldn't go to him, unless—"

"Never mind what else you heard!" yelled Mr. Allison. "You heard her say she wouldn't go to him—didn't you?"

Mrs. Jackson turned a pair of tragic eyes to Judge Fawcett as though beseeching him to put an end to this intolerable heckling. The Judge regarded her with cold unconcern.

"Y-yes," finally ejaculated Mrs. Jackson, thoroughly cowed.

"That's all!" snapped Mr. Allison, whereupon he sat down, crossed his legs and drummed with nervous complacency on the table.

Logan P. Wentworth rose with ponderous gravity. He allowed his gaze to wander leisurely from point to point for a moment or two.

"Mrs. Jackson," he began impressively at length, "what were Mrs. Harlow's exact words when she stated—as you say—that she would not join her husband in Chicago?"

Mrs. Jackson shifted forward on her chair, and her face lighted up with an expression of intense animation, as though she were about to relieve herself of a tremendous burden of responsibility.

"She said, 'I don't think anyone will blame me for not joining him when he's so arbitrary about where and how we shall live,'" she responded glibly.

"That was in the beginning—shortly after her arrival in Omaha?" pressed Wentworth.

"Yes—just a little while," answered the witness.

"Later didn't you hear her express a very definite intention of joining her husband?"

"Yes, I—I did," faltered Mrs. Jackson.

"And she did," insisted Wentworth.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"That is all," said Wentworth and sat down with the same ponderous gravity with which he had risen.

Mrs. Jackson gazed about with an expression of bewildered inquiry. An old bailiff stumped up, touched her on the arm and led her back to her chair among those reserved for the witnesses.

Thetus Allison leaped to his feet and stood for a moment glaring savagely at Mrs. Jackson.

"The plaintiff rests here," he said addressing Judge Fawcett, "and if it please your Honor, I shall briefly sum up."

The Judge negligently inclined his head.

In that mean, ill-smelling "holy of holies" downstairs where lawyers are accustomed to confer with their clients, earlier in the day Mrs. Harlow had vigorously declared her intention of fighting the case "with every ounce of energy" she possessed. She had made the same declaration with more or less vigor from the day that a subpoena apprised her of the fact that her husband, Edwin G. Harlow, had instituted proceedings against her for absolute divorce on the grounds that she had been wilfully absent from his "bed and

board" for two consecutive years, but with the trial immediately at hand it reached a climacteric pitch.

"He has no grounds for such action—none whatever. I don't care what the law is! I have been all—and more to him—than any wife could be!" she exclaimed to the lugubriously suave and acquiescent Logan P. Wentworth.

"Yes, of course," he responded. "That will all come out in court."

"I don't believe in divorce," she continued. "I think it's an awful thing. No one in our family ever has been divorced. And—and I really do love Edwin—very much. He can be—when he's in the right environment and isn't worried and harassed by business—be perfectly lovely. He's not himself, now. He hasn't been for three years. I shan't let him divorce me! I shan't!"

Mrs. Harlow was a fairly intelligent, well-meaning, narrow, relatively unmotional little woman—wholly without imagination and possessed of an overdeveloped conscience which led her to practice the minor virtues with a relentless passion. In common with so many natures of this type, and greatly accentuated by her New England rearing, she possessed also a fanatical pride in the matter of presenting an immaculately respectable front—especially where the more obvious details were concerned—to a critical world. This bent was so ingrained, that it had come to be inextricably a part of her moral code, and he who did not fulfill her rigorous canons of respectability was an undesirable person to know. In a nature where the affectional impulses, though virtuously cultivated, were for the most part anything but spontaneous, it was not strange that her affection for her husband—really genuine—should be subordinated in a crisis by certain innate ideas of duty. It was not strange that in a nature of this sort that, by an esoteric process of instinctive reasoning, duty should become synonymous with the maintenance of respectability. Nor was it strange, in view of this, that personal resentment, thought of their fu-

ture relations, and every other eventuality should be swept aside in a passionate determination, first, to vindicate certain inexorable concepts of duty and loyalty (as strangely allied with respectability) and, secondly, of course, to reclaim the object of her affection.

Logan P. Wentworth listened with patient gravity while Mrs. Harlow discoursed further on divorce and matrimony and monstrosities of the worldly scheme. At length, taking an advantage of a momentary pause, he reached in an inside coat pocket and drew forth a letter.

"Wasn't Ellis Huntley, of Davenport, Iowa, an intimate friend of your husband?" he asked.

"Yes, yes—one of his most intimate. He died suddenly several months ago," replied Mrs. Harlow.

"A detective in my employ secured this for me. It was found among his effects," explained Wentworth. "When we present this their case will fall flat. This in conjunction with the testimony of our witnesses makes our case just about as strong as it could possibly be."

He handed the letter to her. She withdrew the contents and read with eager interest and as she read her face grew crimson and at the close she gasped, "He wrote that—my husband! Oh! It isn't true! It isn't true! He shan't divorce me! He shan't! Oh, how could he—how could be—after all I've tried to do for him! No, he shan't divorce me! I mean to prove to the world and to him that I am, and have been, all a wife should be!"

Thetus Allison began the case by presenting a bewildering number of friends and former business associates of the plaintiff's who testified to his sterling qualities of character and unexampled filial devotion. Mrs. Jackson and several others had been called in an effort to prove that Mrs. Harlow had wilfully abandoned her husband, though the former, much to Allison's chagrin, had proven a decidedly unsatisfactory witness as far as his purpose in that respect was concerned. Letters from the defendant to the plaintiff were

introduced in which she stated her intention of remaining in Omaha until he was established in more desirable quarters. Eventually Edwin G. Harlow, himself, took the stand and stated that because of certain unfortunate investments he had been financially unable to make better provision for his wife. Under a rigorous cross-examination at the hands of Logan P. Wentworth, however, he became extremely vague concerning them, referring to them as certain "oil stocks."

Directly after Mrs. Jackson left the stand Thetus Allison summed up in his usual thorough and venomously caustic style.

Wentworth then placed successively upon the stand Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Raby, Joseph Herndon, the Parker spinsters—cousins with whom Mrs. Harlow boarded in Omaha—and the Rev. Ezra Cadwallar, and several others, all of whom, in the face of Allison's bearish heckling, testified to the defendant's extraordinary worth and marital competency and devotion; he produced a member of the firm of King, Brown & Co., where Edwin G. was employed, who testified as to his salary, and also the cashier of the bank where the plaintiff had an account who averred that he was not aware that he had suffered any financial loss through unfortunate investments. Finally Mrs. Harlow came to the stand—alert, decorously determined, her tones tremulously hesitant.

She told, with the aid of occasional promptings from her legal mentor, how she and her husband had lived happily together in Minneapolis for upwards of fifteen years, how he had finally accepted the position of office manager with King, Brown & Co., in Chicago, how he had written her shortly after going to that city that "things were not going very well" and suggested that she give up their apartment in Minneapolis and go down to Omaha and board with relatives until "the situation showed signs of improving." She asserted that she had readily acted upon the suggestion and related how a month

or two later she visited him in Chicago, how she found him living in a miserable South Side boarding-house, which he refused to leave despite her emphatic protests on the plea that he could afford nothing better just then.

She told how after some diligent inquiry she had learned that her husband was firmly established in the good graces of his firm, that he was receiving a very good salary—more than he had ever gotten in Minneapolis—and that no one knew anything at all about the "unfortunate investments." She stated that she had then "picked up her things" and returned to Omaha, and went on to tell how some weeks later he had written her that he had taken an apartment and urged her to join him, how she immediately went to Chicago, how she found him ensconced in a "dirty little back apartment" in an unspeakable neighborhood, how they had "existed" there in squalid discomfort for several months, how he had proven adamant to her remonstrances and supplications and finally told her that if she didn't like the way he lived "she could go back to her relatives in Omaha," and how in desperation and anger she had gone back to Omaha.

Thetus Allison subjected her to a remorseless grilling, but was unable to develop any facts of appreciable advantage to his client, save that he had sent her a small allowance each week. At last, in exasperation, he shouted, "Isn't it your purpose, Mrs. Harlow, to prevent your husband from securing this divorce, then—out of court—agree to a separation if he will settle a certain amount upon you?"

"No, no!" she cried, with flashing eyes, "I want to prove to—"

"That is all!" bellowed Allison and sat down.

"Your Honor," said Logan P. Wentworth, rising and holding the incriminatory letter aloft, "I submit a letter which the plaintiff wrote to his intimate friend, Mr. Ellis Huntley, of Davenport, Iowa, which shows conclusively that he is, and has been, attempt-

ing to secure this divorce by means of fraud and deceit!"

He stepped forward and laid it on the clerk's desk. The clerk glanced at it, rose and handed it to Judge Fawcett. Thetus Allison's facial expression became positively wolfish and he threw his body half-way across the table and held an earnest consultation with Harlow, who had turned deathly pale. Judge Fawcett put on his gold-rimmed nose glasses and began a deliberate perusal of the letter. It read:

Chicago, Ill.,
Jan. 24th, 1913.

My dear Ellis:

Can't you run up to Chicago for a few days? I have a very important personal matter which I am anxious to discuss at length with you.

*I have definitely decided, as soon as I have established a legal residence here, to divorce my wife. Alice, I know, is regarded by most people as a model wife. She's too "model," that's the trouble. My reasons for divorcing her may seem very flimsy and intangible to you, but they constitute very valid grounds to me. I mean to secure my release—in some way or other—yea, even by chicane and subterfuge! I'm desperate! Your devoted friend,
Edwin G. Harlow.*

Judge Fawcett nodded slowly as he finished it and handed it back to the clerk. Thetus Allison was at the railing in the twinkling of an eye; he snatched it up in his talon-like right hand and darted back to the table. He ran through it hastily, leaned across the table and held another consultation with Harlow, then sprang to his feet.

"Your Honor," he snapped, "I object to its admission."

"On what grounds?" inquired Judge Fawcett languidly.

"There is no statement of plan or procedure relative to chicane or subterfuge! It's a mere statement of the possibility—"

"That has been established!" said Wentworth, rising quickly.

"It certainly has not!" shouted Allison.

"And he admits, unreservedly, that he has no actionable grounds in suing for divorce!" boomed Wentworth, his face red with excitement.

"This was written two years ago. She might have been a model wife up until two weeks ago—then done something which would constitute actionable grounds!" shrieked Thetus.

"Counsel, will be in order" admonished Judge Fawcett sternly. "The court will take the matter under advisement."

Whereupon he leaned forward and held a whispered conversation with the clerk. Presently the clerk turned and signaled to a bailiff who stood to the right of the witness box. The man squared his heels, threw back his shoulders and shouted, "Hear ye! Hear ye! This honorable court is now adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow morning!"

III

As Judge Fawcett rode home on the elevated his mind was still occupied with the case. Yes, the plaintiff was clearly guilty of chicane and subterfuge. The man had been vague concerning his "unfortunate investments"—in fact there had not been a shred of real evidence tending to show that he was not abundantly able to provide his wife with the same comforts she had had before he came to Chicago. Of course, failure on his part to provide these comforts or keeping up an establishment which met with her approval—as far as the law went—did not, standing alone, constitute a justificatory motive for the woman's action. But, in this instance, as a manifest evidence of chicane and subterfuge the fact was important—most important. There was every indication that the woman had been deviously ~~coerced~~ into leaving him. Yes, the letter was admissible! It was the cap-stone!

Dinner that night went forward with its customary precision. It was, as always, a triumph of the culinary art, of

taste, of arrangement—an evidence of a consummate attempt to soothe—tongently vivify and hearten the male animal.

He broached the subject of books. He found that Angela had read Wells' "The Research Magnificent" and liked it. This made him inexpressibly angry. He had hoped desperately she wouldn't like it. For a moment he contemplated doing the perilous thing of saying he didn't like it in an attempt to provoke an argument. He made a sortie on preparedness and found she was in thorough accord with him on the question. This enraged him. He wanted a mental jar of some kind. He craved it. He inwardly swore he would have it before the evening was over.

In the library he found his chair by the center table turned at just the right angle to the light, his smoking jacket thrown over the back and the newspapers laid out in their usual order on the table. He took off his coat and put on the jacket, lit a cigar and settled himself in the chair and gave himself up to pondering the general melancholy aspect of life. At length he removed the cigar from his mouth and put his hand out toward the table. He knew instinctively—without looking—the precise angle at which to hold it. The ash tray was there—it had always been there—it would always be there—but—Suddenly his roving gaze chanced to sweep across the table. The ash tray was not there! Incredible! Incredible!

An unholy, diabolical joy took possession of him. Cautiously, with a quick glance over his shoulder, he flicked the ashes on the carpet. He felt very much as a small boy feels who has sneaked into the pantry and stolen a pot of jam. After a time, emboldened by this initial act of wild defiance, he again extended his arm and bestrewed a large area of carpet to his left with ashes. All at once came the sound of soft footfalls at his back. He stiffened up guiltily and grabbed a newspaper off the table. A hand—a small, transparently white hand, delicately veined with blue, appeared on

his immediate right slowly pushing the ash tray to its accustomed place. He gave it one quick, sidewise glance, then buried himself in the paper and appeared not to see it. He was conscious of Angela's presence as he might have been of some brooding, malign, omniscient influence. Her eyes were upon him. He knew it. The penetrating directness of their gaze was unescapable. However, with a supreme effort he mustered sufficient courage to once more extend his arm and flick ashes on the floor.

"Eldred," came a softly modulated voice, from the opposite side of the table, "the ash tray is on the table."

"Oh, thunderation!" he blurted, "a few ashes won't hurt the carpet."

Cosmic silence followed this epochal pronouncement. It seemed to him as though he had loosened the pinions of his domestic establishment and its walls were about to crash down upon him. Throughout the rest of the evening they sat without speaking—she with a magazine before her wearing that grieved, condescendingly reproachful expression she affected when he asked for stronger coffee—he behind his paper, grim, implacable, defiant. They retired early and neither kissed nor bade each other good-night.

A restless and remorseful night did not tend to improve the Judge's attitude toward life. He conducted himself at breakfast very much as he had on the preceding evening. He surlily demanded strong coffee and got it twice as strong as he had taken it in months. The moment he tasted it he knew his nerves would give him no end of bother before the day was over. He did manage to unbend sufficiently to kiss Angela good-bye. It was raining, but when he reached the hall there were no rubbers on the mat. This discovery gave him a tremendous shock. He began a circumspect investigation. They were usually kept in the small cupboard or closet beneath the hat rack. He peered down at it. The door stood partially open and immediately inside, with toes slightly protruding, stood a pair of rub-

bers—his rubbers! Angela! Consummate psychologist! She was trying to entice him by furtive suggestion into wearing them! He savagely kicked the door shut, put on his hat and coat and rushed out.

IV

When court opened that morning Judge Fawcett confided to himself that he had never before in all his life felt so thoroughly out-of-sorts. His feet were wet and he had begun to sneeze and he was conscious of a dull, aching feeling in his limbs and between his shoulder-blades. Furthermore, his nerves were becoming decidedly jumpy.

Logan P. Wentworth had risen almost immediately and presented another of the plaintiff's letters to Ellis Huntley, which he explained had come to his hands on the previous afternoon shortly after court adjourned. He averred that it gave, "further absolute and conclusive evidence of the plaintiff's lack of grounds and his intent to secure the divorce by fraud and deceit." It read:

Chicago, Ill.,
Feb. 1st, 1913.

My dear Ellis:

I am very sorry indeed that you can't see your way clear to come up to Chicago just now. No—you can't talk me out of getting a divorce. I'm going to get one by some hook or crook and no one can stop me.

My reasons, I fully realize, would hardly be regarded as adequate in a court of justice. But they are the most real and genuine reasons a man ever had! You remember that polarity we used to study about in physics—well, my case is a case of "jinxed" psychological polarity—whatever that is.

I can't submit any evidence of incompatibility, for in the ordinary acceptance of the term it does not exist. My God, if Alice was only something a wife should not be! No one who has not experienced it can begin to realize the intolerable monotony of interminable

contact with a flawless woman! We never quarrel, we think alike about most things, she seems to live to do for me, and she's a marvelous housekeeper—but these facts and attributes do not serve to render her materially less rapid and irritating. It's a thousand and one little things that make it impossible for me to go on living with her—things that it would take a genius in psychology to understand and submit convincingly.

Hoping to see you in the very near future, I am,

*Your devoted friend,
Edwin G. Harlow.*

So far as making an appreciable impression upon Judge Fawcett the subsequent proceedings might just as well

have been dispensed with. He took only passive cognizance of Thetus Allison's snarling objections and to save his life he could not have recalled a word of Wentworth's long and erudite summing up. His mind was wholly occupied with deductions and ruminations, in the light of his own domestic experience, and the contemplation of his very large discretionary powers. By the time Wentworth completed his address the Judge had, however, reached an irrevocable decision.

He slowly cleared his throat and announced in the most impressive tones at his command, "In the opinion of the court these letters are inadmissible. In accordance with the testimony adduced the court will sign a decree granting absolute divorce to the plaintiff."



WHEN I DIE

By Morris Gilbert

I WANT to be buried in a motor hearse,
And sail blandly a last time
Up Fifth Avenue
Some May-day dusk when the asphalt is all velvety
With cool Spring rain.

We'll go fast, stopping primly at the corners,
And shooting through three speeds again
In as many revolutions of the wheels.

There'll be one car behind my hearse,
Full of Hawaiian musicians
Making degenerate music
On three ukalalees.

And we'll stop every little while at stores
And buy a couple of books in expensive bindings—
Keats perhaps, and Chaucer—
And also tobacco in big proud tins,
And a pair of brown gaiters
And a silk shirt.



SAFETY FIRST

A VIVISECTION IN ONE ACT

By Randolph Bartlett

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GRE'ORY GALE (*A popular actor*) } Separated but not yet divorced.
ANTOINETTE GALE (*His wife*) }
MRS. PHYLLIS ARBUTHNOT (*a beautiful young widow, their mutual and intimate friend.*)

CONFIDENTIAL NOTE TO THE STAGE DIRECTOR

SINCE the Gales are married but parted, American morality must not be subjected to the affront of the spectacle of their meeting at the private apartments of either, a situation which, while only mildly opprobrious in the case of persons who never have been married to each other, is distinctly revolting to the sensitiveness of nice people when it occurs with a man and a woman whom God once joined together, though imperfectly. Consequently the scene transpires in the living room of the home of a mutual friend, Mrs. Arbuthnot, who knows enough about both of them so that they are not embarrassed by the thought that their conversation may be overheard. Gale is a tall, hand—but he already has been described as a popular actor. Mrs. Gale is beautiful, but the word that fits her best is "efficient." When she says a clever thing you think, "How beautiful she is," and when she is merely looking her prettiest you cannot help thinking, "How clever she is." Why on earth a woman like that would marry an actor is more than anyone but she can say. You must permit a little dramatic license or we shall jolly well have no drama. The curtain rises and shows Gale fidgeting about the room. His wife enters, and effusively he greets her.

GALE

Ah, Tony, at last. This is good of you. How gorgeous you look—

TONY

Giggey, it's no use. You needn't start flattering—

GALE

(*Reproachfully.*) Flattering?

TONY

Well, complimenting, then. I've heard your entire repertoire, on and off, and you may as well spare yourself all your speeches. I have decided to di-

voice you, and nothing can alter my plans. It's all off, Giggey. You said you had a request to make. I am here to listen to it and not to be wheedled.

GALE

(*Wincing.*) You are so horribly penetrating, Tony.

TONY

Not at all, Giggey. You are so very transparent.

GALE

(*Wincing again, he blurts in desper-*

ation): My first request is that you stop calling me Giggey.

TONY

But, Giggey (*his quivering, unspoken protest halts her*)—oh, well, then, Gregory—you never objected before.

GALE

I know, but now it reminds me of the days when I wooed and won your girlish affections by my base perjuries. It was in those days you invented that name, and it recalls with vividness too painful to be endured my unworthiness, and those hours of joy—joy, alas, too evanescent—

TONY

Stop it!

GALE

All right. But please don't use that name again. You are so withering when you do. So lofty, so superior.

TONY

Very well, Gregory. Of course there won't be many opportunities, as we shan't be seeing much of each other until we meet in court.

GALE

(*Haltingly.*) Of course, I know you have every reason for divorce—

TONY

Reason! I have more than reason—I have evidence.

GALE

I know it, Tony. You are an unusually clever woman, and you happened upon an honest detective. All this I admit. You have enough evidence for half a dozen divorces, even in New York. But I hope you will not be needlessly cruel.

TONY

I bear no malice whatever.

GALE

Since you have money, everything will be quite simple, of course.

TONY

Why, Gig—Gregory—are you hinting?

GALE

Hinting?

TONY

Are you beating about, trying to borrow money? How much is it?

GALE

(*With reproachful dignity.*) Tony! At least I never have taken your money.

TONY

No, but you have spent so much of your own on other women that I didn't know but you might have to begin.

GALE

I can get along quite well. I only mentioned your financial independence as an acknowledgment that all the advantages are on your side.

TONY

Then, for mercy's sake, what do you want?

GALE

I hardly know how to put it. It is so very important that I tremble to think what a refusal would mean. I want you to understand I am coming as a mendicant. You see me here on my knees—figuratively speaking—

TONY

Keep it figurative.

GALE

—figuratively on my knees before you, fully conscious that I deserve nothing, relying solely upon your mercy.

TONY

All this sudden humility is beginning to bore me.

GALE

Well, will you promise to discuss my request calmly, and not simply shout "No" and run off, slamming the door in my face?

TONY

Why, Gregory! Am I not always calm and reasonable?

GALE

(*Trying to put conviction into it.*) Of course, but—

TONY

(*With some exasperation.*) Then what is it?

GALE

(*Trembling with fear.*) Simply this—I do wish, Tony, you would not divorce me.

TONY

"Simply this!"—Not divorce you? Not divorce you? Why, Gregory, how preposterous you are to-day!

GALE

Now, Tony, you promised to discuss it calmly.

TONY

Calmly? Am I not calm? Am I not discussing it quietly with you? What do you mean to insinuate? (*With rising excitement.*) You know very well I am not an excitable woman.

GALE

(*Soothingly.*) Yes, yes—Tony. I know.

TONY

(*Belligerently.*) Then let us speak calmly of this matter. You say you wish I would not divorce you. Certainly you do not think I will ever live with you again.

GALE

No, alas. That fond hope—

TONY

(*Sternly.*) None of that, Gregory. I said we would discuss the matter, not slobber over it.

GALE

(*With a Norwegian drama sigh.*) Very well. Put it this way then—why do you want a divorce?

TONY

Because it is my right. Divorce is the only dividend a woman can get out of an unsuccessful marriage. I want my dividend.

GALE

Then it is a matter of your rights, and not of your feelings.

TONY

My feelings! They have been trampled upon—

GALE

I know—I know. But divorce won't untrample them.

TONY

I want to show the world I have not been blind.

GALE

That is sheer revenge, and you said you bore no malice.

TONY

It isn't malice—it's justice.

GALE

But don't you see—it isn't for what the divorce will give you but for what it will do to me, that you want it. It's not as if you were after alimony.

TONY

Wouldn't I have a happy time collecting it?

GALE

And it isn't as if you want to marry again—

TONY

Marry again! After one escape? I should say not!

GALE

Exactly. Then what is the use of getting a divorce?

TONY

Why—er—

GALE

Don't you realize how easy it would be for you, in a moment of weakness, if you had no ties, to listen to the specious pleas of some unscrupulous man like myself? You are so sympathetic, so trustful. But so long as you are my wife, though only in name, you are in no danger. Your emotions are anchored.

TONY

I shall be on my guard.

GALE

But you were such a child when we married, and even yet—

TONY

I believe you *want* to see me go through life absolutely alone. You are utterly selfish.

GALE

Not at all. Suppose, later, you should find a man worthy of you, it would be a simple matter to divorce me any time. Meanwhile, don't you see, you would be insured against the perils of hasty decision.

TONY

Gregory, do you expect me to believe that your sole motive is an unselfish interest in my welfare?

GALE

Of course not. I can see the advantages to both of us. But my own reasons could not interest you, so I am merely suggesting your own.

TONY

How considerate!

GALE

Then here's another point—the notoriety of a divorce. Think of the publicity, the gossip, the furtive remarks everywhere you go, your pictures in the papers, and, if they can't get yours, then pictures of homely women with your name under them!

TONY

At least the publicity won't do *you* any harm.

GALE

I don't know about that. Divorce is so common nowadays that a beautiful wife is a much more valuable asset to an actor than a scandal in which he is the villain.

TONY

Well, it is all very interesting, but I am not impressed. I don't care what people say. In future I shall simply live my own quiet, retired existence, taking no part in social life.

GALE

You think so now—but you are too young and lovely—

TONY

Gregory! You may as well drop all this, and tell me your own reasons.

GALE

Well, a wife is a great protection to a man.

TONY

Protection?

GALE

Let me explain. I am so constituted, unfortunately, that it seems necessary to my health and happiness that I have a good deal of feminine society.

TONY

Yes. I believe that is amplified in my detective's report.

GALE

These little affairs have been, and are, quite charming in their fleeting way. I don't just see how I can get along without them. They add a zest to life.

TONY

You will be entirely free to enjoy them in the future.

GALE

That is just the point. I shan't if you divorce me.

TONY

How so?

GALE

The position of an unmarried man, or a divorced one, is rather difficult—much more delicate than that of a husband still on the active list, even though only nominally a husband.

TONY

I always thought it was just the opposite.

GALE

The common error. Until I was married I was most circumspect, a perfect Galahad, or rather, may I say, a Saint Anthony. I was ruled by caution. But just as soon as I had discovered the one woman whom I wanted for my wife, and married her, I was free to indulge my minor fancies.

TONY

Gregory, are you boasting or confessing?

GALE

Neither—merely describing. Don't you understand? A married man may do a little Spring lovemaking, and remark, at the proper moment: "You know, my dear, I really like you well enough to marry you, but unfortunately I already have a wife." The girl doesn't mind, and like as not she doesn't believe a word he says. But it belongs in the game.

TONY

Whereas, if he has no wife—

GALE

He has to lie awake nights thinking up excuses for not marrying girls. It is an infernal nuisance. Eternal vigilance is the assassin of romance.

TONY

Like a dill pickle in a glass of champagne.

GALE

That's it. I can't do it, I'm too impulsive. With my disposition I know positively that, if you divorce me, I shall be snapped up in a very short time.

TONY

Whereas, if I retain you, even only nominally, you can always say, "If that wife of mine would only get a divorce!"

GALE

(*Gleefully.*) Now we are getting along. I knew you would see the point.

TONY

I don't think I am interested. You must work it out for yourself.

GALE

Tony! You wouldn't be so cruel.

TONY

It isn't cruelty—it's justice.

GALE

There you go again. Retaliation is

really your one motive. That's all justice means.

TONY

Besides, to turn you loose upon the world in the way you desire would give me an uncomfortable feeling of responsibility. You must think I have no feeling for my sex.

GALE

Tut tut! They enjoy it. Don't you see, it is all a game in which the man is handicapped if he is eligible for marriage. Every man should be married—without a wife he is a pitiable object.

TONY

I still do not quite understand. I should think you would want complete freedom.

GALE

Freedom, what crimes are committed in thy name! We go through life ranting about freedom, writing poems about it, making speeches over it, writing plays and novels about it, and pretending it is the only thing that makes life worth living. And we don't mean a word of it. Freedom—what is it? A phrase!

TONY

Gregory, do not excite yourself.

GALE

When you get right down to the individual, does any man want to be free? He only wants to be free to talk about it. Short of keeping out of jail, he has no use for freedom. Look at his clothes, look at his houses—but most of all, look at his attitude toward woman. From the moment the fuzz begins to appear on a boy's upper lip, he looks forward to the time when he will no longer be free. It is only woman who has learned the value and the means of freedom. It is only woman who has the privilege of selection, discarding first this man and then that, until she meets one she wants and then—

TONY

Gregory! How often have I told you Shaw is not good for you?

GALE

Meanwhile the man goes through life singing "Strike! A captive make of me," from the time the girl next door asks him to give her half his candy in return for a smile a little less affectionate than she bestows upon her rag-doll. I tell you, a man hasn't the capacity for freedom. I beg of you, Tony, do not turn me loose, helpless and unprotected, upon the world.

TONY

You can marry, and get another protector.

GALE

But she might demand too much in return. Never could I find anywhere an owner so gentle, considerate, lovely, kind—

TONY

Now, Gregory, please. I am not an angel and you know it. You mustn't—

GALE

No, Tony—I will not be silenced, in my fight for slavery. To be possessed by a woman so lovely and gracious as you is too great a thing to be given up without a struggle. Freedom! Bah! A dog, a rabbit, a prowling cat is free. I don't want to be free. I want to wake in the night watches—

TONY

Gregory—you know you never wake in the middle of the night.

GALE

Figuratively—I want to wake in the night watches and know that your subconscious self, the you that owns me, is standing guard over my couch, saying, "This man is mine—my slave. Unworthy though he be to be possessed by such as me, still he is my own, and in that fact loses some of his unworthiness." I want—

TONY

Oh, Gregory!

GALE

I want you for my guardian angel, to protect me from your inferiors. Do

not abandon me, dear Tony. Do what else you will, make any demand you choose, put me to any test, but do not divorce me, much as I—

(The flood of his oratory is interrupted by a noisy clock striking four. A blank look comes into Gale's face, and he hauls out his watch, mumbling absently)

—much as I—er—as I was saying *(subito)*—Good Lord, is it four o'clock? *(He toys with his chain, reflectively, and a look of dismay comes over his face.)*

TONY

Of course, I don't really care so much about a divorce, for myself. It seemed the thing to do.

GALE

(Absently.) Certainly. Four o'clock! What the dickens can I do?

TONY

What's the matter? Have you an engagement?

GALE

Yes. You kept me waiting so long that I didn't realize how late it was getting. If you had been on time I could have been away an hour ago.

TONY

I'm sorry. Is it important?

GALE

Why—er—yes, rather.

TONY

Where? I will drive you down. My car is outside.

GALE

Um—well, perhaps I had better 'phone.

TONY

(Accusingly.) Gregory! Is it one of your "minor diversions?"

GALE

(Shiftily.) Why, Tony—what a question!

TONY

(*Mocking his inflections.*) Why, Giggey, what an answer!

GALE

(*Pleadingly.*) Tony—you said you'd drop the "Giggey."

TONY

(*Maliciously.*) Giggey, Giggey, Giggey! You little reprobate! While you have been calling me every pretty name you could think of, trying to get me to "protect" you as you call it, some minx has been waiting for you to run to her as soon as you had bamboozled me.

GALE

(*Under his breath.*) Yes, and the devil of it is, she won't wait long.

TONY

I was almost beginning to think you meant some of the things you were saying, in spite of your past deceptions. So all those high-sounding phrases were just bait for my promise, nothing but flights of words.

GALE

Tony, please don't blame me for my manner of speech. "I lisp'd in numbers for the numbers came." I meant everything I said as sincerely as if I had used atrocious English.

TONY

I don't object to your oratory, but I do object to the fact that all the time you were talking you were not thinking of me, but of that other woman.

GALE

I wasn't. If I had been I wouldn't have missed the engagement.

TONY

Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you? Whether or no you had succeeded in persuading me not to divorce you, you would have rushed off in plenty of time not to keep the dear one waiting. Giggey, you have cooked your Michaelmas bird.

GALE

Don't say that, Tony. We will have to talk this over again. But meantime I must telephone—I haven't a minute to spare.

TONY

And I must say good-bye. It is good-bye this time, Giggey. You won't catch me again.

GALE

No, no, no. (*Tony begins drawing on her gloves. He takes her by the hands and she shakes him off.*) Please, not goodbye. Give me a few minutes to telephone. I'll be right back. (*She continues her preparations to depart. Gale goes to the door and calls.*) Mrs. Arbuthnot—excuse me for shouting about the house, but if you hear me will you please come.

(*Mrs. Arbuthnot enters with a promptness that suggests she has been not far away.*)

Mrs. Arbuthnot, will you please induce Tony to wait a few minutes until I return. I want to use your telephone. (*To Tony.*) Tell Mrs. Arbuthnot what I have been suggesting and see what she thinks.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

She doesn't need to tell me. I have been listening. Do you think I could resist such an opportunity for eaves-dropping, made to order, in my own house?

TONY

(*With a hearty laugh.*) Well, I never encountered so much honesty in one day in all my life!

GALE

(*Soto voce, at the door.*) Two women with a topic like this! No danger of Tony leaving for a good while. (*Exit.*)

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Well, what are you going to do with him?

TONY

What can you do with a man like that? He's too big to spank.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

But, of course, he ought to be punished.

TONY

Yes, but I simply can't divorce him.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

(*Sentimentally.*) Ah, then you love him still. It is too bad.

TONY

(*Sternly.*) Nonsense! It is a simpler reason than that. It's true, just as he says, that if I do divorce him, it will be no time until he is married again. You know the way silly women rave over actors. That would be insufferable.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

How?

TONY

Don't you see—everybody would point me out as "the first Mrs. Gregory Gale" and it would be the general belief that he had tired of me and turned to some doll-faced thing that captured his idiotic fancy. Why, I *dare* not divorce him.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

That's so. People soon forget who was granted the decree.

TONY

But what am I to do? If he thinks I have given in to him, he will make my life miserable.

GALE

(*Running in, excitedly.*) Tony, I've changed my mind. It's all right. Divorce me.

TONY

(*Astonished but promptly taking advantage of the situation.*) Never. I will not divorce you, never, never—do you understand? Goodbye. (*She starts toward the door, but he bars the way.*)

GALE

What sort of a whim is this?

TONY

Don't think you have convinced me,

but you *have* suggested a reason you never would think of yourself.

GALE

What is it?

TONY

I shan't tell you.

GALE

So you are determined to destroy all my hopes of happiness?

TONY

How?

GALE

(*Still excited.*) The young lady I was to meet to-day says she doesn't want to be involved in any divorce scandal, and refuses to see me until you start an action.

TONY

Giggey, I am more exasperated with you every minute. (*She brushes past him, turning at the door and remarking viciously.*) Goodbye!

GALE

(*Collapsing into the nearest chair.*) Good heavens! What am I to do?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Why, you silly man—don't you see this is the first rescue? You have been saved from being "snapped up" already.

GALE

(*Calming down.*) By George, that's so. I never can look ahead when there's a pretty girl in the case. And this one was a beauty.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

(*Busy at a cellarette.*) So? Do you think a highball might help?

GALE

(*Watching her with new interest.*) Thanks. (*Diplomatically.*) Oh, well, she was nothing wonderful—er—that is—

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

(*Making a delicious noise with a siphon.*) I wouldn't worry. Perhaps (*and she looks at him edgewise*) you

might find, somewhere, a passably good-looking woman, not so particular about—say dining occasionally *à deux*—with a married man.

GALE
(Taking the glass, but looking fixedly at his hostess, deliberately.) Why—I wouldn't be surprised if you are right.

(SLOW CURTAIN.)



THE BLIGHT

By G. Vere Tyler

SUDDENLY the city grew hushed. An occasional bell tolled dismally. The streets were deserted save for a sparse straggling army with starved eyes and set faces who hurried by as if to their execution. A few reluctant children were among them, dragged by the hand.

The restaurants were silent and empty and waiters looked from the windows in dismay. Men frantically sought their clubs for protection, and many women took refuge in the churches. Letter carriers were arrested in their task of delivering mail, and no letters came to any one.

The roads outside of the city were filled with flying automobiles bearing the fortunate ones from the horror that had overtaken their city habitations. . . . All the combined wealth of the world could not have relieved the situation for twenty-four hours. . . .

It was Sunday in New York. . . .



SOME love affairs begin with a handclasp and end with a kiss. The greater ones begin with a kiss and end with a handclasp.

The truly great ones don't end at all.



THE motto of the newspaper sob sister, "*Cherchez la femme*, and then blame it on the man."



LOVE is a fire, of which kisses are the smoke. They are harmless unless inhaled.



THERE are nine ways of making a woman love you. Eight of them are lies.

at the present time the ninth is a "white lie" — the biggest and meanest of all.

POE NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS

By Patrick Kearney

FOR a long time after I had killed him I was puzzled as to the disposal of the body.

I lived in a New York apartment. Closet room was scarce, the floors were hard wood and could not be taken up, and a clause in my lease prevented my dropping him out the window.

I thought of the fire-escape, but a metallic sign warned me that it must not be cluttered up. Then I remembered the elevator man. I had tipped him that morning, and he might help me.

Helas! He had resigned and had gone on the stage.

And then the solution came to me. Ah, it was clever! I strolled over to the dumb waiter and opened the door.

There on the shelves was gathered the debris of many yesteryears. I knew that nothing was ever removed from those shelves. An odor of must came from the rubbish collected there in a heap. In one corner stood an empty bottle bearing the date 1845. A quaint, worm-eaten old volume published in 1870 met my eyes. And there were many newspapers worn-out collars, shoes and other relics of long-departed tenants scattered about. I even recognized some things of my own which I had once fondly hoped would be removed and destroyed forever.

And so I put his body on the dumb-waiter, knowing that I would be safe.

That was ten years ago. Nothing has been discovered, and I am now looking for another victim.



A SONG AT PARTING

By Muna Lee

IT will not be hard to forget:
I shall hew down my locust-tree,
And dig up my bed of mignonette,
And burn the songs that he wrote to me.

I shall shut my ears to the whippoorwill,
And never look at the violet,
Nor climb for berries to Harrimount Hill.
It will not be hard to forget.



THREE IN ONE

By Paul Hervey Fox

TO attain one's ideal is not good for the soul. And Rickey Harden, at the ripe old age of thirty-three, had attained his.

Truth to tell, Rickey's ideal was not on a footing with the clouds. He had aimed at a target within comfortable range. Rickey desired taste. Taste! Taste in clothes and books and people and walking-sticks and women and paintings and operas and cocktails.

By thirty, therefore, Rickey had his world in hand. His tailor adored him; his digestion never took nicks out of his temper; his chambers were in the correct part of town; and he had discovered a silent barber, a sober chauffeur, and a sincere cigar. (Cigars, like silly women, put all their value upon their backs. Rickey's brand was the exception that lived up to its wrapper.)

Don't, I beg of you, conceive of Rickey from the foregoing as a Rising Young Novelist or a Popular Painter or a Dissolute Man-About-Town or any other such type, nor believe that he was chained to a cell in a skyscraper with a stenographer on guard and a telephone ready to go off at him at any moment. Briefly, bluntly, he was the busiest man in the metropolis. And perhaps this was because he was the idlest.

He was so idle that he had never a moment to spare. And he was happy enough to be a sore sight for respectable eyes until, as I have intimated, he woke up one day to find himself perfection. He could go no farther. He had hitched his wagon to the weathercock on the barn, and discovered, too late, that he was only driving 'round an orbit. And in the full romantic despair

of that discovery, he decided, quite calmly, that it was high time to commit suicide by marriage.

Any maiden lady will tell you that the best way to avoid that disturbance of the liver which we call love is deliberately to seek a wife. And Rickey, of course, stipulated for a full-blown sentimental adventure with moonlight nights, the sea flinging itself upon bleak rocks, a band playing faintly in the distance, and suchlike sweets packed into the honeycomb. Vain the quest! Haggard débutantes wooed him with an energy worthy of a better application. Vain the quest! And then one evening chance and a motor-car rolled him smoothly into the arms of maudlin Romance, maudlin and therefore authentic.

Returning to town that late spring night from a trip north by the Hudson, Rickey swung around a bend of the lonely highway in his lithe roadster, and blinked his eyes at what he saw.

A big closed car, with one dull red eye staring solemnly from the rear, loomed like a portly phantom among the shadows at the curb. Three figures were first manifest—women, if he could trust his sight to pierce that dimness—standing in a stiff, silent huddle a little to one side. Confronting these, and partly hidden by the bulk of the machine, was the inevitable thug.

Rickey moved his thumb and snapped back a brake. There followed a performance of considerable humour. Grunting breaths, the scream of a scared girl, a foot of lead pipe thudding aimlessly to the turf, and a black oath or so, furnished an appropriate orchestration for the playlet.

It wasn't very carefully rehearsed else it had been far more graceful. Rickey had two hands on the man's throat and the fellow, in an endeavor to shake himself free, emulated a top in its final gyrations. He spun about in a staggering whirl, making it Rickey's performance to resist centrifugal motion. Then a freed arm lunged out its short reach, and Rickey doubled and went down, dragging the thief with him.

In the descent he had a flashing impression of the faces of his audience—a thing photographed so intimately and so quickly as to breed a respect for the brain. In that fraction of a pause he perceived them to be mere girls: the tallest leaning forward with the sparkle of high, ironic excitement in her eyes; the second, crouching back against the car, hands to her face, her body bent with horror; and the third and youngest, hovering about the thug, making futile clutches at his legs, and urging on the attack by a series of comic little pinches.

These things Rickey saw, as five stubby, roughened fingers twined themselves about his neck. He saw, too, his assailant's features in a patch of light—a glimpse which revealed the fact that the latter was considerably more frightened than any other participator in the affair.

A vague knowledge of the principles of wrestling and trick holds had been part of Rickey's higher education; but, ludicrously enough, in this one necessary crisis, his mind refused to collect and coördinate them. His wits were busied with the silly concern of remembering to order a double lining for his next coat. Yet perhaps this was not without some certain motivation: he had fallen upon the short length of lead pipe and was now finding it an execrable substitute for a mattress. Clearly, Rickey was in perfect mood at that precise moment for a delicate appreciation of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Matters having progressed thus far, we must not allow them to come to a standstill, though a hero choked to

death at the outset of a story would be a novelty and perhaps a not uncomfortable one. As the affair stands, however, I owe an apology to Rickey for analyzing his sensations while he lies prone and grimy fingers tighten about his throat.

Briefly, in the next instant what happened was this: Rickey loosened a hand, flung it out in a vague, gesturing manner and gripped the thief around the armpit. A ridiculous scream greeted the effort. Rickey, you will say, had fallen by a happy chance upon some secret and painful hold. Perhaps. Energetically he repeated the maneuver. With a kind of gurgling cry the thief wriggled himself from his position and showed his heels. Rickey pursued with but half his heart in the business, then turned and came shakily back to the three girls.

"Wasn't I splendid?" he asked lightly, and inquired for the particulars of their predicament.

Their car, he was told, was a sufferer from general debility (or words to the same purpose), and they had sent their chauffeur to the nearest village in search of that sort of physician who goes accoutred with a golf-cap and a monkey-wrench. He was anticipated by the arrival of the thug. And as for the rest, Rickey was in obvious possession of the facts.

Just how had he driven the man off, and by what brilliant stratagem, was their concern. For the present Rickey plainly showed he desired to be silent on that score. Another thug might be forthcoming, several thugs, an army of them, well-trained, invincible. In this key was pitched his rejoinder. How easy to pin a note to the seat, explaining things to their chauffeur—to be absent for who knew how much longer?—and accept a lift very much at their service. And after a little urbane hesitation the offer was gratefully closed.

Homeward turning with that fair cargo, he had occasion to learn more. They were daughters of one mother, a Mrs. Robertson, he discovered, their father dead, and themselves living in

town not so far removed from Rickey's own quarters.

That girl whom he had first classified as tall and cool and ironic in his intuitive moment in the scuffle was called Judith. Her hair revealed itself as auburn; her eyes he set down as "interesting," and bespeaking complexities, contradictions.

The second sister, Alice, was a compound of crimson and cream and gold. And the crimson came not from a pot, nor was the cream of the order called "cold." Had the words "Theodore Roosevelt in this Issue" been inscribed upon her silk girdle, you'd have sworn you were dreaming of magazine covers. Femininity was the motif there, great daintiness and idealism, the desire to be cherished and to be protected, and such things as we associate with the term.

As for the third and youngest, Joan was her frank and rather revealing name. Here lay the strength of the trio. Simple good looks were accompanied by a steady and not unattractive way of staring as if in quest of the honest facts. There was common sense in those eyes and character in that clean chin, or Rickey confessed himself a poor analyst. Here was courage and candid thinking and no confounded sentimentality to upset the ship.

Then, when he had digested these classifications singly, he was aware of how incongruously they matched. The feline, the feminine, and the feminist, bound by blood ties! Really it was astonishing. Three such daughters could have only a remarkable mother.

When he deposited them at their doorway it was too late to do more than whip off his light felt hat and utter the conventional wish; but the wish was promptly translated into the concrete term of a call the following afternoon.

As he drove into the glutted, public garage, Rickey nearly took off a wheel. The truth was that his reflections were mightily engrossing. So often had he been subject to the Divine Sickness that he diagnosed his symptoms on the present occasion quite accurately. He

was in love—with all three! Never before had he had a burning passion for more than two women at the same time. . . .

In due course came dawn and daylight waxed. As it paused, preparatory to a gentle waning, Rickey Harden, immaculate, curious as to whether he had misinterpreted an evening's mood as the flushed glamour of romance, presented himself at a certain address.

Ushered into a living-room that wore the character of great good taste, he was presently interrupted in his observations by the entrance of a lady. At first glance he set her down as comely and competent. Then he noted her eyes and confessed himself unjustly hasty. There was a pleasant twinkle in them that predicted a very happy mirth, and, what was more, an air of something he could not quite define. In people or plots nothing is quite so enchanting as a mystery—and nothing quite so disillusioning as its solution.

"Mr. Harden? . . . My girls will be down presently. I understand I owe you my thanks. Candidly"—her clear tones descended to a confiding whisper—"I hid a bill behind one of the pictures and picked out an embroidered handkerchief into which to cry my gratitude. I heard such confused accounts of you that I really didn't know which you'd prefer."

"And now that you've seen me," said Rickey, "may I ask your decision?"

"That you want both."

"Which means I'm to have neither."

Mrs. Robertson tilted her head and laughed delightfully.

"Young man," she declared, "I think you and I would get on very well together."

"Not if you call me 'young man,'" Rickey affirmed.

She did indeed appear astonishingly youthful. And because he liked her, Rickey mentally married her at seventeen, and subtracted two years from his estimate of her eldest daughter's age.

"What am I to call you then?" she queried.

"Why not 'Old Man'?" retorted Rickey.

Banter of this idle order followed, Rickey stretching his limbs in a lounge chair, Mrs. Robertson facing him beside the table with one hand propping up her chin. If anything was indicative of their prompt-found intimacy, it was attitudes.

A report of his exploit was demanded, and Rickey reviewed the encounter of the previous evening in a brace of sentences. His modesty was of that order which burlesques its own heroism.

Mrs. Robertson asked: "But what of that extraordinary trick hold of yours I heard so much about? That mysterious piece of jui-jitsu—was it?—which sent the man running?"

Rickey grinned. "I hate to shatter an illusion, and especially one which concerns myself. . . . I—I tickled him."

Her amusement was climactically ensued by the arrival of her daughters.

Judith came foremost with an unfathomable smile and, "I don't know how to thank you," for introduction. Spoken slowly was this and in a voice which invested the banal with secret significance. Alice next with a blush and a prettily confused air: "I thank you—you were awfully brave, Mr. Harden!" Then Joan, the sturdy: "You were fine, you know, so mustn't try to deny it. My, I'd like to know how you made him yell like that!"

Before this fore-aimed battery of gratitude Rickey felt a little ridiculous and yet a little charmed. Flattery is like alcohol: repulsive at the outset, it soon grows to be a necessity in which the size of the doses must be accelerated to procure the same effect.

He smiled off the compliments and chatted on with studying eyes. Later he held a cup of tea in one hand and a pink cake in the other, without in the least resembling a bachelor holding a baby. And having accomplished this feat, he rose to go.

"I've a boat," he said, "that's going to make its initial sail of this season

next Saturday. It's hardly a yacht, but it will hold us without converting us into the likeness of a club sandwich. I want you all to come."

Striding homewards through the brisk air, Rickey admitted that his suspicions were correct. He was surer than ever of the shallowness of his philosophy, and an odd humility was upon him, bearing with it a kind of repose. Only religion or love could be responsible for such a state of feeling, and Rickey hardly needed to hesitate to name which of the twain was seething in the cauldron.

Saturday came and with it the yachting party. Like Rickey himself, it would have been more successful if it hadn't been so perfect. Everything was painfully as it should have been: the day a beautiful one, with the sun embossed upon the sky like a gold nugget on a shield of veined turquoise; the wide, tranquil river rolling down between granite precipices and fresh meadows of green; the huge, placid steamers with their packed excursion crowds, so jolly and so vulgar; here and there a bright canoe skimming a course over the water to an accompaniment of dripping paddles; the fat little motor-launches bouncing along with irascible snorts; and the sailboats, wrapped in their dainty airs, sliding by at a rakish angle.

Nor did anything lack as to the personal side of the outing. The engines ran smoothly and the pilot, the engineer, the captain, and the deckhand—all four being a really nice fellow—puttered about in the bowels of the little ship and didn't once intrude his unshaven jowls to ask some unnecessary question. Luncheon, too, was delightful; prodigious appetites were satisfied so well as to engender immobility and that comfortable sensation which so nearly approaches numbness.

Rickey sprawled upon the combing with his back to the mast-head and smoked a cigar in the mellow warmth and light. He was fanned by a soft rush of air other than that inspired by his progress through space. Front-

ing him and sunken in the cushions of the wicker deck-chairs were Mrs. Robertson and the three sisters. Silence had sway. This was a mood and a moment too subtle (or too stupid) to be distilled into language.

It was, I promise you, a very pretty picture. In his soft shirt and white trousers and tennis-shoes, Rickey was almost as good-looking as his photograph. Mrs. Robertson surveyed the shore with an agreeable languor; Judith brooded; Alice dreamed; and Joan thought.

Yet there lay a certain piece of dissatisfaction in the back of Rickey's mind. He had entered upon the expedition as an explorer, not of the country side or of that proud watercourse, but of the animate Nature represented on board—his passengers. And he could discern no differences save in kind; in degree each matched shoulders. What the one lacked the other had in abundance; like so many supplementary angles.

With Alice he had admired the prospect and was soothed by his own gentleness—a gentleness similar to that called up in a man by a child. With Judith he had admired herself and found a stimulant of a sort in the private glance, the secret comprehension. With Joan he had admired Providence in permitting him to loiter thus while others milled at looms; and managed to extract a certain self-esteem from his pity for the unfortunate.

He was baffled by this continuity of conduct. He had hoped to put a name to a defect in this one, an omission in that, and so select the candidate for whom he should be sufficiently unworthy by a process of elimination. Each revealed herself as flawless after the manner of her kind, and with each he suffered the dreadful obsession of wishing to answer a remark on the weather with an offer of half his income and half his affection. To Rickey marriage was a matter of halves.

Be that as it may, the lesson of that outing was clear: he must be patient to look if he would learn. So for a span

of months following, Rickey played the platonic Mormon.

He found an eccentric pleasure in 'phoning one for a luncheon and another for a theater-party. In what division they apportioned his attentions he could not exactly fathom; but he hazarded the guess that they were in some confusion. That they liked him, considered him an excellent investment for matrimonial bonds was plain enough. Each paraded two or three forlorn sophomore sentimentalists with an obvious hope of leading Rickey by a nose-ring of jealousy. That perfected worldling, however, had been branded before, and the maneuver merely provoked a smile. Further, their own conduct was evidence in abundance of their inclinations.

Joan quietly essayed to educate him up to her own sweet seriousness. Why should such a thing be thus and that condition remain so? Rickey pondered, with gravely shaking head, and then made a mockery of the question with a smile.

She was angry. "You think nothing good results from attempting to make things better, I suppose," was the way she voiced her intoleration of his attitude.

"You're quite wrong," Rickey told her. "A great deal of good results. It makes people like you happy by giving you an interest in life, and rendering you conscious of your own virtue." And then having scored the point, he had the grace to lie by abjuring his truth.

On the other hand, Judith entertained him vastly by her frank carelessness as to opinions so long as the outcome was satisfactory. She attained her ends much the same as he did himself, save that she sought them with an unfaltering vigor which took into consideration only final results. The actress, he saw, was instinctive in her. The merest chance mood was touched to life by the trick of simulation. To that young lady, indeed, the eye of the sun was as the lens of a huge motion-picture camera, faithfully record-

ing a day's attitudinizing on the film of time. Studying her with clever eyes, Rickey was led to wonder how much we are formed by our faces, mannerisms, habiliments. The chameleon is alert in every man and woman: expect of them the virtuous or the vicious and it shall faithfully be given. How many men, by an appearance of innate wildness, may not have been driven to the reckless simply by the world's expectation of such a course? Who can say?

But whether or no Judith merely gratified public opinion by an unconscious, pretended agreement with it, there is no doubt that she displayed a definite talent for the unscrupulous. Rickey felt latent forces of defense and aggression carried to the surface when he was with her. There was an eternal struggle, a tension of conflicting wills, a need to question every action, each word. What private purpose does this serve? was the cipher with which he fumbled forever to read a cryptogram of engrossing flesh and blood.

Once in the earlier period of their acquaintance, he had suggested the opera as a means of passing an evening.

"Thank you," she had responded, "but I don't think you ought to spend your money so extravagantly; I'd be glad just to stay here and chat quietly. You know you ought to save something. The day may come when you will need everything you have."

Rickey's eyes, drawn in at the corners, indicated his own puzzlement. Surely this was reproof propagated by affection or at least by a sympathetic interest. Had he then misjudged her?

"But I already have the seats," he declared, and played the detective to her answer.

"Then just to remind you that you must not spend money so carelessly next time, I shan't go with you tonight."

Rickey stared. A moment later inadvertent circumstances and an unwarned sister revealed the fact that Judith had what amounted to a detestation for all opera. A small thing, this, you say; but I offer it as an index to

such episodes as I have no space to recount and you no patience to hear.

Alice still waits final dissection: to her turn now. As in Joan, Rickey discovered in her a zest for reformation, but it was of that prettier sort that deals only with dear individuals.

In a restaurant in that quarter of town dominated by the shallow children of New York's Bohemia, Rickey flipantly assured her of his hopeless badness.

"I was born with a non-refillable bottle in my mouth," he declared, "and I cut my teeth upon poker-chips." But he switched promptly to a graver track and gathered a kind of enjoyment from the catalogue of his shortcomings. Evil, he was well aware, lies not in periodic sinning as much as in an invariable laxness towards all things at all times. He was introspective enough to know himself for a scapegrace with a habit of respectability; but he was also cognizant of the fact that reformation consists mainly in patterning other people after our own vices. So Alice's endeavor to teach the wolf to bleat "better" like any lamb was hardly destined to prove successful.

Her failure to turn his eyes to higher things did not, however, threaten their intimacy. Rickey's handling of her was a smooth conjunction of awe and impudence—a thing not to be resisted. He liked the sensation of the masculine protector which she so unconsciously called forth. Through the prism of her personality he beheld every waiter as a bandit, every usher as the villain of Victorian romance. Whereas, in the case of Judith a waiter assumed the proportions of a rival male; and with Joan was invested with horrible significance as an eugenic mistake or a falsely envired atom.

Here, then, you have the three of them: small wonder that Rickey hesitated as to a choice. To marry one was obviously a renunciation of the other two; and this, Rickey, an arrogant egoist, could not brook. Judith made him aware of his looks, his graces: it was upon these surfaces her liking was

founded. Alice, in turn, inspired him with an approval of his muscles; Joan with a respect for his intelligence. Life with the last would be a broadening thing; and perhaps, after all, the formula for happiness was merely the giving of serious consideration to futile things. With Alice the social cycle was to be expected, an amiable aimlessness. With Judith he would never be bored—for he would never be trusted. At the end of the direct highway of his past, Rickey stood before three cross-roads as uncertainly as the subjective philosopher. If, perhaps, he had been in love as we conceive it in poetry books, there would have been less cause for hesitation. Love builds up an ideal which it is marriage's part to shatter, or rather put it this way: marriage is the price of love. But Rickey, in love as much as he might be, was never one to play blind man's buff with an emotion for sash; he was embarking upon marriage not to destroy illusions but to collect 'em.

To treat of his complexities at further length is to cause suspense to die of old age. Let me, therefore, carry matters forward to a certain mild evening of late June, when Rickey set forth from his lodgings in a spirit of happy carelessness.

He had flatly given up the business of making a decision. To fix satisfactorily upon a choice by night and then to renounce that choice with the coming of dawn is enough to dishearten most men in a quandary. Circumstances, said Rickey, should clear the damned tangle for him while he waited politely aloof. And by circumstances he was referring to his own whimsies.

A florist's shop, abutting upon the street which held his course, took his attention; and in particular some delightful orchids exhibited behind the glass. Their exotic air sent his purpose flashing to a conclusion. Fate, malevolent or, it might be, affable, had selected; and the designation had fallen upon Judith. Yet the shop, immediately entered, had, you might say, still other connotations in blossoms. Vio-

lets, at once so blithe and so prim, held a different suggestion, as did a sheaf of roses with their frank and valourous beauty. The upshot of it was that he emerged with three parcels and his invariable state of indecision. If the orchids betokened Judith, did not the violet conjure up Alice, and the rose Joan?

He pressed their doorbell a moment later, smiling at the thought that the cast of characters for the evening's performance was unknown to the chief player. A maid informed him that the sisters were at that moment out, but Mrs. Robertson would presently appear, did he care to wait. He did, was the answer.

Having deposited his flowers with hat and stick upon the coat-table in the hall, he was duly ushered into the reception room. Here it was that Mrs. Robertson, some minutes later, paused in her entrance and surveyed him with gently smiling eyes.

He had put himself into a chair in that shadow-thick little room, and with a knuckle to his lips was pondering the situation rather vaguely. With but two gone out, his problem had been nicely solved, but the absence of all three disconcerted his mood, ripe for any impulsive folly.

He rose with the conventional commonplace. The girls were dining with an uncle, was her information; mightn't she have the privilege of entertaining him in their stead? Rickey observed that the privilege was his; and so forth. He liked Mrs. Robertson, enjoyed her mightily; and, indeed, there was an affectionate friendliness on the part of each. Rickey hadn't managed to classify her as he had her daughters; perhaps maturity had taught her the wisdom of concealment; perhaps she was by nature less obvious—the eternal feminine, elusive as any elf.

"Tell me," she said presently, "what is your particular anguish to-night? You don't look very happy."

"I'm afraid I've a likeness to your gown." He nodded his head in the direction of its soft, sapphire folds.

"An original way of saying it's charming."

"I was referring to the colour."

"Was it necessary to tell me so? . . . But what, Mister, is the trouble? Confess as you would to your grandmother. At my knee if you wish."

She glanced at him swiftly, abruptly; and Rickey was startled. The mannerism, the inflection, the air of delicate indelicacy, was Judith to the life! In the face of that discovery Rickey had no words to answer. This was revelation of a large order. Hitherto he had considered Mrs. Robertson as a piece of witty charm; now she confronted him as a personality.

He was stirred from what, for want of a better word, must be called his thoughts, to hear her resonant voice gliding on:

"Truthfully, I'm awfully sorry if anything is going badly with you, and I'm sure something is. Perhaps I can help you. Trust me. I like you—very much. And it hurts me to see you even a little wretched."

Abashed before this sentimental passage, it did not dawn upon Rickey for some moments that Alice spoke there. The tenderness, the halting offer of sympathy, the humility for her own weakness were transmuted to those maturer tones. Rickey was agape. The girls must be only fair fragments of an incomparable mother. He was bewildered that he had not awakened to that realization before.

He gazed, a frown of wonder on his face, and then recalled his position.

"There is nothing the matter. I'm afraid I've been depressing you with an assumed dolefulness. But tell me"—his voice took on the tinge of earnestness—"aren't you interested in the present economic crisis, and don't you want to make things better in the world?"

"What a speech, Mr. Alderman! . . . But indeed I do. How did you guess? I've never talked to you about such matters for fear of boring you to death. Besides I knew it would do no

good. It's impossible to reform anyone who retains his sense of humour."

"But tell me for once," said Rickey, "what you really believe concerning the world and its madness." And for a space he listened to a jumble of facts and statistics, made palatable by a sauce of lightness. They revealed one thing quite sharply: an appealingly radical viewpoint.

Rickey could wait no more. He was no longer in the grip of hesitations. He had come to an inviolable decision. It was as if a film had been stripped from his eyes, and he perceived that the goddess he had pursued so haphazard stood within arm's length. The hallway saw him an instant and he was back again.

"See," he said, "I've brought you some flowers and a proposal."

"What a curious bouquet! . . . And a proposal, you say? Who has seen me from afar and loved me madly?"

"For the first part I can't answer," declared Rickey, "but the second is an accurate statement of my own case."

"You!" She looked at him in perplexity, wondering, perhaps, whether his humor was degenerating to the proportions of a cheap joke. Then flashed the understanding of the truth beneath the surface flippancy, and she threw back her head and laughed uncontrollably.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said after a time, "that I can't keep my dignity and tell you that I'll be a mother to you. But this is rather ludicrous, isn't it? And so you plied me with all those questions in order to make discoveries?"

"I shan't say I haven't made discoveries about you this evening," said Rickey soberly, "but I promise you they were inadvertent."

"I'm glad that you found me fit and worthy! But really, my dear Rickey Harden, the thing's preposterous. Think of my age!"

"Don't ask me to," he begged, and once more got himself in hand. "I should never guess it."

"Frankly I feel ninety when I look at your rosy youth."

"Perhaps. People are as old as they

look, however, not as old as they feel. And you don't look a third of your estimate."

"If you continue to flatter me this way, I may be foolish enough to take you seriously; and then you'll be sorry!"

"Then I shall continue. And please take me seriously in this one instance. After we marry I shall hardly expect you to—reflect! We have an admiration for each other. On what better basis can love be founded? And it would take us a long time to find each other out."

Mrs. Robertson laughed again. "But I should have to lead you to the altar in a perambulator."

"I don't care if you carry me to it in a baby-swing!" cried Rickey and he stooped over her. "Consider!" he add-

ed, playing his trump-card, "consider what a joke it would be on the girls!"

Mrs. Robertson glanced at him quickly out of the tail of her eye and surrendered with a flag of amusement. Rickey put his arm about her, and kissed her, encountering no resistance.

But presently she spoke. "Tell me," she said, "what was it about me that first attracted you. I hadn't the slightest idea—"

And something in the way she said that—some odd blending of subtlety and sentiment and an independent intelligence—made for Rickey a picture of commingled personalities.

He looked at her gravely. "It's hard to explain to you, dear, but I don't know how I can in any other way; you see, you're—you're three in one!"



THE POET TO HIS MISTRESS ON HER BIRTHDAY

By Seumas Le Chat

PROUD lovers bring thee gifts in bale and sack,
The gems of love and truth, rich merchandize:

But I, the beggar, have nought in my pack
To give thee, save these opalescent lies.



THE man who takes his cocktails after his meals is the same fellow who calls a maiden "miss" after he has kissed her.



A MAN, it is said, profits by his mistakes. Perhaps he does. But other men usually profit a good deal more.



NEVER try to convince a woman that she is wrong. Most women think that it is right to be wrong.

THE BLEEDING HEART

By Owen Hatteras

"BY all means," she faltered, "you must go. He may come at any moment."

Burton's lips twitched. His face was painful to see. He fumbled nervously with a button of his coat. And as he gazed into the frightened blue eyes of the little woman at his side, he felt a vague, dumb sensation as if his heart were broken.

"The telegram was plainly delayed in transmission," he said. "You are right. I must go. So this is the end."

In silence they watched the sheets of grey rain that surged past the window in the street outside. Burton wondered at the little fountains of water that leaped up by the thousands where the raindrops struck the pavement. There was such an air of finality about all this. It dazed him.

"Dearest," he said. "I will leave town on the first train, and, God willing, I will never see you again. How I shall live from now on, I don't know. I don't know what I shall be able to do. The days will be so vacant, so empty, dear."

The blue-eyed woman began crying softly.

"With you out of my life, I will be purposeless and hopeless. The days will be empty—empty. Three hundred

and sixty-five in every year. And what can I do to pass them away? What *can* I do?"

"I—I don't know," sobbed the woman. "I don't know, George. But think of *me*!"

"My life is empty," he said. His throat choked as he tried to continue. It was all so final. "I don't know whatever I shall be able to do, sweetheart," he said. . . .

As the train whistled and slowly drew away from the station, Burton sank as comfortably as might be into a chair in the smoker. His heart was broken. He knew in very truth that it *ought* to be broken. Hang it, it *was* broken. He lit a cigar and puffed softly.

The sun was out, shining like summer, although it was but the first week in March. A stream of comforting heat rose from the recently drenched fields at the roadside. It was a magnificent day. Burton peered out the window, smoking quietly. The houses, the clumps of trees, the fields, swept past monotonously, crowding one upon the other. The fat man in the next seat was asleep and snoring. . . .

By-and-by Burton realized with a laugh that for an hour and a half he had, with keen pleasure, been counting the telegraph poles.



A BACHELOR is one who has derived good from his brother's punishment.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A BACHELOR

By Maurice Joy

HE read Plato and he drank port. I have never known a man who could put so much scorn into a phrase as he could when he spoke of light wines—sparkling wines above all. Beer he forgave, ale he respected, and for a good rich Burgundy or a full-bodied claret drawn straight from the sun's veins he had always a place of honor. But as for those others—wines with frills, he called them—they were the damnable imposition of a more monstrous regiment of women than John Knox had ever encountered. "Yes, my boy," he would say. "In the old days we would have scorned them, but now—with women sitting with us after dinner—what can we do?" For him there was but one author in modern times and one character he spoke of with affection—need I mention the names of George Meredith and that glowing doctor of his creation who lived in the fulgor of old port? My friend was an aristocrat of the aristocrats, not of a spectacular family, it is true, and for that reason untainted—and likely to remain untainted—by the pork of Chicago, the iron of Pittsburgh or the sallow smugness of Jewry. I still like to think of him as he used to appear before the vivid, if temporary, tragedy which befell him—in his staid clothes that betrayed respectability without repression, and taste without tidiness; his hat worn at a pugnacious but not a jaunty angle, his blue stock that matched well his seaman's eyes and his brown peaty clothes that smelled often of the bogs he had trudged over in his pursuit of snipe. He was like a blaze of sunshine framed in an ancestral room.

"God, sir, my God, sir," he would say. "What are you fellows doing nowadays? There's no life in your clothes. You all dress alike, as if you were parsons or counter-jumpers. And you drink—well, *what* do you drink?—whiskey that racks you and makes you grin, or cocktails, those infamous mixtures that only a hypocritical nation of nonconformists could have invented. What's wrong with the world—it drinks the wrong drinks, that's all."

II

So he used to be. And now, dear heaven, here he was, this paragon of potatory virtue, this full-blooded, full-throated, towering son of the past—dressed like a Piccadilly paper-head, a satyr grown saccharine, a glowing sunset perverted into a watery, chilly dawn with no more character to it than a puling baby. He who had once denounced women so, had now fallen before one, crawled, cringed, blithered, blubbered, thrown off his pugnacious hat, his peaty clothes, his stock that used to bring the baying of hounds to my ears yes, and, supreme perfidy, he had abandoned his port! And all that for—

But I trust I can speak of her without bitterness. He collared me—the word exactly describes the situation, for I had heard rumors even before the sacrilege was manifest to my eyes—at the corner of Piccadilly. I raised my hat—

"Don't," he said. "She doesn't like that. It isn't democratic."

"But age?" I queried, for I saw he was serious.

"She likes that less," he murmured,

and I could see the hideous tragedy of it all; the frank, the brave, the joyous ripeness that had sworn to go to its grave with a laughing epitaph on its lips—"Any port in a storm"—had been lured into the scandalous coils of hypocrisy, modernity and abstinence to stand there groping futilely at the vision of a bodyless youth, merely to make a woman's holiday. She had loved him—put it at the best—for his quaintness, and then, womanlike, set out to make him one with the chaffering crowd in the Exchange; to turn a God's man into a tailor's man.

"Will you dine with me to-night?" he said.

"Alone?" I asked in trepidation, preferring rudeness to torture.

"Yes," and he added rather abjectly—"she's out of town."

Why should he have been compelled to apologize like that? What a wench was destiny to force him into this! I took pity on him, saying to myself that I would surely see one bottle broached to the memory of Socratic nights, when, rising above the drowsy heads around him, he would toast the joy of Hellas, and every man would rediscover his feet, for a moment at least, to honor that perdurable fame.

"I'll come, of course," I said.

And I did. What an evening it was as I crossed Green Park to his rooms, an evening of lilting spring when the devil and all his doubts flew before one like tumbling leaves, an evening when Swinburne leaped to the lips and one thought of bellying sails and a rudder set for the heart of the sunset, a cruise among the Fortunate Islands, a dalliance in the garden of Epicurus, a clatter of sword and helmet on the plains of Moy-Mell, a procession of houris in Valhalla. And, by the gods, I should look on them all when the divine liquor cooled for years in the cellar of John Gascoigne de la Poer Fitzmaurice, should have begun to infill the secret places of my brain shriven of all worldly thoughts to prepare for its coming, candidate as a virgin in the bridal-chamber.

At the door the ancient butler welcomed me, that Ganymede in whiskers who aforetime was wont to fill our cups with a reverence featly balanced between us and that which he knew—he well knew—made gods of us, himself reflecting the fulgor of its glory. I might have foreseen disaster in that cimmerian brow, those desperate eyes, those lips that trembled at their—"Yes, sir, Mr. Fitzmaurice is in the study, sir," the little gasp that made me ask "What's wrong, Johnson?" and the nervous disclaimer "Nothing, sir, oh, nothing, sir, I assure you." But I did not. I thought that, perhaps, Johnson's wife had left him, that the Derby favorite had strained a fetlock, or some such vulgar tragedy had befallen. But I did not realize that Ganymede had become a gaseous dairyman.

Yet, by my faith, it was the very thing that had happened. Milk, milk and vichy—that was all! Let it pass now—I thought the evening never should.

My host came to the door with me. He said good night. I said good night. Heaven only knew why he had asked me at all. And I passed out into the air. I would rather have seen him drinking hemlock. Had he begged me then to sacrifice a cock for him to Asclepius, I would have wrung the neck of a clocking hen.

III

I TURNED into my club. It had a port that was fruity and fecund, but not—oh, not by a thousand visions—that vintage which sent one to sport among the Olympians, to steal his brides from bawdy Jupiter or fool Apollo with a pianola, make Athene jealous of a Gaby head-dress or promise to take a challenge from the crapulous Hercules to the Masked Marvel or Jess Willard. But yet—it was port.

But how to drink port alone? I told the steward to bring two glasses and I set one opposite me and filled it for the spirit of Fitzmaurice. I drank one, two, three glasses, and I swear that as I

drank I saw the life go out of his wine. His soul at least was still sound, I thought, and on the heels of that thought the door opened and Melville came in, Melville, the silent and subtle, our crony of other days, back from some nameless place in the African jungle where he had been chasing ivory smugglers for days and weeks. Old port and ivory—the blood of a man and the skin of a woman! I thought of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the twice fortunate eyes that had seen the red glory of a perfect vintage trickle down her perfect throat. Melville must sit with me and talk of ivory and drink of port.

And he came at once, too, and sat down. I got a third glass and filled it for him. His eyes fell on that other, but he knew without asking whose it was. And his silence was deeper than ever; he would not talk of port, but spoke a little of Fitzmaurice—

"Dined with him last night," he said.

"Milk and vichy?" I queried.

He nodded.

"Have you met her?"

"No."

"Know her name?"

"No, he didn't mention her."

"Nor to me either—I dined with him to-night."

"I imagined so."

We finished the bottle and our cigars. The clock struck eleven. It was absurd to go home, but we must do it, for the place had become a wakehouse, and hope for a more benignant day. We took our hats and coats mechanically, walked mechanically to the door, and drifted apart there like smoke-clouds listlessly in a summer wind. And for this I had come from the shores of the Pacific, and for this Melville had paused between scanty mouthfuls of villainous water in a desert, and dreamt dreams!

IV

MELVILLE and I met the next morning in the Row—the arrangement was the one act of definite volition which

troublesome Destiny, hovering over us like a shrew in a shroud, had permitted the night before. I must admit that we found ourselves less burdened with our melancholy, for port is no frizzled haridan who demands allegiance twenty-four hours of the day. It takes only the rosy hours for its hours, and likes the heart's allegiance when its every thought is a caress or an adventure. Your cool, grey mornings, with their estimable morality, when every breath of air that does not whip you like a father impetrates you like a mother to be up and doing—your mornings of that kind are no time for port. Nor yet can it be drunk with full relish in a house where no fire crackles in a grate, where you cannot doze before a log and wake with a sudden conviction that the winding of a stagehorn has stirred the echoes of the tenebrous night—only to find that your glass is empty. For the body of port is the grape, but its soul is the sun and the past.

With a laugh and a joke we cantered until our horses, poor scrapings from a jobmaster's, needed fresh wind—

"What do you suppose he's going to do with the cellar?" Melville said, returning to the subject which, after all, was uppermost in our minds.

"Lord knows," I replied. "Sell it and give the proceeds to a temperance society."

"Worse—the whole precious thing is to go to a hospital to bolster up invalids."

"Invalids!" I cried. "Fitzmaurice used to hate them as a kind of physical nonconformists."

"It's her idea. I tell you what, Farnwell, she'll have him in parliament or the Metropolitan tabernacle before he dies."

"Where," I begged. "Where did he find her?"

"How can you ask? There's but one repository of sanctity left in this country, one source of all the undying womanly virtues, one citadel of continence, one haven of hieratic self-abasement, one . . ."

"Good Heavens," I cried. "A chorus girl."

Melville nodded.

V

MELVILLE dined in my rooms that evening, and we had a tolerable wine, sound and fruity but none too mellow. We had tacitly agreed to speak no more of Fitzmaurice, and we were on the point of starting to the club to play a couple of hundred up when my man announced that Mr. Fitzmaurice's butler wanted to see me. I looked at Melville, and when he nodded I said that Johnson was to come in—

The man was fidgetty and ill at ease. His whiskers that had once looked as authoritative as the Abbey itself, that could only have been born out of the perfect British genius for institutions, had actually become abject, like a flag at half-mast on a rainy day, around his etiolated cheeks. Clearly he had been bemused by his master's antics. Clearly his veins had been starved of their long-accustomed draughts of sunshine and his soul despoiled of the only inspiration it ever knew. The same thought shot through Melville's mind and mine, a human thought—and class passed out of our consciousness like a dowager from a dance hall. I invited Johnson to sit, and filled his glass.

"It's about the port I've come, sir. You've heard what's going to 'appen to it." (I bemoaned the lapse of that solitary aitch but the question on hand was port and not pedantry).

"Yes, Johnson," we said in one breath.

"Well, sir, gentlemen, I'm leaving Mr. Fitzmaurice. It isn't the port alone, sir—thank you, sir, one more glass. And it isn't the lady alone, sir. But when it comes to the port *hand* the lady, sir, then I says to myself I must go.

We nodded, but Melville felt he should counsel that long faithful servant.

"It's a good place, Johnson. Bear with it for old time's sake."

"Well, sir, since you put it that way, it's the makin' of an 'ypocrite out of the master I can't stand. For 'is 'eart—" Johnson had finished his second glass and his aitches were becoming light of wing—"is 'eart, sir, isn't in it."

And then Johnson laid bare to us the damnable story as he knew it—and there was little he did not know—a story so commonplace, so utterly without gallant relief, that, hang it, I can't bring myself to set it down. There was not a trick she had not turned, wrapping the dressing-gown of a Chambers heroine around her juvenescent Gaiety attire and walking straight into the fantastic heart of Fitzmaurice.

But, as Johnson said, after the fourth glass—"The worst 'asn't 'appened yet, sir, an' may be we can prevent it 'appening at all, for I've a plan, sir." And while the exiled sun came back to his parlous cheeks, and his whiskers swung out again like a pennant at the fore, that aitchless servitor, fiduciary of an ancient treasury, unravelled his plan of salvation.

We listened, and that night three bottles were drunk.

VI

STRANGE, you will think, that we did not ask Johnson for the lady's name. I cannot say whether that neglect came from indifference, delicacy or sheer terror. There is more than a little of the primitive savage in all of us, when we are in touch with mystery, and the evilly evocative power of a name was known long before Lohengrin concealed, and then so tragically revealed, his. Besides, as the crepuscular light outside was gradually folded up in night's mantle, together with the clamor of the street, Johnson's decorum changed into mere civility, and from civility into an unendurable familiarity, and our discussion with him of his master's affairs came to appear horrendous. We soothed our consciences by keeping the talk on his port, for that, after all, was in the nature of a sacred trust, like the relics of a saint, and not a

private possession like his heart. Besides, there was Melville's old affair to make us reticent, that one which sometimes made us doubt the integrity of his fidelity to port. He had been in extreme peril, and had escaped only through the fortunate, if undignified, chance of being jilted. Might not the same happen to Fitzmaurice? Hardly, I reasoned, for when that corybantic demoiselle renounced Melville he was still but a subaltern, living on a little more than his pay, and she was not clever enough to scent the mettle that was to make him a leader of empire. Fitzmaurice was different, he had his splendid income, and every coin in the accursed thing would prove a link to the golden chain to bind him to his speckless lady.

Our plot, then, disregarded her. We could not save Fitzmaurice from her, we tacitly agreed, but we could save the port, not for ourselves alone, since we must soon spread to the ends of the earth, but for the others of our joyous fellowship. Wherever we might find ourselves thereafter life would be sweeter for the thought that in some reverent dining-room, Stanley's, for instance, or Ffolliott's, beakers of the redeemed treasure would be raised to our healths. Therefore, we decided to steal the port.

And we stole it. We had divined aright in guessing that Fitzmaurice would shrink from himself superintending the supreme sacrilege. Johnson saw to the loading of the dray whereon, in a perfect disguise, young Stanley sat; and the wine reached a cool cellar, from which it would be taken only for a hearty company and not to be sipped in the shadow of death. And in its place the hospital got a wine not to be despised; a rich and glowing wine, but yet one as imperfect to the palate of the cognoscenti as, to the eyes of an art-lover, the most talented copy of a work of genius.

There was one incident of indubitable pathos, like the last flicker of light on a beloved sail dipping below the horizon, that preceded the pillage of the

cellar. Fitzmaurice had ordered three bottles sent to each of four of us. It was an act dictated by the hunger of the man's own soul.

VII

WE passed another week under the incumbent cloud of this engagement, and then the cloud was suddenly rent. I had not seen Fitzmaurice or Melville for a week. I had heard through Stanley that the former was still in town, but that the latter had probably gone to the country. Stanley and Ffolliott, separately, had dined with Fitzmaurice—how pathetic was this care to cling to the affection, and avoid the geniality, of olden days!

Then, towards six o'clock one evening, Stanley walked with me to my rooms. We had spent the previous hour at a dowager's drinking tea for the sake of our careers, and when we reached my rooms we found a note from Fitzmaurice. It asked merely whether he might come to dinner that evening. It said nothing about, and yet it was eloquent of, port. Do not mere inorganic things carry often some secret soul, as I have known the faded spirit of a thousand-year-dead Egyptian leap from its muffled corpse into the body of a woman who had done no more than touch the hem of its shroud? Had I not seen her drift through the days thereafter as if in an atmosphere of eternal incense—an aloof and harmonious memory!

I handed the letter to Stanley and he agreed with me. He even went further. He declared that as he had touched the single sheet of paper his body had shivered as only once before—when he had first heard the women keening in Synge's "Riders to the Sea." I recalled, then, the story of an Irishman who had gone abroad to hunt birds on an All Souls' Night, and who, having flashed his lantern on a sleeping blackbird, was about to strike, when the bird begged him to withhold for the love of God, saying that he was but a wandering soul who needed the prayers of

others before he could enter Heaven. I have always feared spirits, good and bad, and the story had made me shiver when I first heard it. So now, in the few commonplace words of Fitzmaurice's letter I heard the plaint of a questing soul. It must be, I said to myself—we said to ourselves—that through some buried window of his soul light had again begun to penetrate, bringing with it all its restlessness and rebekry.

I at once despatched a note to Fitzmaurice bidding him come and be welcome, and soon afterwards Stanley went home to dress. We had not intended to be so formal that evening, but one could not imagine Fitzmaurice negligent at a ceremonious hour. He would as soon have dined in polychromatic pyjamas as in tweeds. It was wonderful how the man, through every backsliding of fashion, remained faithful to his ritual of order and liberty.

I dressed in a mood of increscent joyousness awaiting his coming. It might be, I thought, that I was mistaken, but the mood was irresistible. Besides his, I argued, was too fine a nature to inflict on us another such evening as we had spent separately with him. Even if his heart were still chained, the sending of the note must mean that his spirit had been freed. He would face us, defend his heresy, and replenish that stock of splendid ichor which had made him, even in his mellow age, like a young Shakesperian king. Few things are evil that are done with a glad spirit, and perhaps we might find that he had really found a substitute for. . . . But there I put a bridge on my thoughts. Not even in an excess of charity could I be led into heresy.

Dreading the ordeal of meeting Fitzmaurice alone, I had asked Stanley to return in good time, and he did so. I put it to him that there was so little of scholarly joyousness or joyous scholarship left in the world, the loss of Fitzmaurice—who would have been the last to claim any kinship with scholarship save through a human affection for its suave and splendid indifference to the

values of this prevalent age — that loss, I said, would really be a greater disaster than was, say, the burning of the Alexandrian library. And Stanley agreed. What generations, he commented, had gone to the man's making, what infinitely subtle plans nature had perfected to mould one who, with the *Banquet* in one hand and the *Sporting Times* in the other, represented all the finest essences of jovial thought. It was the calm, permeating joy of the man that had distinguished him. He was meant for a limited society, of course; he was an *édition de luxe* of the human spirit, unexpurgated but infinitely rarefied like the subtlest of Petronius's emotions; but this limitation intensified rather than diminished the sense of loss in those privileged to appreciate him.

Stanley stood in the half-litten corner of my study, gravely turning over the leaves of Jowett's Plato. At last the bell rang—how loud that clangor was! I wondered how, if instead of pressing an objective instrument like a bell, Fitzmaurice should return to the custom of olden days and announce himself subjectively, he would herald his approach. Would it be by the winding of an exuberant horn, or by a snatch of sudden melody trilling from a pipe infinitely disturbing because of its subtle tenderness—as if mischievous Pan should brazenly send a flock of nuns pirouetting around the aisles of a dolorous cathedral!

He was announced. His entrance was like the filing of monks into a dim chapel, sombre and yet certain of ultimate joy, of monks not wholly orthodox in that they felt their impieties cleansed under a duress of grace rather than by the strength of their own wills. I wish to interpret an almost impalpable sentiment of humility in his bearing, for on the whole he had regained his former self.

Not an explanation did he vouchsafe upon—not a reference did he even make to—the recent unhappy inquietude until the time came for port. That was the sacramental hour, and after a pre-

luding pause during which he lifted his glass and looked with diffidence at his wine, as one who would say—"Well, I have returned, but though your heart still warms to me it is not the warmth of old. And I don't blame you. My allegiance was all I could give in return for the worlds you ravished for me, the incomparable amenities you showed me," he said.

"I had hoped that Ffolliott would have been here."

"Ffolliott unfortunately had another engagement," I answered, "and I have been unable to find Melville."

"Melville," he said quite calmly, "is now in Paris with the lady who was to have been my wife."

And that was all. He made no comment, and we left no heel-taps.

IX

I SAID that Melville was silent and subtle. I said also that we had doubted his allegiance to port. He had been born for politics, and had found his natural ally. Fitzmaurice told us that she was the identical lady who had jilted him a few years before. The part he himself had played in their reconjugation left not the smallest blot of vulgarity on its history. He had even been best man at the wedding. Johnson said, "is 'eart 'ad never been in it." Walking in the cool of the evening in the park, while the last rays of the setting sun were flecking with gold the enamelled plumage of strange birds, he and his lady had come suddenly face to face with Melville. But few words were spoken, words that would not have discredited Sidney's courtly page. Fitzmaurice had found his eyes travelling on a ray of sunlight between them.

"And so," he said, finishing the story, "I have come back to port but not, I grieve to say, with my old confidence. I am like a monk who should forget his favorite prayer when, after long battling, he found a woman's eyes suddenly splendid. He might repent, but

half the power of the prayer would be gone forever in the knowledge that it had once failed."

Thus he expressed the doubt which was destined to haunt him ever afterwards, and which spread over his later years a melancholy which was not altogether oppressive, since it brought with it that sort of grave joy which is proper to wisdom, but of which I am unable to speak too intimately.

I think I know the exact moment when that grave joy began. We were sitting, Fitzmaurice, Ffolliott, Stanley and myself, one evening in my rooms when my man announced that Melville was at the door and wanted to see me. He had brought his wife with him, and they came into the dining-room. Fitzmaurice, overcoming his diffidence, shone genially as of old, while Melville's wife talked. And when they had gone, a smile flowed out from his eyes, and his whole body quickened with the ancient spirit.

"Her name is writ upon water," he said, "traced in delicate foam above deeps she does not herself know of—so far she has gone out of, and yet into, my life. But she has left me a sentiment of tenderness with which to leaven my optimism—for optimists are apt to be pitiless. I shall never again have such splendid dreams or so god-like a freedom, but I shall have deeper emotions to give me something to think of when gout comes."

X

As I think of him now—he has been dead six months—I see how truly he used that image of the sea to express what she was to him. His last days were no less splendid because they had lost the harsh, glittering light of the sky and become a more intense and shadowy but real loveliness under the waters of her memory. For those who ask how it all came to happen I answer that Destiny loves those who love her, and had brought him in this way the knowledge of one of her loveliest mysteries without exacting a toll of

disillusionment—for his last punning words were *vanitas, vanitas et omnia veritas*.

So he left us to the potvaliance of our bachelordom. And now in the remains of that pillaged cellar (our felony had been quickly pardoned) Stanley, Ffolliott and I often toast his memory, a little sadly, perhaps, as if those

around Socrates should have once seen the master tumble under the table and learned therefrom that life had neither certainty nor perfection. I perceive that in writing his story my own hedonistic glow has become softened. It is, indeed, true that sentimentality clings to cynicism even as to a man his shadow.



THE OUTCASTS

By Alice King

TWO shades met in the conventional flame and brimstone. They writhed uncomfortably for a few moments, then one spoke, impelled by pain to confession.

"Why was I not content to follow the straight and narrow ways dictated by the family rector?" he mourned. "Not only did I reduce my own soul to its present predicament, but I brought misery to others who surveyed my fiendish work. I have committed the unpardonable sin, for what crime against morality can compare with an offense against good taste?"

At this the other man raised his head and remarked: "You interest me. Our cases are similar. I, too, have erred in offending the tasteful instinct of those about me. Regret has come too late. There is nothing left but to sizzle for my sins—and to endeavor to realize the enormity of my offenses against the social order."

The eyes of the first man bulged with heat and curiosity. "Was your crime so horrible?" he asked. "No matter what you have done, my sins remain the greater, for (he sank his voice to a hissing whisper) I chose the names for Rhine wines."

The other was unimpressed. "There may be hope in your case," he said sadly, "but for me there is none. "Only a small portion of the world's population buys Rhine wines. My life has brought misery to the greater portion of the civilized globe. "I"—his words seemed to choke him—"I chose the materials to line men's vests!"



ONLY the diamond can cut the diamond. It takes a woman to beat a woman. And sometimes it takes two women.



THE most effective argument a charming woman can use to a man is an appealing "Don't you think so?"

AIR ON THE G STRING

By Winthrop Parkhurst

§ 1
THERE is no good reason why men should be insincere in the expression of their musical likes and dislikes. Lots of men honestly prefer Lehar to Beethoven; and without doubt they hide their preference for fear their friends will make fun of them. But that is foolish. Obviously, their friends would agree with them perfectly.

§ 2
Oscar Wilde once said that the trouble with bad music is that when you play it for them people invariably refuse to talk; and that the trouble with good music is that when you play it for them people invariably refuse to listen. This is only partially true. The real trouble with all music is simply this: that when you play it for them people invariably refuse to think.

§ 3
When a woman with money finds that she can sing she always decides to appear in concert. When a woman with money finds that she cannot sing she always decides that she can.

§ 4
Strangely enough, the principal objection to a man's becoming a musician springs from a dreadful fear that he won't become a musician.

§ 5
Whenever a critic gets up and starts to say disagreeable things about American composers his friends straightway rise in indignation and exclaim heatedly: "Oh; but it's perfectly easy, you know, to be sarcastic!" And they are perfectly right. Under the circumstances, it is perfectly easy.

§ 6
It has long been a debated question among the fraternity as to whether in the so-called better-class restaurants musical classics are played simply to help patrons to a perfect oblivion of the food, or whether food is served simply to help patrons to a perfect oblivion of the music. Such discussions, on the face of it, are absurd. Musical classics are played in the so-called better-class restaurants simply and solely to help patrons to a complete and perfect oblivion of music.

§ 7
That Americans are a strictly commercial people has got to be such a tiresome truism that thinking men are no longer believing it. And they are indubitably right. If Americans were strictly commercial it is clear that they would never be so improvident as to pay two dollars for a seat at a musical comedy when they must know perfectly well that they can stay at home without having to pay a cent.

§ 8
That hybrid curiosity, vocal music, which has weathered the most furious onslaughts of common sense, still flourishes. To singers who cannot or will not or, at any rate, do not admit the esthetic absurdity of polluting pure tone with a hash of distorted literature known as text or lyric, the notion of merely enunciating appropriate and musical vowels as a substitute for the conventional potpourri of words, must seem nothing less than a sort of grotesque blasphemy. Now and again, of course, a marriage of the arts is apparently consummated. When that happens the words, in the polite phrase of

the world, are said to be wedded to the music. But anyone who has a nose for the purity of the arts knows that words can never be wedded to music. All that anyone has ever succeeded in accomplishing has been make the two live in immoral relations together.

§ 9

Finally and irrelevantly, popular taste is a perfectly dreadful thing. Which is not in the least surprising. For that is the very reason it is so popular.

§ 10

To compose a fugue in absolutely correct and scholastic form is, all the

musical schoolma'ms to the contrary, a comparatively simple task. The really hard thing is having to listen to it.

§ 11

Most people seem to think that there must be a good deal of difficulty connected with a critic's telling the truth about a public artist when that artist happens to be the critic's personal friend. This instantly proves how little the public really understands the workings of a truly critical temperament. There is no difficulty at all connected with a critic's telling the truth under such circumstances. All the difficulty occurs after he has told the truth.



SPENDTHRIFT

By Hortense Flexner

THERE are so many nights
For love and stars," we said,
"So, let us sit and talk:
The white-flaked logs are red;
Or if you read, I'll sew,
Or fold my hands instead.
There are so many nights
For love and stars," we said.

And yet, above the words,
We saw two revellers play
At dice, with Age and Death,
Mad revellers, April-gay,
Who could not lose the game,
Yet gave the purse away;
"So much is left for love
And stars," we heard them say.



TO fall in love during your first season is to lose your sense of humor and become uninteresting. Let the men love, they are less dull in this condition and get over it more quickly than you would.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

By John Amid

SEEING him from in back, as he sat on the rattan seat of a smoking car, one would have taken him for an ordinary day laborer. The frayed coat, the rough work-shirt that once was either blue or gray, the old shapeless felt hat with a hole in it, might have belonged to any Mexican or Italian. It was only when one saw the face, the face of innumerable wrinkles, incredibly old, that he could be recognized as an Indian.

With the strange prescience of death already upon him, he had left the reservation to embark on this last pilgrimage. Hidden behind his old, impassive countenance lay the knowledge that for him the gates were opening—the Great Finger had beckoned. He would return to the land of his youth, to the little plateau where his tepee had withstood the wind and the rain, and the blazing sun of the long California summer, through so many seasons. Beneath the spreading branches of the great live-oak where lay his squaw, and the little ones who had died in the year of the great thirst, he, too, would lie down, and sleep.

The conductor touched him on the shoulder. "Next place!"

Moving carefully, and with dignity, as befitted the very old, he left the train. The little station, trim and newly painted, with flowers beside it, and a small plot of green grass on which a sprinkler sprayed its writhing jets, held his eye for a moment, while the other passengers pushed past him, unheeding.

The faces of most of the arrivals, as of those who met them, were young; full of laughter and courage; unmind-

ful of the old. Quietly the old Indian drew his frayed coat about him, as it were a blanket, and, very erect, with deliberate, measured steps, that betrayed nothing of his extreme feebleness, moved toward the town.

Like the faces at the station, the houses were, most of them, young. The concrete pavement of the walks was new, uncracked. Yet the large pepper-trees that lined the wide, white roads lent an air of permanence and acceptance to the place, giving it worth and stability. Already it had become an acknowledged part of the great Scheme of Things.

Slowly the old figure in frayed clothing and shapeless hat moved through the short business blocks, past the shaded residence section with its well-kept lawns, past school-grounds in which stood unpretentious and rather beautiful white buildings, half hidden among oaks that were old and shrubs that were young.

The town lay on a slope. From the railroad station the old man climbed steadily a gentle up-grade. Past the outlying houses above the town he went, through a final new addition where freshly graveled roads surrounded plats on which still grew the sage and cactus of immemorial ages, and came at last to the plateau.

Just above the town it lay, rising abruptly from the valley floor; an isolated, flat-topped little island of land that rose thirty feet or more above the level of the mesa.

The old Indian's face, as he walked up the curve on the stone-banked auto-road that ascended the steep side of the plateau, remained utterly impassive.

When, head-man of his little community, he had left this place for the reservation, there had been no auto-road, no town; merely the sage-brush and the cactus, the rabbits and the sycamores, the live-oaks, and the lean coyotes.

The ascent taxed his strength, but he went on unfalteringly, pausing only when he reached the surface of the plateau. Before him, and a few miles beyond the table-land's further edge, rose the long-familiar outlines of the eternal hills. The ridges and the ravines, the peaks, and the purple cloud-shadows, were all unchanged.

He turned toward the corner where once had stood the tepees of his rancheria, perhaps almost expecting to see again the familiar outlines. Instead, he observed two men, using queerly shaped sticks, playing with small white balls upon the flat surface; while two boys, holding bags like long quivers in which lay other sticks, looked on. One of the men, bending over, struck his little white ball with the stick. There came the faint click of the stroke; the little ball rolled, and disappeared.

"That settles it," said the man, standing up. "Three, and two to go. It was a good match."

Under the great oak where once the children of the rancheria, the old man's own among the rest, had played in the shade, were now grouped shiny autos—quite a formidable little phalanx.

The Indian moved on. He crossed the corner of the plateau, coming to the brush-covered declivity at the farther side that gave upon a small bay of the lower land. It was a pretty spot—this plateau-locked cove, with huge live-oaks whose gnarled branches rose above the level of the table-land. It had been the Indian burying-ground.

Arms folded, the old head-man gazed into it. His face showed nothing.

Like the mountains, the live-oaks were unchanged. The place was bare of any vestige of the dead. Instead, here and there, lay scraps of torn paper and bleached pasteboard boxes. The sun was sinking fast; already the little

land-cove was half covered by the creeping shadow of the plateau.

The old Indian seated himself, looking down upon the spot where he had buried his dead. Such a short time ago! Such a short time ago. Merely the summers that one could count upon a single hand, six times repeated. . . . The sun, nearing the horizon, was sinking rapidly now—a great disc of fiery red, somewhat distorted. It shone full upon the back of the old head-man of the rancheria. Its level rays made brilliant the gay bits of bunting on the markings of the golf-links, glorifying as well the distant, immutable summits at the end of the valley—shedding its roseate glow across the snowy mantles.

The air was still. From the town at his right there came to the Man of Yesterday the sound of a bell, ringing out some summons; and, borne from a greater distance, the long whistle and muffled roar of a passing train. Before him, a little to his right, and east of the town, lay the long rows of orderly orchard tops, where had been only mesa with rock and chaparral. Bordering the orchards was also a square of softer gray-green—the gentler colors of an olive grove. North of that again, clear to the hills at the side of the valley, all was still unchanged.

The topmost leaves of orange trees and live-oaks, that a moment before had glittered in the last sunlight, suddenly darkened. For a few moments longer the wonderful rosy glow on white mountain crests lingered; then it, too, followed the sun into the west, leaving the world, and the old head-man, to the dusk.

Motionless he sat on. None might know what thoughts crossed his aged mind, what memories flickered again before his failing vision.

The evening silence was broken by the crescendo chugging of a motor, that grew from nothingness into a deafening clatter. A huge motor truck, converted for the time being into a picnic wagon, throbbed and thrashed around the corner of the plateau with a noisy, gay-hearted cargo of young folk. At

the very feet of the old Indian it stopped, while the members of the party jumped down; the jokes of the young braves mingling with the treble laughter of their companions. When all were on the ground, with the various boxes and baskets containing food, the truck roared away again toward the town. Then a great bonfire was kindled on the very center of the spot that had been a place of burial. The dancing flames threw flickering shadows against the sides of the plateau, illumining the wrinkled features of the old Indian looking down upon it. One of the picnickers caught sight of him, and called the attention of the others.

"Look at the old boy on the hill!" he cried. "See the old image? What do you know about that!"

"Probably an old Mex," volunteered someone. "A lot of 'em live up under the hills."

"Maybe he's an Indian," suggested another, "come back to do the ghost-dance!" And they laughed at that, quite heartily; for it was a merry supper, and they laughed easily.

"Wonder if he's going to sit there and sphinx down the whole evening!" was the final comment. And then they forgot him.

Twice only did they again bring him into the conversation. Once, when the gay meal was nearly over. An older woman who was with them remarked that the old Mexican had not moved.

"What?" came the answer, "Is the old Chester still on the job?"

"Ain't he the pensive owl!" said somebody; and they laughed. Then another shouted: "Have some eats, old sport? Come on down and be sociable!" But he did not move.

"Perhaps he's dead," suggested a girl in an awed voice.

"Dead, not!" was the answer. "He moved his hand less'n a minute ago, sure as you're a foot high."

The other time was when they were preparing to go.

"That old man up there makes me shiver!" said a girl. "It's awful having

him just sit there, and look and look, like a dead sin!"

"Did you hear that?" rose a second voice. "Did you get that 'dead sin'? Maybe that's not going some! Oh, Maud!"

"Nary shiver!" said a third. "The old boy's class. It's all kinds of *éclat* for a spread to have a gargoyle!"

They trooped away, leaving only the dying coals of their picnic fire, encircled by a litter of crushed bits of paper and emptied boxes.

The old Indian sat on; the trees, the mountains, the stars, and the night wind surrounding him. At his right there now glittered the bright electric lights of the town; at varying angles, from distant spots in the valley, there rose the glow of light that betokened other towns. Behind him the lights of a city of half a million souls sent their far radiance toward high heaven.

Suddenly, quite near the plateau, the sharp, weird howl of a coyote rose through the darkness. From the town an instant clamor of distant dogs replied. . . . Shortly after, from behind the far hills at the end of the valley, there came a waning moon, its half-light making mystic magic of trees, plateau and mountains—the valley with its towns—the old and the new.

Rising, stiffly, the old head-man climbed down into the little moonlit land-cove, finding his way with certainty, using the remembered footholds.

It was a slow journey, for his strength was gone from him, but he accomplished it without mishap; then tottered past the graying embers of the picnickers' fire to the spot where he had left his squaw. Seating himself laboriously, amid the litter of paper and picnic boxes, he lifted his face toward the stars and chanted for a moment a strange wavering old Indian cry, of half-tones curiously intermingled. Then, bending forward, he rested the tired head, that had seen so much, on his hunched knees, and fell asleep.

THE DEATHBED

By William Drayham

AS he mounted the steps Randall looked at his watch. He was on time. From inside the house he could hear the sobbing of children and a murmur of low voices. He knocked softly.

The white-haired doctor opened the door and, nodding, motioned him in. The red-eyed woman with a soiled handkerchief in her hand sobbed a greeting. Randall clasped her hand in silence, pressing it hard. He could have wept for the pity of it.

"If you feel you can stand it," said the doctor, "we will leave it with you till daylight. Mrs. Crabbe needs sleep terribly and I'm worn out myself. If anything extraordinary develops, you will find me here on the couch."

Randall nodded and quietly entered the sick-room. The light was turned very low and he could see only with difficulty the emaciated figure on the bed. The room was deathly still. With a shrug of his shoulders Randall sat down in the chair at the bedside to watch the hours out. He felt quite at his ease with the ticking of his watch for company. But the tragedy of it weighed heavily on him.

The lean drawn face of his old friend resembled but little the smiling countenance of a month before. The arms that had once been strong with muscles like whip-cord now lay limp on the sheet, mere skin and bone. He had to watch carefully to detect the slightest sign of breathing. And with a feeling of deep sadness he realized that the friend of old days had but a few hours to live. The pity of it!

Randall gazed queerly at the pale face on the pillow. He thought of the plans

that this dying man had made—his hopes—his dreams. How his face had beamed when he had spoken of them! Many a talk the two had had together, Randall and he. He was such a dreamer, with so many hopes, and all so golden. It was terribly sad. And terribly unjust, Randall thought.

For here were he and a million others as happy as ever. Their busy lives would go on with all the pleasures of the world next week, next month, next year. And here this man, with the most golden dreams of them all was to die—with his work unfinished, his dreams unfulfilled, his hopes defeated. Perhaps before dawn he would be dead. It was terribly unjust.

"And in the morning," Randall philosophized, "the wagons will bustle up and down the streets, people will chatter on the corners, cars will run and bells will ring, whistles will blow—the life of the city will be the same, busy and happy as ever. And he will never know. All that will be nothing to him."

It was unjust—utterly unjust. For his friend's sake, a wave of indignation swept over Randall, indignation against life, against God. The pity of it! Randall signed and hung his head. The small lamp in the far corner of the room flickered queerly. . . .

At daybreak when the white-haired doctor softly opened the door he gave an exclamation of surprise. The man on the sick-bed was breathing peacefully. At his side sat Randall, the watcher for the night, with his head hanging limp on his breast. Hastily the doctor examined him. He was dead.

"Hm!" muttered the doctor. "Heart failure."

FOUR POEMS

By Theodore Dreiser

I

WOOD NOTE

THE whistle of a train—
Sound instinct with the richness of the woodland;
The thinness of air; the lightness of trees,
Shadows, darkness, undergrowth,
A pool gleaming under the stars—
Of what vast deep is this echo?
Of what old dreams the answer?

II

FOR A MOMENT THE WIND DIED

FOR a moment the wind died.
And then came the sense of quieting leaves;
And then the great stillness of the landscape;
And then the chorus of unheard insects;
And then the perfect sky pouting a blaze of light through mottled leaves.
And then the wind sprang up again—
And there was coolness in the air;
And for the face;
And the tired heart.

III

THEY SHALL FALL AS STRIPPED GARMENTS

NOT here, oh you halls arranged for perfect living!
Not in these lighted chambers of mirth and pleasure.
But in sky—breadth and field—space that await—
The tentless sunlight and moonlight.

You streets, you theatres, you show places of society;
You marbled salons of many men;
You glories of the walled town.
Lo, for a time you may entertain!

For a time you may make me forget!
Yet shall I leave you in silence, wearied;
I shall go out into the wondrous open;
I shall lay me in my green chamber and rest.

IV

YE AGES, YE TRIBES!

O H, ye ages, ye tribes, long parade of nations!
 I dream, and ye come back, the strong, the proud, the beautiful,
 Rock cave and temple, burrow and throne, hunter and army.
 The mighty show and concealment, unrest and prayer, the shrine and tombs!
 How have ye strewn the earth, how burned with your insatiate passions, how
 fallen, fallen!
 Oh the loves alone, the tears alone, the strifes alone—how innumerable!
 How have men reveled with women, masters driven slaves, Cæsars slain with
 armies!
 How agonies have sweated brows, pains racked bodies, the unattainable lured all.
 What of chains, gibbets, hearts of stone?
 Has it all brought order out of disorder? faith out of fear? aim out of turmoil?
 Has it answered "why?"
 Lo, the earth resounds with the bells of creeds and all men pray.
 They bow down in wonder and know not.
 They gaze upon one another and find no answer.



I HAVE BEEN ENVIOUS ONLY ONCE

By Alice King

I HAVE been envious only once.

He was a new professor, who had been called to Harvard from the middle West. He was one of the most brilliant men in his line. . . . He asked me to dinner. I went.

His wife was a sweet, motherly, ill-gowned woman. He had married a girl from his home town—the only girl he had ever noticed.

It was a dinner for twelve persons. The first course was caviare on toast. Soup was then brought, in the tureen, and ladled at the table. The meat was carved in the view of us all. With the meat were served home-made preserves and hot biscuit. There was no wine. Before the salad course, the glasses were filled with grape-juice. The waitress wore no barrette. There was a spot of yesterday upon her apron. The ice-cream appeared in a brick, and was dissected publicly. There was a circular layer-cake, sliced with a mason's trowel in silver plate. The finger-bowls were brimful of over-warm water. The guests folded their napkins before leaving the table.

I have been envious only once. Across the table sat a bright-eyed little school-teacher who was able to listen to the professor's brilliant conversation because she did not know that the dinner fell short in any respect of all that a dinner should be. I sat with my eyes upon the red and gold rim of my plate, and heard not a word, was unable to enjoy the most interesting talk—because I was bred to know the difference.

I have been envious only once.



GOLD DUST

By Lillian F. Barrett

THE dawn was an unhealthy yellow as it stole through the heavy draperies, the loathsome yellow one sees in the hair of the women of the streets.

The man put the thought from him and glanced at the clock.

Quarter to four!

He strayed restlessly up and down.

It was always this way. And yet each time brought the same sickening struggle, the same hopeless, despairing realization of the rottenness of things.

Sixteen years ago, when he had first learned the truth about Lucille, he had attempted to kill himself. The tragedy now was that he knew and he must live, must see the weary drama out to the end, and smile withal.

He walked up and down, up and down, each tick of the clock a goad to his tired nerves.

He saw his past life in chaotic snatches, a scene here, a scene there, the tragic, the farcical, the baroque, all tempered by that stale light creeping in and in.

Ah! If his had only been the nature to expect nothing, to accept the worst unquestioning! But always he hoped on, attempting to piece together the bits of some shattered ideal. He had built so much on the homecoming of the little Lucille, Dolly. She had reached home but yesterday after ten years in a French convent, and he had hoped her coming might alter matters, might awake in her mother some dormant decency.

Dolly, too, was small, fragile, with golden hair and soft blue eyes. She breathed the same sort of charming

innocence he had once attributed to her mother.

Fool! He remembered how during the weeks that preceded their marriage he had almost shrunk from the thought of the honeymoon, for Lucille had seemed too ethereal for an earthly bride. The end of that honeymoon had found him disillusioned.

Three months, and he realized the gold of the hair was but a tinted dust, bought and applied by a clever maid, that the limpid pools of the eyes held ugly mud and slime in their depths.

Then, within a year, by the merest trick of Fate, he discovered he had been playing the rôle of deceived husband for several months.

People had smiled at his attempted suicide and set it down as an interesting bit of stage play. Why, why had his aim swerved that last awful second? Death would have been so easy compared to the course he finally adopted when reason returned with recovered health. For, after all, Lucille was his, for better or for worse, and he shuddered at the future she would lead without him.

So he had overlooked her frailties, struggled to make himself sufficient unto her, to read her every need, satisfy every whim and desire.

Then the child had come—a girl—another disappointment to him, the last of the Monteaule line! But he saw in this little being his wife's possible redemption, so he welcomed it the more.

Then had followed a succession of disappointments. There were no more children—her fault and he knew it. But she lied to him—yes—she always lied with bland ease. And then had come

man after man. He was but one of them and he wasn't even sure of the distinction of being the first.

He might have forgiven a grand passion, purified by its intensity. But hers was no grand passion, merely a momentary infatuation, to satisfy which any man, the nearest man, was sufficient. It was loathsome, and soon she had even ceased to try to cover up her transgressions.

The little Lucille, Dolly, had been sent to France to a convent at six. He was determined to save her, at least, the realizations of her mother's melodramatic career. But ten years had brought him so many tragedies, so much bitterness and despair that he felt his spirit broken. He was weary, heart-sick of the hideous farce, and besides he was lonely, lonely. So he had sent for the child, girl she was now, as a last resort to save him from himself.

So Dolly had come, all pink and white and golden. He had been tremulous with joy when he met her, but tried to cover his feelings. The rôle of father sat awkwardly upon him.

The girl's relations with her mother had become on the instant easy, almost intimate. This pleased him. The summoning home of Dolly might have been an inspiration, and it might still be the daughter's part to save the mother.

That night at dinner his mind swept a future of rosy hue, wherein life consisted of drifting with Dolly and Lucille—the reclaimed Lucille—by his side.

Lucille's reminder of the dance at the Burnhams' had startled him out of his happy reverie.

"What! Dolly's first night home!"

"I shall go anyway," Lucille had answered with that deadly, cold complacency that always chilled his vitality.

"And I shall go to bed," said Dolly with a pretty yawn. "Traveling, you know—"

"Of course," he had answered quickly to cover the situation. "Your mother and I will go. We'll be back early."

They had gone. By twelve he found himself quite exasperated with it all, for he had met few social obligations the

last five years and had quite lost the knack of killing time.

He caught Lucille just starting out on a merry whirl, but she had refused to go home.

"I like it here; I love the dancing," she had called to him, and her calculating eyes had followed him out through the long corridor to the door.

Outside, his motor had been caught in the jam and while he was waiting for his chauffeur to extricate its heavy length, a low racing car passed by. In it were a man and a woman with yellow hair.

Now he had been waiting four miserable hours with the same sickness at heart, the same helpless despair he had known so many times these sixteen years. Time quickened rather than softened his anguish. Each crisis found his nerves screwed to a higher pitch.

That yellow light creeping through the window was suggestive of the depravity of the world it was struggling to light. Humanity was morally rotten and he saw no salvation for it.

Suddenly the image of Dolly rose before him and freshened his thought. Dolly, yes, Dolly was his future. He had struggled to recreate Lucille, but had failed as one who foolishly seeks to mould the soft, ever-escaping sand or the shining gold dust.

But Dolly! With a sudden, overwhelming tenderness, a quick melting of his harsh mood, he started up-stairs. There was a light from Dolly's room and the door was partly open. He walked softly in.

The girl was lying on a couch at the foot of the bed. Her elaborate night gown with its point d'esprit yoke was distinctly the product of a Parisian artist, but also distinctly immodest. Her head was thrown back, straining the cords of the neck, and the white light, full upon the face, made it look harsh, almost brutish. Half a dozen burnt-out cigarettes on the table and a half-opened yellow book on the floor told the story. . . .

A feeling of nausea, of dizziness,

seized the man. He felt suddenly old and shook convulsively as he stooped to pick up the book. There was a sound on the stairs and he staggered out to face his wife.

She was coming up the staircase, the grand old staircase of generations of Monteaegles. He laughed a little at the thought. He held out the book to her. His face was white and drawn with this newest anguish; hers was blanched with recent excess.

"Yes, I gave it to her," she said calmly. "She's read all his others." . . .

Her lips continued to move, but he heard nothing more.

The fulsome yellow of the French novel; the stale, dead yellow of the woman's hair; the loathsome yellow of the dawn! And above all the girl, his Dolly, as rotten as the rest!

The man threw the book from him, reeled, caught himself up with a laugh and staggered to his own room. . . .

The shot that resounded through the quiet house brought no shock to the woman on the stairs. Somehow, she had been expecting it for sixteen years. She was extremely fatigued, dragged herself up the few remaining stairs, stooped wearily to pick up the book and then rang for the servants.



WHEN THEY COME

By Jeannette Marks

I WONDER if the wildrose knows I love you,—
All the festivals of spring your name has lain
Oft a petal on my bosom, oft a leaf against my lip
In the rain?

I wonder if the wood thrush knows I love you,—
Every step a song, every song a flight home to you
While the path runs on through twilight and the Night wheels back to Day
And I pray?

I wonder if the heavens know I love you,—
Dusky night time cupped with stars, lily day immaculate
Leading on unto the crossroads where you and I
Say goodbye?

Oh, my darling, words are nothing, they are dumb!
I who use them know them worthless even now.
Yet a wood thrush sings my passion and the night enfolds my heart;
Let them chant you deathless love
When they come.



THE WHIMS OF FATE

By Margery Land Mason

I AM non-plussed. The whims of Fate puzzled me. They have beckoned me from the old familiarity of the sun-patched path to sweeps of a land unknown to me. They have made impossibilities realities, and have turned dreams to dust. They have wrenched my hand from the clasp of yours, blinding the understanding in our eyes, and numbing the love words on our lips. Once, though I was far apart from you, I was near you, but now that I am so near you that were I to listen I could hear the hushed in-take of your breath, an eternity of time and distance separates us. How strange it seems to pass you without seeing the old passion leap in your eye, without feeling my heart-beats quicken because my sleeve brushed yours on the street! How strange to glide with you to the dreamy cadence of some waltz without catching

the throb of your whispered "Wonderwoman!" as you held me closer to you! Who would think to see us nodding coldly as we glimpse each other on the street that your heart had sung near my heart, that your lips had been like a shower of sparks on my lips, that your eyes were once pools of passionate prayer pouring and pleading their love into my eyes.

Our dream bubble has burst—a throng of memories has pushed us into separate paths. We have blithely sworn our love and have as blithely forgotten it. I never think of you with bitterness or pain, but sometimes it seems strange to me that you and I who have felt together the depths and heights of passionate love should be married happily and comfortably to two entirely different persons. The whims of Fate puzzle me!



SOCIETY is composed of the dull, the stupid, and the rich. The stupid make the conversation, the dull enjoy it, and the rich pay the bill.



YOU wondered when you could begin kissing your first sweetheart, and you wonder when you can stop kissing your last.



A MAN is usually incapable of analyzing his marriage, and a woman is usually afraid.



UNCOMMON CLAY

By A. De Ford Pitney

IN the palatial private office of the head of the Car Wheel corporation one man was sitting while half a dozen others stood. The man who was sitting was the chief, Festin Massaker. His subordinates preferred to stand because that way they could get out quicker when the chief was through with them. Massaker belonged to the hire 'em, fire 'em, eat-'em-alive school of commercial leaders. He was noted for forming instantaneous, brutal, snapshot judgments of men. His staff was always in a fever of excitement and energy. There was nothing they wouldn't do to demonstrate their high steam pressure.

The savage Baron Out in the general offices where the clerks could hear them the department heads were fond of speaking of Massaker as "The Old Man," in a cheerful, good-fellow sort of a way. Massaker was younger than most of them. They also spoke of him as "The Chief" and "The Top Card," but you can slide in a blue chip that they never got gay around where he was. They pretended that they liked to have Massaker skin them alive. They saved their faces with each other and before the clerks by professing to enjoy and to admire the Chief's temperament. One of them would almost as soon say right out that he was not a human dynamo as to confess that he hated Massaker.

Massaker sat glowering at his subchiefs. There was not a scrap of anything on the half acre or so of glittering polished wood in front of him. Behind him was his mighty roll-top desk, like a concert grand piano with its lid up. Massaker was a handsome, large,

imposing man with broad shoulders, a square head and a lock of brown hair falling on his brow, not altogether unlike Napoleon. He had a prominent, brainy forehead, deep-set eyes, a short pugnacious nose, a well-cut mouth and a jutting, square chin with a cleft in the middle.

"I guess that will be all," he said curtly. "Wait, Blighter." Mr. Blighter, the personal secretary, stood at attention six feet from his employer until the door closed behind the last man. "Find out about that Blaydeswyth proxy. Get it. Understand? Get it. I want it in my hands at once." Massaker did not turn his head but spoke to Blighter over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir."

"That's all."

Massaker's plans were ripe to crush and absorb the Axle Trust. Each corporation controlled big blocks of the other's stock. The amalgamation was coming and the question was whether the Massaker forces or the other side would be on top when it was accomplished. On past performances Massaker ought to go out in front and win all the way. It would be one more big victory for him. He would be confirmed in his power, it was expected, and the future of the industry settled, at the stockholders' meeting of the Car Wheel corporation, three days hence.

The venerable firm of lawyers which had charge of the estate of Miss Marla Blaydeswyth had dissolved. Before her money affairs were placed in the hands of a trust company there was a gap of a month or so during which Miss Blaydeswyth received direct a few business communications. One of the let-

ters impressed her as important. It was a request for her proxy to vote one hundred thousand shares of Car Wheel stock. In a dry, brief and formal manner were presented a number of reasons why the officers of the company should be upheld in whatever policy they thought wise to institute.

Some of these reasons did not impress Miss Blaydeswyth, in her ignorance, as conclusive. She did not know that this call for her proxy was part of the closing life-and-death struggle between the Car Wheel company and the Axle trust. With the Blaydeswyth shares Massaker would be in control of the situation. The letter in fact was a matter of routine. Massaker had always had the Blaydeswyth proxy. It was part of his forces.

The Baron summons the Chatelaine to have her retainers rally to his banner for the great battle.

Marla had met Massaker a number of times and had been greatly impressed by him but without knowing that he was the head of the Car

Wheel company. Business was not in Marla's line. Business talk was vulgar and bored her. She could not read the big, spiky scrawl at the bottom of the typewritten sheet and she did not try.

The dryness and the brevity and the formality of this request to vote a whole hundred thousand shares of stock struck Miss Blaydeswyth, reading the letter at the beautiful inlaid secretary in her morning room, as somewhat unsatisfactory. The letter had been in her hands several days. Marla remembered with a slight chill that this block of Car Wheel stock was almost her entire fortune.

Miss Blaydeswyth's late father had been sometimes a man of action. Marla was an orphan, but she was not afraid. It occurred to her that she would go to the offices of the Car Wheel company and ask some questions. At the hour when Miss Blaydeswyth reached this decision Massaker was in his noble, sumptuous, magnificent, private office scowling at Blighter. When the Chief scowled the sky was overcast and the

earth trembled and the office people skipped like fleas in a blanket.

"Where in thunder and Mars is that Blaydeswyth proxy?" growled Massaker. "I'm tied hand and foot without it."

"I have written direct, sir."

"Well, get it. GET IT!" roared Massaker. "Results, that's what I want. I can't use excuses and explanations. Have . . . that . . . proxy . . . in . . . this . . . office . . . to-morrow."

"Fifine," said Miss Blaydeswyth. "Fifine, please have the large, closed car brought around. I must go out on business."

"Shopping, Ma'mselle?" asked Fifine, with interest.

"No. On business. I will wear a very plain dress and carry my simplest leather bag. I shall require only one man with the car," added Marla, thinking it might look a little extreme to go down into the financial district with both the chauffeur and the footman in their rose-colored broadcloth, ermine-trimmed uniforms.

When Marla found herself in the outer office of the Car Wheel company she felt a little timid and strange in spite of the fact that her father had been a man of action in his day. The outer office was a stately, square, interior reception hall, with no windows but with doors opening from every side of it. The walls were rich, panelled old oak. A massive Jacobean table was in the center of the room on a costly Persian carpet. Around the room were placed deep, brown leather chairs and a few tall, polished brass urns, the purpose of which was not evident to Marla. Concealed lights shed a mellow glow which was replied to by a large, stained glass umbrella lamp on the table. In a corner at a small, practical desk was a beautiful blonde with a wrist watch. She looked at Marla as if she were expected.

"What is the name, please?"

"Miss Blaydeswyth."

"Take a seat, please. I will call you."

Marla noticed that three girls in street costumes were seated in the room. The costly Spanish leather and old oak made their dresses look quite cheap and common, which they were. Marla's tournure was quietly but decidedly rich and fitting. A flicker of the eye was enough for Marla to place these persons, after which she retired into her consciousness. She was not even faintly aware that a young business gentleman, dressed like a bridegroom adorned for his bride at an afternoon wedding, and carrying a leather case of papers, scrutinized her and posed for her attention while waiting for the blonde to send his card in to somebody.

The Chatelaine enters the Baron's castle incognito. The retainers admire her beauty.

Two of the waiting girls went in ahead of Marla, to her surprise, but she determined not to leave nor allow herself to be fobbed off by neglect. Her father had been a man of action and she was not to be gotten rid of so easily. At length, while one girl still was dozing in her deep chair, an office person with long, slim legs and a cutaway and a little moustache, all very correct, came to the door through which the girls had passed. He looked into the room for a second, spoke noiselessly to the blonde and vanished.

"Miss Smith," cried the blonde in bell-like tones. "Miss Smith." Marla noticed that the blonde was pointing a pencil at her. "Mr. Talcum will see you now."

Marla was not yearning to see any Mr. Talcum, but she was unversed in the ways of offices and so she abandoned herself to the current. In a moment she found herself in one of a series of cubbyholes partitioned off along the side of a long, well-lighted room furnished with desks and rows of file cabinets. The floor of the large room was covered with green velvet carpet between the desks, which were all of shining mahogany. A few well-dressed persons were occupied in the room. The partition which fenced off Mr. Tal-

cum's cubbyhole was the height of a door and its upper half was wavy glass. There was just room in the enclosure for Mr. Talcum's swivel chair to crowd in between his roll-top desk and the partition behind him. At the end of the desk away from the window was a square bit of floor on which it was possible to stand a small, straight chair.

"Sit down, Miss Smith," said Mr. Talcum. "Have you had much experience in offices of this kind?"

"None at all," replied Marla icily. She did not trouble to correct this clerk's rendition of her name. Mr. Talcum permitted a faint crease of worry to appear on his forehead.

"What class of office have you had experience in?"

"None." Marla's voice was ninety degrees below freezing and nothing in sight but the Polar ice. Mr. Talcum looked cast down, but not ready to give up.

"You understand stenography, Miss Smith?"

"Yes."

"And filing systems?"

"Yes." At college Marla had permitted a girl who was working her way through to give her shorthand lessons. Also she had dabbled in a library course. Mr. Talcum was greatly encouraged.

"Perhaps, after all, your inexperience will make it easier for you to be broken into our system," said Talcum. Marla at last understood that she was being hired as office help. She started to rise, but a thought took shape. Her father had been a man of action. What better way could she find of making sure how the Car Wheel company was conducted than by taking a position with them for a few days?

Talcum was pleased. He had a weakness for employing girls who were not a torture to the optic nerve. Marla was shown to a desk. She was quite interested in the office organization and approved of the place. There was plenty of room for everybody, big chairs, heavy desks and an atmosphere of

wealth, exclusiveness and quiet. All the people were fashionably clad.

The Chatelaine disguised as a page enters the ranks of the Baron's retainers.

After a while a polite boy came to Marla with a card to fill out. All up-to-date offices have them. It is an obsession. Marla wrote that she was self-supporting, lived at home, unmarried, forty-six years old; she doubled the real figure. Her father, she wrote, was a retired admiral of the Swiss navy. This was not true. Marla also wrote that her mother was an Eskimo witch doctor and that her own former employment had been as captain in the coast artillery and plumber and gas-fitter—discharged from both for incompetence and insubordination. Marla had been quite a wag in college. It amused her to fill out that card. The boy came back and wearily took the record and filed it under "S" in a case where it remained untouched for six years, when the case became jammed and the boy's successor tore up and threw away all the old cards. Oh, you little efficiency system!

No one raised his voice in the office. The tall, beautiful girls, Mr. Talcum's selection, quietly attended to their occupations, sliding in and out the cases in the filing cabinets and monkeying with sheets of figures at their desks. The men seemed to Marla to be closely occupied, and when they spoke it was in whispers. But from somewhere occasionally came a metallic roar of authority that made everybody quiver. Every one except Marla dug his nose into his work and rooted when that bellow sounded. "The Chief's on the warpath to-day," breathed one of the young men in cutaways.

Marla noticed that the men who entered a door at the end of the room dropped on their knees outside and went in crawling. A handsome man in beautiful garments, apparently a high officer, backed out, bent double in worship. "GET . . . THAT . . . PROXY" came the yell after him. "RESULTS . . . RESULTS." The

handsome man closed the door and turned, a rapt, impersonal, selfless look upon his pink-stained marble features. He walked down the room, paying no more attention to the work people than one would to animals in cages. "That's the private secretary," murmured a girl. "Mr. Blighter. He gets twenty thousand a year—ten thousand dollars and ten thousand swift kicks."

The character of the roaring person became quite interesting to Marla. She hoped she would see him soon, as he was no doubt the key to the business in which her fortune was invested. Marla was looking into a file case when the private door was flung open and a tall man with square shoulders, a brown

The page forgetting her position greets the Baron. He does not recognize her as the Chatelaine.

lock on his forehead, deep-set eyes, a handsome mouth and a firm, cleft chin, hurled himself toward her. In spite of her astonishment Marla knew him at once.

"How do you do, Mr. Massaker," she said. The Chief would have expected one of the office force to slap him on the back as much as he would have expected one of them to greet him. He had not noticed any of the insects especially, but he now beheld in his way a tall, brave girl who, instead of leaping for life to one side, expected him to walk around her.

"How d'you do," replied Massaker vaguely and shot past. Mr. Talcum nearly swooned.

Marla felt a rush of haughty indignation when she realized that Massaker had saluted her without recognizing her. Massaker was her girlish ideal. She had danced with him and once had been in a motor on the same seat with him for half an hour on an occasion when her chaperon had dropped Massaker at his bachelor apartment, his own car having met with an accident. Marla went to the desk that had been assigned to her and took the letter from the company out of her purse. Yes, there was his name. She could read it now, "Festin Massaker," scrawled in a slash-

ing script all the way across the bottom of the sheet like a picket fence.

Fifine awoke Marla at seven forty-five, in obedience to an order that Fifine couldn't understand for the life of her. Marla meditated, sitting up in bed to drink her chocolate while Fifine laid out a plain frock and boots. Marla was no longer worried about her investments. If Massaker were in charge it must be all right. But Mr. Massaker had been insufferably rude to her and he should pay for it before he got that proxy he was so eager for.

Mr. Talcum was in the hall when Marla entered in supremely correct shopping costume with a few thousand dollars' worth of sable muff and stole. Mr. Talcum was standing by an apparatus with a big dial fastened against the wall and crossed by a nickel-plated rod pivoted in the center of the dial.

"This is the time clock, Miss Smith," said Talcum. "I have just put your name in it. When you come in will you please punch here in this hole?"

"I dawn't kwait understand." Marla used the accents reserved for shop people and other inferiors.

The page van- is to be punched
quishes an insolent this way when you
squire in single come in or go out."
combat.

"Oh, yeas. Will you be good enough to pench it then?" Mr. Talcum punched the clock. "You may operate that apparatus for me whenever it is necessary, if you please. It will be more convenient for you to attend to it." Marla passed on, leaving Mr. Talcum undecided what to say.

Marla's work was on the files and she became somewhat interested in seeing how such things were done. She obtained stray sidelights and it was possible that if she stayed and used her intelligence she might obtain a considerable supply of information about the Car Wheel company. But she was on the lookout for Massaker. She discovered that the underlings saw but little of their lord.

The other girls and the men in the office were semi-invisible to Marla, who

never had troubled herself to speculate on the personalities of shop people and clerks. Most of these organisms in the employment of the Car Wheel company were disposed to model their manners on those of their social superiors, and the way in which Marla glacially failed to see her fellow workers was thought very successful.

The feeling of preparation for battle that was in the air was sensed even by Marla. Muffled roarings from the private offices thrilled her. From time to time heavy, important-looking men, followed by assistants carrying leather cases and dockets of papers, bustled through the office outside the solid, polished railing. "Big conferences on," whispered the young gentlemen clerks to each other. "That was the manager of the Chicago branch." "That was the general purchasing agent." Lesser department heads rushed about. Local selling agents, dressed right up to the minute, loud, eager, full of pep, smiting fists into palms, shouting and leaping in the air to show they were human dynamos, charged along the aisle between the rail and the transfer file cases. An air of invincible success and power was studiously radiated by everybody, but under it was tension. Clerks covertly looked at the Wall Street quotations and whis-

The peril of the pered the word
Castle.

from one to another about the fluctuations in Car Wheel stock. "The Axle people are hammering it again." "Not so good to-day." "Three-quarters off since the opening."

Marla scorned to enter into conversation with any of these overdressed office assistants. She was a million miles away from them. Nevertheless, she heard some of the conjectures that were flying about and wondered if it were possible that her investments could be in danger. She was annoyed when Mr. Talcum interrupted her reflections, in a polite manner certainly, but without having asked her permission.

"I'm going to take you to Mr. Bligher's office. He's Mr. Massaker's per-

sonal secretary. It's a big chance," said Talcum. "I think it's some dictation for the Chief." Marla rose languidly.

"You may show me the way."

"You are forgetting your notebook, Miss Smith."

"Bring it, if you please."

Talcum was governed by Blighter's instruction to bring Miss Smith and no other. Blighter had divined that this might be acceptable to the Chief. Massaker had taken a glance through the half-closed door and told Blighter to find out for him the name of the good-looking girl who had not jumped out of the way like a scared rabbit when he passed her. Blighter was the perfect secretary. He understood that it was his part in life to be, as it were, an organ of Massaker. It was a high position. The ordinary office person could not get close enough to Blighter to hand him a bunch of grapes on a ten-foot pole. In revenge the clerks circulated statements that Massaker called Blighter vile names on the slightest provocation, subjected him to unspeakable indignities, kicked him at least once a day and compelled Blighter to take orders on his knees with his nose on the rug. These reports, of course, greatly exaggerated the facts.

Mr. Blighter had a suite of two offices. His own room was a chamber on a noble scale adjoining that of the Chief. Mr. Blighter had his clerk and stenographer. The girl was weeping in a wash closet. She had broken down when called upon to serve Massaker.

"Mr. Massaker wishes to dictate, Miss Smith," said Blighter. When Blighter said Mr. Massaker there was a self-effacing reverence in his tone as if at those illustrious syllables everyone ought to take off his hat and lie down flat on the floor. "Mr. Massaker's dictation is quite the most important task there is in this office. Can you take it, do you think?" Made sure that Marla would not falter, Blighter crossed to a massive mahogany door and tapped a secretary's tactful, tentative, timorous, tiptoe tap. A formless bellow answered and Blighter led Marla in.

Marla was surprised at the size and sumptuousness of Massaker's private office. Beyond it, through an open door, she could see the great, empty cave of the directors' room with its mighty table and score of chairs. Massaker stood on his hearth with his back to his fire, a big, handsome, domineering, brutal, inconsiderate, masterful, temperamental, overpowering animal with a loose lock of brown hair on his brainy forehead.

"Say, do you know anything yet about that Blaydeswyth proxy?" he yelled at Blighter. "Has anything come in?"

"There has been no reply to my letter," murmured Blighter. "I wrote again yesterday." Marla smiled secretly. Blighter's letter was in her muff.

"Confound and curse it, don't you understand I've got to have that proxy? I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT. You stand around here like five cents' worth of cats' meat and smile and tell me that you've written. What good does that do? I want THAT PROXY!!"

Blighter backed to the door, pink and white, selfless, emotionless.

"Shall I write again, sir?"

"No. . . . You may go."

Marla was alone with Massaker, the superman, the Titan, the remorseless, the eat-'em-alive. Two classes of human beings genuinely hold the cult of the superman—women and private secretaries. Marla waited, scarcely breathing. Massaker stood with his arms folded on his broad breast, his deep-set eyes staring far, far away. He was thinking. That mighty engine, his brain, was grinding. Other men might be human dynamos; he was a whole power house. He raised a hand and twisted the loose lock that overhung his brow. Marla felt, in that vast, sumptuous, magnificent inner office, in the presence of that tremendous, vital, cerebrating energy, that she was in the very center and heart of things.

"Letter." Those piercing, sunken eyes still were fixed on space. "Miss

Marla Blaydeswyth, Riverside Drive, City—get the address from Mr. Blighter—'My dear Miss Blaydeswyth, I am afraid you do not understand the gravity of the situation. Unless I have your stock to vote the Car Wheel company will probably pass out of existence and with it most of the value of your holdings as well as mine. Sincerely.' Let me have that as soon as convenient, if you please, Miss Smith."

At the words "as soon as convenient" another employe would have leaped like a startled fawn and tunneled through solid rock mountains with his teeth to get that job back to Massaker in jig time. Marla dared to linger. She was frankly interested in the man and the interest shone in her eyes. She was struck with the words of the letter. Fear and hurry were two states of mind that she had never experienced.

"Is it as important as that?" she said.

Massaker wheeled like a stallion, but his fiery gaze softened. Marla was not one of those working girls of whom it could be said that she would be perfect if she were well dressed. Marla was perfectly dressed. Her hands, feet, hair and skin were ravishing. Her eyes, frank and untroubled, were deep and clear. Massaker almost smiled as he looked into them but he checked himself.

"That is about ten million times the most important letter you ever wrote in your life," he said, almost kindly.

Marla was totally unable to realize what an astounding condescension it was for the terrible Massaker to take time thus to reply to an unknown little stenographer. Massaker stood and watched her out of the room. "Some lamb," he remarked to himself. "Some lamb."

In the stenographer's room appertaining to Blighter's suite Marla was indulging feelings of injury. She strongly approved the way Massaker dominated the office people and kept

them where they belonged, but that such treatment should be applied to her was another matter. She wished Massaker to show that he knew she was one of his own order. He should be able to see that at the first glance.

"Just like an ordinary typist," she said. "He treated me just like any working girl that might happen along. I won't answer his letter until he shows me that he recognizes what I am. If he can look me right in the face and tell me to run along and write his old letter he doesn't deserve any answer to it."

It was Marla's opera night and the big, black town car started down town with her in the morning a little later. Talcum was in the hall near the time clock when she came in.

"Really, Miss Smith. Ten-fifteen," he said. "I am astonished. The clock record will not be satisfactory at this rate."

"If you had been mindful of your duties and turned that handle as I requested there would have been no occasion for this fuss and nonsense," said Marla icily. "It is not necessary for me to be here just to push that ridiculous handle in at some absurd hour when there are plenty of clerks to attend to it. Kindly do not neglect it again." Talcum fell back with his hand to his forehead. The word had come from the great white throne for Marla to be installed in Blighter's offices as the Chief's stenographer, and Talcum thought it wise to start no fuss with her just then.

Marla swept haughtily through the outer office and laid aside her furs in her private room. It was not so bad, being a business person, in some ways; she said to herself. It was easy enough to keep these people in their places. She picked up a magazine and sank into a massive mahogany armchair, wondering why people made so much ado about the condition of working girls. Blighter appeared at the door, emotionless, beautiful, pink and white.

"You have come at last, Miss Smith,"

he said. "The Chief has been asking for you."

"You may tell Mr. Massaker that I am here," replied Marla. "Is there anything special?"

"The Chief's in a dreadful state." Blighter clasped his hands. "Be very—very tactful, Miss Smith. Don't do the

*The Page learns
that the peril of the
Castle is acute.*

least thing to annoy him. His letter to Miss Blaydeswyth has not been answered. I don't know what we shall do. Nobody has ever before now kept the Chief waiting like this."

Marla felt a thrill at once more entering that sanctum of power, the private office of the great Massaker, and yet it was with a wonderful sense of familiarity she went in. Probably a lion tamer feels something of the same sense of custom the second time he enters the den of the king of beasts. Massaker sat behind his ponderous, flat-topped desk, rumpling his rough brown hair over his forehead with one big hand.

Marla realized that the colossal brain back of the Chief's virile, projecting forehead was working again. Sultry gleams from the furnaces showed in red specks in his sunken eyes. Massaker's mighty intellect operated in leaps and flashes. It was likely to burst forth at any time. He would make an office boy of an advertising manager and an advertising manager of an office boy by telegraph from a train while going to one of his country places for a week end. When Massaker sat down and gritted his teeth and focused that thousand-horsepower mental engine the thirty-story building rocked on its foundations.

Massaker looked at Marla when she came in; that is, he looked through her. Marla was not used to being looked through. She began to feel active animosity. She had on a morning frock that was made by an international genius no other girl in that office would ever even hear the name of. The frock modestly showed Marla's every lovely maiden allurements in the most artistic

way. Marla was quite unconscious that she was dangerous, but she knew that she was precious. She was thrilled by Massaker and it was up to him to show that he himself was thrilled by the presence of a girl like Marla.

"Treachery!" Massaker suddenly leaped to his feet and began to walk around. "That's it. She has sold me out to the Axle Trust. When I telephoned this morning the maid said she was out for the day. Liar. Whatever the inducement she has received I'll quadruple it. I'll go to see her personally. That's settled." Massaker stopped beside Marla. When he looked through her the Chief had observed more than Marla realized. Most supermen are very human, very human. The human side of them is not for everyone to see. That is all. Sometimes it is touchingly, tenderly simple.

"I meant to write a letter, but I have decided not." Massaker did not throw out his words like bullets in his customary manner. He did not exactly throw them out like gum drops; but more like some kind of hard candy. Marla flushed. She was angry at what he had said about treachery, although she knew he did not know what he was talking about or who it was that heard him. She was also angry because of her standing quarrel against him on account of his insensibility to the kind of a girl she was. She breathed a little fast.

"That's a very pretty dress," said Massaker. His inward counsellor was saying to him in a rapid monotone: "Do not flirt with this girl. Do not flirt with this girl." Marla softened a few degrees toward the melting point. Massaker stood quite close to her, looking down into Marla's proud young face. It was virtually just the same situation, thought Marla, as it would have been had they been in a corner at a dance or in a conservatory. Massaker was quite near to obtaining his proxy.

"The colors and the lines suit your own color and your eyes wonderfully," continued Massaker despite the protests of his inward monitor, which warned:

"Do not trifle with this girl. Do not be a fool. You can't afford this. Leave the girl alone." The beginnings of a dimple showed at one corner of Marla's enticing mouth. She raised her eyes, quite unafraid.

"Didn't I make a good guess about your eyes?" said Massaker. "But I didn't know how blue they were. I never knew before how blue blue eyes could be." Marla smiled indulgently. At sight of those pearls and those lovely, curving red lips Massaker felt himself slipping and his inward monitor desperately seized the reins. Massaker got hold of himself and forced himself to walk away. "That's all," he said. "I won't dictate now. . . . It's necessary to be cruel in order to be kind sometimes," muttered Massaker aside.

Marla left the room in a fury. Blighter watched Marla come out and blaze through his office. He cast down his dovelike eyes.

The Page is wroth because the Baron thinks she is a peasant girl.

"I was on the point of making an ass of myself with that typewriter," observed the Chief to himself. "That would be a scoundrelly thing to do. I don't pretend to be any better than anybody else, but I'm no villain. I can't take advantage of a beautiful working girl who is so overpowered by my wealth that she's ready to yield to my advances. Poor child. Poor—lovely child. I won't see her again. Besides, I can't stop for any nonsense now. If I don't get that proxy—but I must get it. It's a matter of life and death. Poor child. Poor little girl."

Marla sat behind the white blinds and sky blue curtains of her second floor snuggerly at home and watched Massaker's road monster draw up at the curb like a special train. Marla's footman denied her to Massaker. She gave special orders to that effect as soon as she came home. She watched Massaker retreat to his car.

"I'll punish you. I'll punish you."

She clinched her little fist. "You will refuse to talk anything but business with me, will you? Since you see nothing in me but one of your underlings, you'll get no proxy from me."

"I told Mr. Talcum to take your name out of the time clock," said Blighter delicately to Marla when she arrived at the office at ten minutes of eleven. Marla nodded her thanks. Blighter's intuition showed itself to perfection in his treatment of Marla. Blighter did not know the Chief's thoughts in so many words, but he felt the reflexes in his sensitive, secretarial system. When Massaker perceived Marla's charm Blighter felt it. He was too entirely a part of the Chief, too entirely become one of his members not to thrill with any sentiment that might stray into the Chief's mind. Blighter was one of that great race of secretaries who beam and dimple with joy when the Chief gets himself engaged and smirk and simper around as if they partook, in their own limbs and vessels, of the coming hymeneal joys.

Massaker sent for Marla soon. He had not had an opportunity to send for her earlier. Every resource of his power was bent on getting into touch with Miss Blaydeswyth. Detectives were watching for her. The special attorneys of the Car Wheel company had prepared arguments and were waiting on the sidewalk in front of her house. Senator Jawson, chief counsel, was sitting on her doorstep. Relays of clerks were patrolling the alley. Her servants had been interviewed and thoroughly bribed. Nothing was left undone. No stone was unturned. Miss Blaydeswyth had been sought everywhere except in Massaker's private office.

"You wished me to come, Mr. Massaker?"

The Chief was haggard. His deep-set eyes had circles under them. The stray lock of brown hair hung down, down to his eyebrow, but it was limp. His strong jaws were clinched. The Turkish bath experts and his trusted massage operator had done their best

to prepare him for the day, but, though the skin of his face was firm and smooth, his cheeks were hollow. His cutaway clung without a wrinkle as large as a cambric needle, but he looked as if his big, smooth back were against the wall.

"I sent for you." Massaker's distinguished, forceful, magnetic face lighted up as he walked over and stood beside Marla. One hand was in his pocket and he kept it there by an effort. With the fingers of the other he drummed on the desk. "I sent for you," he said again. He had been too busy to trouble himself about her sooner, but he had done everything the costliest brains in America could devise to get in touch with Miss Blaydeswyth and now he yielded to the temptation to indulge himself with a sight of Marla. "Did you wish to write a letter?" asked Marla distantly.

"No. I just wanted you to come in for a minute."

"Yes."

"Your eyes are the most wonderful, sapphire blue." Massaker's deep, commanding voice was not like hard candy or soft candy. It was like the voice of a man in earnest. He laid his hand on hers. For a second she did not draw away, and then only to adjust a stray tendril of hair.

"I'm all attention," she smiled. Massaker looked deep into her bright, clear eyes, as frank and fresh as a child's.

Her skin was as soft and rosy as a ripe peach and the delicate tint went right up to her lower lashes without a hairline wrinkle or a symptom of a stain of experience.

"You are too pretty to be working in an office," said Massaker, trying, like a filthy hypocrite, to pretend to himself that he was giving her good advice. "Scoundrel! White Slaver! Seducer!" sneered his conscience.

"Oh, I don't think so."

"Do you like to work?"

"No," said Marla with a candid smile. "I'm ready to stop any time."

"Would you stop if I asked you to?"

"Yes, if you meant it."

Massaker's heart thumped. This innocent creature did not know what she was doing. The child would throw herself away without realizing the abyss into which she was plunging. That unmarked face; that clear, untroubled, girlish eye. "Some men could do it," groaned Massaker in his heart. "But I'll be everlastingly damned if I can. Not with *this* trustful creature." Massaker summoned up his will power.

"I won't need you this morning," he said chokingly. "The stockholders' meeting is this afternoon. Perhaps after the meeting—no, never mind. Go now. That's all. No. . . . Wait a minute—"

But Marla didn't wait a minute. She turned around and marched out. She didn't slam the door because that would have been a crude thing to do, but she closed it quite decidedly so that a book fell off Blighter's desk.

"I hope the stockholders turn you into the street, you cold-blooded, stupid, senseless brute," she ground out between her teeth. "You need not count on me to lift a finger for you." The only reason Marla did not quit on the spot and shake the dust of the place from her shoes was because she wanted to be in at the death.

The big battle in the directors' room was set for two o'clock. At the hour arrived half a dozen handsome, well-dressed gentlemen, a little past their physical prime. To meet them half a dozen similar gentlemen were waiting. Silk hats were stacked on side tables. Pale, passionless secretaries carried in leather brief cases. Marble touched marble when Blighter greeted his fellows.

Youngest among the overlords but most redoubtable of them all was Massaker, the Napoleon of the Car Wheel company, the organizer, the man-killer,

Condition of the castle desperate The Page's anger persists against the Baron.

The outraged Page will not aid the Baron with her retainers.

The Baron and the Page can't get together.

the eat-'em-alive. The Axle Trust forces did not know they had him beaten. They were there to press for every advantage they could wring out. They would not fail to try to put on their programme, but they did not know they had the votes to put it over.

Massaker ordered his proposals read; the proposals meant to eliminate the Axle Trust as a commercial entity. He knew he would be outvoted and the

The assault. The Baron is beaten down, fighting hard.

field cleared for his slaughter, but it was his only chance to be heard. While Blighter read, like a silver-toned phonograph, Massaker left the directors' room and tramped the floor in his own. He stalked up and down, back and forth, listening to the reading that came muffled through the door. His hands were gripped behind his back and his head was sunken between his shoulders. The other big guns in the directors' room were not surprised that Massaker refused to sit out the reading. His temperament was always to be reckoned with. Massaker was Massaker, the superman. Tramp. Tramp. Tramp. Massaker in his agony of defeat was just turning after his thirtieth lap around the room when he stopped and threw up his head.

"Confound it all," he cried, "I'll be a scoundrel. I may lose the control of the corporation and have to step down and out, but I won't let this girl slide through my fingers, too. I'll be a scoundrel." He rang fiercely. In a moment the door to Blighter's room opened and Massaker faced about, savage, hot-eyed. "Send Miss Smith here! . . . What, Miss Smith."

"I thought that bell was for me," said Marla.

"It was. Please take a chair." Massaker handed Marla to a seat. He took several jerky paces and then returned to her. "Look up. Look up and let me see those eyes," he pleaded. "Lis-

ten, in a little while, when I get through with a bit of business here, I'm going to take you uptown in my car and never bring you back. You are too wonderful to be at work in this place. You are too charming, too precious, too rare."

"Do—do you mean that?" asked Marla tremulously. Massaker dropped on his knees beside her and caught her hands.

"Mean it? Mean it? There is something about you that is different from any other girl in the world. You are a princess, as far above others as the stars in the sky."

"Are the stockholders voting now?" Marla asked quickly.

"Yes. Never mind them. I am going to take you out of these surroundings that were never meant for you. You must never soil those beautiful hands again with work. You shall never mix with slaves again."

Marla broke away and ran and threw open the directors' room door.

"I vote one hundred thousand Car Wheel common for Mr. Massaker!" she cried. Once more the incisive, masterful intellect of Massaker had hammered out a victory when his rivals thought they had him going.

The reports of Massaker's engagement were given to the press by Blighter. The newspaper accounts said that Blighter beamed with happiness when he came out to pass the carbon copies to the reporters. The mental state of such as Blighter carries with it moments of strange rapture. As the happy day of the Chief's marriage approaches the secretary is seen to be in spirit and in thought one with the Chief. The secretary is all dimples and giggles and coy smiles. The condition of the soul of Blighter at the nuptial hour has never properly been studied.



GRACE BEFORE READING

By James Shannon

I HAVE no doubt that when Venus was old and fat and bleached her hair, she sniffled sentimentally over the lovely notes Adonis had sent her in the days when she was young and had a good shape.

I have no doubt that when Adonis was old and stout and dyed his mustache, he leered over the scented notes Venus had sent him, saying to himself complacently: "Some kid!"

I thank the gods that the older poets, Horace, Ovid, Martial, and Anacreon, were not realists.



INDECISION

By Marguerite Buller Allan

HE lights a cigarette, watching her:
Her blue eyes stare indifferently about the room,
Nervously, her small fingers tap upon the tablecloth. . . .
He puffs impatiently at his cigarette,
Not knowing
Whether to be pleased that she no longer captivates him,
Or annoyed because he is no longer susceptible to her charm.



THE objection to a teetotaler is not that he doesn't practise what he preaches, but that he insists upon preaching what he practises.



MANY a woman will sacrifice anything for the sake of her complexion—including her complexion.



IMMORTALITY: the condition of a dead man who doesn't believe that he is dead.

LES REVENANTS

By M. de Grandprey

SUR la terrasse d'un château célèbre, quelques jeunes gens causaient, se repassant un journal qu'ils commentaient de façon véhémence. Il s'agissait de la loi de trois ans qu'on allait voter à nouveau, tant l'insuffisance de nos armées avaient sauté aux yeux des gouvernants.

Et tous se plaignaient. L'un invoquait ses études, un vague droit pour lequel il avait obtenu un ajournement. Un autre, voué à l'industrie, gémissait de "perdre" une année de plus. Un troisième s'était, grâce à des protections, fait réformer. Et un quatrième, plus âgé qui venait d'accomplir sa première période de réserve, gardait un souvenir amer des marches récentes où ses pieds s'étaient meurtris. Il n'avait pu supporter l'odeur de la gamelle et grâce à un "truc" s'était donné l'agrément de coucher en ville. C'était pourtant un robuste gaillard bien bâti, auquel une fortune récente n'avait point enlevé la marque d'origine.

C'étaient tous, des fils d'industriels, élevés dans le luxe matériel; esprits lourds et abominablement pratiques. Leur éducation était tout en surface, leur politesse rare et fruste et nulle délicatesse ne les gênaient. Le père de l'un venait d'acheter ce château historique, lequel habité longtemps par une pure race avait fini par tomber en désuétude faute de branche directe.

Alors les enrichis étaient venus étaler leur fruste nature dans cette merveille. Sans comprendre le passé somptueux de ces pierres, ils les avaient faites leurs, non gênés, et impunément, jouissaient d'un bien être bourgeois qui les comblaient d'aise.

Et ce soir-là, sur cette terrasse grise où le soleil couchant envoyait ses der-

niers rayons avant de disparaître derrière les grands arbres du parc, incapables de remarquer la grandeur noble de ce spectacle, ils parlaient de l'ennui de cette troisième année de service, et s'ils eussent osé, en eussent pleuré comme des enfants appuyés par leur ami, le récent réserviste.

Mais voilà qu'un personnage inconnu s'approcha d'eux. C'était un jeune homme de leur âge environ, accoutré comme pour un bal, paré d'un habit à la française brodé d'argent, d'un gilet clair et d'une culotte courte; sur sa perruque blonde, un tricorne se campait crânement, à la main il tenait une longue canne enrubannée: En les voyant, il se mit à rire.

Les jeunes gens sursautèrent en l'apercevant inquiets et se regardèrent, car le courage n'était pas leur qualité première. Devant eux, le jeune homme évoluait gracile et fluët, les regardant d'un air moqueur et quelque peu méprisant.

L'un d'eux l'interpella: "D'où sort-il, ce type-là?"

Mais il répondit avec une urbanité charmante: "J'étais dans ma chambre au-dessus de la terrasse et de là ai entendu votre conversation. Elle m'a beaucoup amusé. On n'aime donc plus la guerre de votre temps? Du nôtre on en était fou!"

"Tant que ça?" fit l'ex-réserviste sceptique.

"Oui, bleu," fit avec une moue de dédain le petit marquis.

"Qui êtes-vous, enfin?" interrogea l'étudiant de droit!

Le petit maître répondit simplement: "Marquis d'Agessseau mort en faisant sauter une poudrière ennemie par ordre de son colonel."

Les quatre jeunes gens se regardèrent de nouveau. L'ombre ajouta négligemment "oui, jeune homme, comme nous l'armée m'ennuyait. Il fallait que j'y parte, mais je ne pus m'accoutumer à la dureté des camps, ma santé ne me le permettait pas. Je ne supportai pas la fatigue et la malpropreté; je demandai donc qu'il me fut confié un poste important et voilà! C'était bien préférable!"

Interdits par tant de crânerie, les jeunes gens se taisaient. Le petit marquis ajouta: "Cela vous étonne? C'était pourtant chose, bien ordinaire à l'époque. Ne vous souvient-il pas de Condé si charmant, dormant sur l'affût d'un canon? De cette guerre de la Fronde où les cols de dentelle mettaient leur tache mate sur les armures luisantes? Vous ne savez donc rien de cette bataille étonnante où des compagnies furent conduites au feu par de vieux beaux entraînés dans leur voiture où ils sûrent si bien y mourir? Et de cette autre, en temps de carnaval où les combattants parurent affublés de faux nez? Le jeune colonel qui venait de donner la comédie à ses hommes, chevauchait la monture, dépoitraillé, vêtu encore d'une jupe de soie, poudré comme une petite maîtresse, pourtant il la gagna celle-là, y laissant sa vie, restant en selle et jusqu'au bout, déclarant encore son rôle."

"Pour une belle, on ne se détruisait pas, on partait en guerre, le sourire aux lèvres, essayer de se faire tuer, nous les petits-fils des croisés. Et comme eux, nous allions au combat avec un plaisir farouche. Ah! c'était le bon temps, on savait rire. Mais vous autres avez l'air morne, peu de jeunesse, des rides au front de suite vous donnant l'air de vieux qui n'ont pas vécu."

Le jeune marquis disait tout cela précieusement, ponctuant son discours de gestes affectés et mignards, et si l'on ne se fut rappelé que tout cela était vrai, à le voir on ne l'eût jamais cru.

Il continua: "De votre époque, nous vous paraissions inutiles et malfaisants; des oisifs que le pays nourris-sait! Que faites-vous de plus, vous? Votre père

s'enrichit en trafiquant des boîtes de sardines, le mien le fût par son épée. Descendant des anciens pillards, les premiers conquérants, nous avions leur énergie farouche, leur courage, leur discipline. Notre vie ne nous coûtait pas, s'il fallait qu'on la prit, elle était libre. Et votre pays qui l'a fait sinon nous? A qui donc eut vendu ses boîtes de sardines, M. votre père, si nous n'eussions travaillé à lui conquérir une place? Tandis que je ne vois pas très bien votre raison d'être. Vous travaillez beaucoup, mais vous empressez d'oublier ce qu'on vous apprend. Vos fonctions n'étant pas le but de vos études, vous errez dans la vie sans en jouir et parce que vous êtes importants, vous vous jugez dispensés de politesse et de devoirs. Quelle erreur est la vôtre?"

Les quatre jeunes gens baissaient la tête. Ils sentaient toute la vérité de cette apostrophe. Mais voici que dans le ciel obscurci, se forma comme un immense écran sur lequel défilèrent des armées avec des épisodes célèbres de l'histoire et les jeunes gens regardaient attirés. La Grande Epopée termina avec le petit homme qui l'avait écrite dans son cerveau, guidant ses masses, seule la défaite de soixante-dix fut évitée comme un souvenir trop pénible.

Et ils avaient entendu le choc des éperons, le sifflement des balles, le grondement des canons, les cris de commandements, les plaintes des blessés, les chocs de cavalerie, le sabot des chevaux, les roulements de tambour. Ils avaient vu les tumultes, les gestes de bravoure, tomber les tués, les marches en avant, les charges de cavalerie. Puis tout s'était effacé.

Et de cela, il ne restait plus qu'un amour patriotique, dont certains s'étonnaient sans se dire qu'il était du à tant de dangers, de vies données; on aime bien plus ceux pour qui l'on tremble et le pays n'était-ce point difficile à garder?

A la place du marquis, flottait en l'air un sourire méprisant comme une légère vapeur qui fut bientôt évanouie.

Et les quatre jeunes gens restèrent sans parler, sentant, pour la première fois, le poids de la destinée.

CINDERELLA AND THE UPLIFT

By George Jean Nathan

ON holiday bent, walking peacefully and without the slightest trace of animus toward anyone down South Broad Street in Philadelphia the other evening, I suddenly found myself surrounded by and engulfed in an hysterical mob of pushing, jamming, shouting men and women—mostly white—and elbows and walking stick to no avail, was bowled, as by a great tidal wave, along with the surging mass and, before I could extricate myself or do aught to prevent it, was swept bodily into a theater.

The sensation was a novel one. I had hitherto on divers occasions been swept out of a theater (by this impresario, for instance, for hinting that his pretty pet of an actress was not so desertful an artist as Sarah Bernhardt, by that one, for instance, for venturing that his latest presentation was in some respects possibly not quite so good a drama as "Hamlet," and by heterogeneous audiences frantic to get back into the open air), but never before had I been swept into one. My curiosity naturally given a fillip, I beckoned a playbill wherewith to detect the reason for the mob's divine phrensy and learned that I was about to be intrigued by a piece called "Pollyanna," wrought from the swift-selling novels of Eleanor H. Porter by Miss Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Surely, mused I, this must, so to enkindle the eager emotions of the democrats, be a most unusual work. It is.

"Pollyanna" constitutes the last word in the honeysuckle school of dramaturgy, a school alreadyedulcorated by such sweetmeats as "Peg o' My Heart," "Daddy Longlegs," "The Cinderella

Man" and the like. Beside it, these other plays are so many testy Norwegian tracts. Beside it, David Grayson becomes Tolstoi and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott Mrs. Artzibashef. It stands, sorely challenged but still unbeaten, the greatest drama of the capital U uplift ever written. The milk of human kindness here becomes Kumyss.

For that spacious public of ours that goes to the theater as it goes to Page and Shaw's, that regards a play as dramaful in proportion as the play convinces it that mere faith and thumb-pulling will cure everything that cannot otherwise be cured by Hostetter's Bitters, this "Pollyanna" must come as a stunning bijou. It irradiates, with a mighty fever, all the things Orison Swett Marden, Doctor Frank Crane and Gerald Stanley Lee have not yet thought of. It is a potage, all compact, of *gelée aux ananas*, rainbow preserve, nectar-bräu, walnut fudge, cocoanut alakuma, mistletoe sauce, sassafras omelet, bee food, Jockey Club éclair, May wine, pear juice, linseed stew, zither salad, magnolia beer, perfumed stogie, apricot cookie, ginger ale sec., maraschino capsule, peach poultice, liniment punch, *baba au rhum*, orange blossom paste and soft centre chocolate cream coated date. Its success in New York should, accordingly, be of even more massive proportions than its success in Philadelphia.

A sub-title designates "Pollyanna" as "The Glad Play." And this sub-title vividly describes the drama's philosophy. It is *glad, glad, glad*. My God, but it's glad! When the little orphan girl heroine's father dies, she is glad because he has gone to Heaven where she knows he is glad, too, because he

must be so happy there. When the hero breaks his leg, the dear little thing tells him he ought to be glad because he didn't break his neck. (No, I am not making cheap humour. I am quoting literally). When the sweet child is run over by an automobile and seriously injured, is she a trifle provoked? Not at all. She is glad because it makes her realize she was too glad before. And so it goes: a Ninth Symphony of optimism, a Nibelungen Ring of Gilead's balm. A fête day for the peasant; and for his two small dollars an infinitely greater feeling of intellectual and emotional exaltation and stimulation than may be derived by the more gullible soul through an investment of several thousand dollars in a university education.

Contemplating the play from the level of its intention, the critic must stand in reverential awe before the masterly thoroughness and aplomb with which the thing has been done. Laugh at it if one will, one must yet appreciate the shamelessly bold P. T. Barnum strokes of its manufacturers. Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter, mother of "The Cinderella Man," a bland gumdrop which is said currently to be making a great deal of money in the Hudson Theater, has boasted to my accomplished colleague, Mr. Louis Sherwin, that he guaranteed success for his play in advance by doing exactly the opposite to that for which I evince a critical relish. (I once knew a cornet player who proudly went around telling his friends the same thing.) But Miss Cushing has gone further still: she has guaranteed success for herself and her entrepreneurs doubly by fashioning her play out of such ingredients as even Mr. Carpenter himself was too bashful to make use of. Thus, though taking for her substratum, of course, the Cinderella story, the lady writer, probably somewhat alarmed by the intrinsic Russian bitterness of that nursery tale, has relieved what to our theatrical Intelligenzia apparently still seems the needless gloom and morbidity of the fable by making little Cinderella everything from a Christian Scientist to a Back Bay baby

laid on the wrong door-step. The Porter-Cushing Cinderella has the appearance, in short, of an editorial by Mr. Herbert Kaufman. Not an element of the professional uplift has been omitted from her being. She is a professional deep-breather, food chewer, fresh air healer, watchful waiter, sunshine leaguer, chautauquan, antivivisectionist, montessorian, Cook's tourist.

Every element that makes for popular theatrical success on the Atlantic seaboard has here been bundled together. The tattered orphan of the first act is duly Bendelized in the last. The touching business of depriving the little one of her beloved doll and the sentimental scene wherein the hero learns that the little one is the daughter of his dead sweetheart are both present. The old lovers who have long been separated through a misunderstanding are properly reunited at the end. The stytic, tight-lipped aunt who tyrannizes over the poor little heroine; the kindly old servant who, when no one is looking, whispers to the small dear that she (the kindly old servant) is on her side; the grief of the little heroine when they treat her pet kitten badly—they are all here. And the yokelry laughs and cries and claps its hands and drops dimes in the slots and gets the chocolate-drops gooey with its tears and has a general high old time. Well, well, let us not be too hard on such plays! There is a public for them—a vasty, vasty public—just as there is a public for rented bathing suits. And what do we know about such things?

The leading role in "Pollyanna" is occupied by a Miss Patricia Collinge. A pretty lassie, but too greatly the professional cute to project the part convincingly through the proscenium. The lady's exaggerated drawing-in of her Little Mary as she propels herself in a rocking chair, her doubling-up of her legs under her as she jumps upon a sofa, her impetuous dejection of her person upon the floor on every available occasion, and similar maneuvers constitute better acrobatics than instances of the

quality which my older colleagues call girlish sweetness.

* * *

Several years ago they produced in the Longacre Theater a play hight "Are You A Crook?" At the dress rehearsal, they saw that the incidents of the piece were so utterly ridiculous that not even a Broadway audience would accept them as they were intended. At the last moment, accordingly, it was decided to put in an addendum wherein the whole of the enacted play was disclosed to the spectators to have been merely a rehearsal for a motion picture. The play failed.

Several weeks ago they produced in the Cort Theater a play hight "Pay Day." At one of the rehearsals, they saw that the incidents of the piece were so utterly ridiculous that not even a Broadway audience would accept them as they were intended. At the last moment, accordingly, it was decided to put in an addendum wherein the whole of the enacted play was disclosed to the spectators to have been merely a reading rehearsal of a motion picture. The play failed.

Why the plays failed, Heaven and my friend Louis De Foe alone know! Worse plays have made a fortune. But we may be privileged at least to make a few wild guesses. Both plays were denominated satires; satires, that is, on the moving picture melodramas. And both plays, i. e., both plays within the plays, were in themselves no better than the plays they sought to satirize. Patently enough, a bad play or general type of bad play may not be satirized with an equally bad play. The satire must be a better play, a defter instance of writing, than the original. Satire is the most difficult of all the writing forms. It is not to be confused with mere burlesque.

To illustrate the general point. George Cohan's travesty of "The Great Lover" in the Cohan Revue at the Astor, wherein following the leading protagonist's loss of voice as he is about to go out upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, the young rival in taunt-

ing the hero also loses his voice, is good burlesque. But it is not satire. Satire, as has been said, must not merely lightly ridicule the original, it must actually be of finer fabric than the original. Thus, were Mr. Cohan to attempt to satirize "The Great Lover" in place of simply burlesquing that play, he would have to work out some such idea as having the tenor who has lost his voice go out upon the Metropolitan Opera House stage and achieve a bigger artistic success with the American public and critics than ever before!

Such a melodrama as "Pay Day"—it was known on the road as "Her Price" before it suffered its change of life—is intrinsically not a whit more ridiculous than such melodramas as "The House of Glass," which it closely resembles and which has been taken seriously on Broadway for the last six months. Having for its basis the venerable ancient of the innocent girl accused of crime, convicted and subsequently hounded by the vindictive gendarmes, it has sought to make itself up-to-date merely by adding a revenge on the part of its persecuted heroine that was practised in quite the same manner six years ago in a yellow-back called "Lady Jim of Curzon Street" and, several years before that, in a pocket-edition melodrama at the Guignol. Thus, in short, the melodrama is not a satire on either the Broadway melodrama or the cinema melodrama. It is a Broadway melodrama; it is a cinema melodrama. A genuine satire on the motion picture curdler would prove funny stuff. Barrie has composed one such. Rupert Hughes executed a slight but amusing one a year ago for the vaudevilles. And James Forbes should be able to do one up for the local two-hour two-dollar stage.

To summarize. A bad play may not be made into a success arbitrarily by giving it a so-called surprise tag. Such a tag, or curtain, offends the audience. The audience will like the bad play if it is left alone—and the play will so in all probability prove very successful—but it is adding insult to injury to spoil

the audience's pleasure by *telling* it the play it likes and has been enjoying is a bad one.

Miss Irene Fenwick plays the lead in this eerie concoction. This actress is altogether too talented so to dissipate her capabilities. And, while on the subject of good performances, let me suggest that you visit the Irving Place Theater and lay an eye to Mr. Arnold Korff in a piece given the title "The Inn on the Road to Petrograd." A jolly bit of acting, if ever there was one. An excellent mime, this Korff. I join Huneker in wondering why no up-town impresario has yet seized the fellow; they say he speaks English (though not Broadway) well. In the role of a dawdling Russian elegant who, as commander of the Tsar's armies on the Hindenburg front, goes through the campaign with a pretty woman ever at his side and a lighted cigarette dangling from his lips, Korff's performance is a thing of grins and glee. He is a combination of Ditrichstein, Arnold Daly and Heinrich Schroth. There is, in the man, comedy, romance, drama. Permit him, by all means, to lay a call upon your sympathy.

* * *

Mr. David Belasco's latest contribution to American dramatic art and letters is a play entitled "The Heart of Wetona," by Mr. George Scarborough, a work dealing with the life, customs and ethical and moral code of the American Indian of today and reflecting that life, code, et cetera, with the same searching fidelity, vraisemblance and pertinacity that marked the treatment of the subject by Messrs. Pixley and Lunders in the Indian chorus number of "The Burgomaster."

Set forth not as a mere tin-pot melodrama for reuben revenue only—which in all honesty it is—but, more seriously and elegantly, as "a new American play," the presentation affords us a not unexcellent instance of and insight into the strapping essences of the Belasco dramaturgy. As originally conceived and written by Mr. Scarborough—and so promulgated in Atlantic City a Spring

ago under the title "The Girl"—the play, which treated of a young woman's seduction and the attitude of her father toward the entertainment, had as its characters a set of Puritanic Anglo-Saxons. The piece in this form appearing evidently to Mr. Belasco to lack the gauds and pretty enamels necessary to captivate the Broadway audience, Mr. Belasco, altering the theme not at all, simply shifted the locale to an Indian reservation, took off the characters' Kuppenheimers and Dunlaps and simply by sticking featherdusters on their heads, smearing their Anglo-Saxon faces with Hess' No. 17 war paint and decorating the walls of the Anglo-Saxon house with a Frederic Remington color supplement and a couple of Navajo souvenir blankets of the sort bought through the Pullman window from the squaw venders at the railroad station at Albuquerque, achieved—presto!—"a new American play dealing with the modern American Indian."

So much for the play as an exhibition deserving serious or respectful consideration. As a cap-pistol melodrama, it probably serves its purpose more prettily, having as its leading elements all the philosophic and mechanical jewelry of the ten-twenty classics. The villain—a low fellow—wears riding boots and smokes cigarettes. When dared by the contemptuous hero to "take that revolver and shoot me, if you're a man!" the villain, foreseeing the absurdity and consequences of such an act, naturally issues the hero a laugh, whereupon the hero, who wears a bandanna draped at his throat, scorns him for the coward he is—to the rapturous applause of the clients. The pure and innocent Indian heroine who has been unwittingly marie-odiled (she believed she was merely picking wild flowers in the moonlight, so she tells us sophomore cynics) is "a poor little flower" to the hero, who "has travelled in the far places and knows a good woman when he sees one." And the little one's cruel Indian father tells her (in a grunting patois that is a cross between a stomach-ache and a doctor's prescription) that

"she is no better than a woman of the streets." It is all here!

The play is produced with all Mr. Belasco's characteristic attention to detail and inattention to generality. Although the lights click on and off with the customary precision, the Indians look as if they had just come from the Swiss Laundry. And though the door opening at the back of the stage in the second act reveals a completely furnished bedroom lighted by a booful pink lamp, both the tribal house and the room in the house of the Indian agent are as dustless and spotless as to furniture and walls as a residence on the Avenue. Obviously, however, the production came in for the usual Belasco lard blast on the part of the majority of my colleagues. As a matter of record, the play is staged not one-half so well as was the Shuberts' "Hobson's Choice" (B. Iden Payne) or the Corey-Williams' "Erstwhile Susan" (Harrison Grey Fiske) or "The Melody of Youth" (Brandon Tynan) or "Treasure Island" (Hopkins and Emery)—and not one-fiftieth so well as this same Mr. Belasco's own staging of "The Boomerang."

Miss Lenore Ulrich, due doubtless to adroit direction at Mr. Belasco's hands, gives a very good performance, indeed, of the central role. Mr. William Courtleigh yells at the top of his voice, makes faces like Frank Daniels and believes he is so depicting a Comanche chief. Mr. John Miltern, generally a likeable performer, has, in his portrayal of the hero, joined the Listerine school of acting and gargles his role. With his exaggerated voice shadings, his arpeggios from *piano* to *forte*, the gentleman gives one the impression of having swallowed an ukalalee. Mr. Lowell Sherman would be a better actor if he refrained from indicating doubt, nervous alarm and deep cogitation each and all by turning himself sideways and slowly brushing his hand across his lips.

* * *

The score of "The Road to Mandalay," a lucidly poor musical comedy not long ago put out upon the shelf in the Park Theater, is to the analytical fellow,

at least, an interesting laboratory specimen. The work of a Mr. Oreste Vessella, a musician the prime years of whose life have been spent in a brave effort to drown out with a good brass pier band the noise of the waves and gum chewers of Atlantic City, it is remarkable in that **there are** included in its manufacture in variable degree portions of the thirty-three compositions which mark the grand total of the scholarship of the average American music lover. Whether or not the thing was done deliberately by way of satire by this Mr. Vessella—a belief somewhat difficult to conjure up—whether that gentleman thought thus to guarantee the applauding ear of the mob or whether, on the other hand, the whole thing was sheer accident, is not given the stranger to record. Yet the fact remains that, fortuitously or otherwise, the score of this piece is as clever a satire of the native musical taste, as good a lampoon of the Broadway musical education, as one may page in the recesses of memory.

In the score, as I have said, one discovers the presence of samples—some of the samples of liberal size indeed—of the thirty-three compositions which, by and large, comprise the musical tutelage of the average local. The which thirty-three are as follows:

1. "The Rosary"
2. Tosti's "Goodbye"
3. "Hearts and Flowers"
4. Schubert's "Serenade"
5. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"
6. Dvöřák's "Humoreske" (Op. 101, No. 7)
7. Michaelis' "Turkish Patrol"
8. { Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"
9. Chopin's "Funeral March"
10. Handel's "Largo"
11. Mascagni's Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana"
12. The Merry Widow Waltz
13. "Narcissus"
14. The clog dance
15. Strauss' "Blue Danube"
16. "Asthorc"
17. Rubinstein's "Melody in F"
18. Offenbach's "Barcarolle"
19. The "Donna é Mobile" from "Rigoletto"
20. "The Night of Love" from "The Tales of Hoffmann"
21. The "Evening Star" from "Tannhäuser"
22. "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" from "The Bohemian Girl"

22. The Toreador Song from "Carmen"
23. Sullivan's "The Lost Chord"
24. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"
25. "La Paloma"
26. Schumann's "Träumerei"
27. "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"
28. "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"
29. "Old Black Joe"
30. "Ach Du Lieber Augustin"
31. Badarczevska's "The Maiden's Prayer"
32. The Sextette from "Lucia"
33. The Hoochee-Coochee

Aside from this ingenious musical spoofing of the mob palate, the entertainment harks back to the music show days of Pauline Hall, Nella Bergen, Zelma Rawlston, Della Fox, Marie Jansen, Ruth Peebles, Madge Lessing, Mabel Carrier, Paula Edwards, Mabelle Gillman, Eleanor Mayo, Frankie Raymond, Jeanette Lowrie, the days of John T. Kelly and Francis Wilson, Seabrooke and Jerome Sykes, the days of "Panjandrum" and "Tobasco," "The Oolah," "The Grand Mogul" and "The Begum," the days when the leading comedian still bore such nomenclature as the Szetzetze of Szutzutzu or something of the sort. Mr. W. H. Post is the guilty librettist.

* * *

The amateurs in all parts of the country continue still to present, in general, plays of a higher merit than those divulged in the professional theaters. The Bandbox players, in New York, of whose recent enterprises I shall write at more deserved length some future hour, are apparently beginning to find themselves; though ere now they have succeeded in almost everything concerned with the short drama wherein the Broadway actor-directed Princess Theater failed. The amateurs currently in charge of the stage in the Little Theater, Philadelphia, have already presented Dunsany's gem "The Glittering Gate" (which was done last season by the amateurs of the Neighborhood Playhouse), Anatole France's "Crainquebille," Ludwig Thoma's "The Birthday," Gilbert Cannan's "Miles Dixon," Shaw's "Overruled," Strindberg's "Simmoom," Tchekhov's "The Bear," Eden Philpott's "Carrier Pigeon," John Palm-

er's "Over the Hills," Mencken's tummy-tickler "The Artist," Molnar's conversazione "The Cabby and the Gentleman," and pieces by Schnitzler, Karl Ettlinger and Calderon. In Chicago, too, and in the other capitals, the half-portion Coquelins and Duses are doing excellent service in bringing to the attention of the populace the kind of plays that, by virtue of their absence from the regular theaters, have driven amusement-seeking folk to the bookshops and—in moments of sheer despair—even to the vulgar cinema chambers.

* * *

It would appear from the writings of our theatrical reviewers that the Shakespeare tercentenary, of which we have been hearing a great deal, is to be celebrated not, as one might have suspected, in paying homage to Shakespeare so much as in paying homage to the Messrs. Urban, Harker and other scene painters. Three-quarters of the various journalistic reviews treating with Mr. Hackett's presentations of "Macbeth" and "The Merry Wives" in the Criterion have been devoted to veneration of the beauty of Urban's cheese-cloths and canvases and one reluctant (and prescriptive) quarter to allowing that, after all, Shakespeare's lines are still "rich in word music," et cetera. And Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree's exhibition of "Henry VIII" in the New Amsterdam has been made the commemorative occasion for rapturous fealty to the fellow who designed the scenery for the banqueting hall in Wolsey's palace and the hall in Blackfriars and the added jubilee occasion for congratulating Mr. Tree for having cut down Shakespeare's original five act text to the very limit.

The wistful humour of this tercentenary business as it is being conducted in our neighborhood cannot but appeal to those real lovers of Shakespeare who, tolerantly and not without amusement, are watching the pother from the sidelines. Excepting the respectful and intelligent performances of Shakespeare in the Irving Place Theater—the exhibition of "The Taming of the Shrew" in

this playhouse, text uncut, stage demeanour unaltered, atmosphere politely and rigidly retained, is the one actual Shakespearean representation thus far vouchsafed New York—excepting, as I say, the dignified and scholarly productions in this theater, the Shakespeare anniversary, to date at least, has been marked in celebration with a fuddled hypocrisy, much fine talking and not a little gushing ignorance. Were George Washington's birthday to be celebrated by complimenting Mr. Hepner for having designed a more lovely wig than that worn by Mr. Washington, the procedure were not a whit less genial than the current business of celebrating the Shakespearean anniversary by complimenting Mr. Norman Wilkinson for having designed a more lovely scenic investiture than that which originally adorned the Globe Theater. Certainly when, from a presentation of "King Henry VIII," such lines as "And those about her from her shall read the perfect ways of honour, and by these claim their greatness, not by blood," are deleted on the ground that the uninterrupted text were too long to contain an audience in a modern theater, and in their place yet substituted a twenty-minute curtain speech by the main actor detailing the source and number of congratulatory telegrams and cablegrams the main actor has received from his fellow actors, certainly then does the whole enterprise become somewhat—well, let us say, droll. If Shakespeare is to be cut—and that he may to theatrical advantage be cut is not to be disputed—let him be cut for this reason and to this prosperity. But let not Shakespeare be cut merely to gratify the incompetence of scene shifters and the star gentleman's desire to inform us American yokels that he is actually a warm friend to the great Mr. Asquith!

"The Blue Envelope," by the Messrs. Hatch and Homans, is the sort of farce which strives to make the audience believe it is exciting by showing the audience actors periodically rushing onto the stage and mopping their brows. Patently inspired by a piece of foreign manufacture, the local exhibition discloses itself to be the vintage concoction of naughty blonde, philandering husband, inopportune arriving squaw, doors, screens, telephones and police. Saving a few minutes of comic slapstick work in the last act, the spectacle is one proficient in distilling the soporific juices.

* * *

"The King of Nowhere," by J. and L. du Rocher Macpherson, is a mixture of Shaw's "Great Catherine" and Fagan's "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." minus the wit, satire and broad humour of the former and the stimulating gymnastics of the latter. Dubbed a romantic comedy of the court of Henry VIII in the year 1545, the play amounts to little more than a prosy and swollen rehearsal of the adventures of a sixteenth century "Cabiria" bouncer among the timid of Hampton Court Palace. There is small distinction and less imagination to the piece. And the species of histrionism contributed to the enactment of the leading rôle by Mr. Lou-Tellegen—a histrionism composed chiefly of growls and making muscles under the nose of the villain of the play—but operates toward emphasizing the ingenuous absurdity of the affair. The play has been badly cast and ineptly produced. The high gentlemen of the court, for example, are vastly less impressive as specimens of the blood royal than the velvet jacketed, silken knickerbockered fellows who are employed in the coat-check room of the Savoy.



TRA-LA! TRA-LA-LA! TRA-LA-LA-LA!

By H. L. Mencken

The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out!
—Alexander Pope.

A GAIN that dulcet chirping, that whistling and bird-calling, that trilling and roulading, that gargling and grace-noting, that gentle puffing and snorting, that tuning of harps and sackbuts, that shoving and pushing, that shuffling of feet and beating on the door! Again it is Spring, and the poets rave and accumulate in my ante-chamber, each with his tome of strophes, his pamphlet of twitters, his sheet of gurgles! A heavy day for my sergeant-at-arms, Unteroffizier Rufus Johnson, a blackamoor of courtesy all compact, himself a passable performer upon the banjo, violoncello and pianoforte da gamba. It is his duty, in all diligence and mercy, to save the poets from one another, to keep that herculean Oklahoma trioletist from stamping out the life of Harvard's favorite Homer, to rescue the fat and helpless Gilbert K. Chesterton from the devil's hooves of Louis Untermeyer, to remove the gnarled fists of Joyce Kilmer from the tender eyes of Don Marquis, to patch up a *treuga Dei* between the Prussian firebrand, Joseph Bernard Rethy, and the Anglo-Saxon pacifist, Morris Rosenfeld. No easy job, I assure you. Poets are tough, and not oppressed by conscience. More than once, at our annual soirées, I have had to call out the gendarmie to prevent murder, or even worse. The pounding on the door is deafening, titanic, horrible. The very wall is bulged and crinkled by the impatience of the vernal choir. . . .

But fear not! Johnson is an old artillerist, a veteran of endless famous

victories. He fought at Antietam, Gettysburg, Seven Oaks, Chancellorsville, Port Arthur, San Juan Hill, Omdurman, Modder River, Tannenburg, Neuve Chapelle, Jena, the Dardanelles, Agincourt, Przemyśl, Bull Run, Ladysmith, Bannockburn, Yorktown, Bunker Hill, Waterloo. He will hold the portal, you may be sure. More, he will reduce that wild mob to order, peace, discipline. He will range the poets whose names begin with A first, and then the poets whose names begin with B, and then the poets whose names begin with C, and so on. And he will let them in that way and no other way, one quietly following another. . . . As behold: the first being Prof. George B. Adams. . . .

Let us now glance at the compositions of these bards as they come in, keeping a wary eye for what is sweet.

II

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
—Edmund Waller.

ADAMS, George B.: "Outward Bound" (*Privately Printed*)—Exultations of a somewhat dampened, cerebral species. The lines of a poet who loves beauty, but is not easily fooled by it. Exhibit:

The sky is calm,
The air is still,
The stars in quiet sleep;
And yet we struggle
Up life's hill—
Mud ninety inches deep.

Not a superfluous word here; the thought slips out through an almost arctic reticence. Perhaps the "ninety inches" may be criticised as exaggeration, excess, exuberance. If so, change it to "nineteen". . . . Another world

tragedy is squeezed into even tighter stays:

There was a young man,
And his cheek was very wan,
'Cause he loved a young girl named Ella;
And the trouble seemed to be
(Just 'twixt you and me)
That she was rather fond of another fellow.

One gathers, from his title-page, that Dr. Adams is no more. Alas, that this should be so!

AIKEN, Conrad: "Earth Triumphant" (*Macmillan*)—This poet comes with encomiums in his hands, and his publishers send word that his book is "a credit to American literature." I find in it a number of fluent and graceful pieces of verse, but surely nothing to stagger humanity. The thoughts expressed in these poems are familiar and obvious, and they are clothed in phrases that seldom show the slightest feeling for the music and magic of words. All the old-timers are here: "a trembling kiss," "silver laughter," "a flash of feet," "mysterious dawn," "silent spaces," "brazen laughs," "endless pain," "gentle rhymes," "eager glance," "weight of grief," "scarlet maple," "myriad rain-drops," "bacchic mirth," "bitter north wind," "whirling whiteness," etc. It is not often that Mr. Aiken attempts anything original in image or epithet, and when he does the result is usually far from felicitous—as, for example, when he tries to represent the awakening of Spring aurally, and falls into far-fetched gabble about "an under-earth trombone." Moreover, his verse is frequently made lame by elisions, particularly of the articles. . . . What remains is simply a respectable facility, a neat hand for putting lines together. And in content, he usually mistakes the merely incongruous for the striking and moving. Why, save for the empty scandal of it, make the philosopher in "Earth Triumphant" fall in love with a Broadway chorus-girl—or, as the poet himself once calls her, a choline? What could be more gratuitous, or cheaper? . . . Mr. Aiken formally confesses, in a preface, that he has read and admired Masfield, but assures the

reader that his own poems are original. Let him be easy in mind. No one who knows Masfield will fail to mark a difference.

ANONYMOUS, John W.: "The House of My Dreams" (*Sherman-French*)—Harmless jingles, often of a pious caste. In one of them "hate" is rhymed with "snake." In another the negro form of "me" is spelled "mah," but rhymed with "tree."

ANONYMOUS, William P.: "The Major of the Kettle-Drum" (*Wells*)—Doggerel on political themes.

APPLETON, Everard Jack: "The Quiet Courage" (*Stewart-Kidd*)—The second edition of a book first printed in 1912. Sentimental, "inspirational" rumble-bumble, with no more poetry in it than a college yell. The Herbert Kaufman school.

BANGS, John Kendrick: "A Quest for Song" (*Little-Brown*)—The unsuccessful comedian, turned uplifter, at last achieves his first aim.

BARNES, Djuna: "The Book of Repulsive Women" (*Bruno*)—Moral philippics against sinful ladies, couched in high, astounding terms. The breasts of one are grandly denounced as udders. Another is depicted as with her legs "half-strangled," whatever that may be. I can find nothing here but a sophomoric effort to horrify the advanced thinkers of Washington Square.

BINYON, Laurence: "The Winnowing Fan" (*Houghton-Mifflin*)—War poems of a childish fustian. Pothouse braggadocia set to bad rhymes. In five years, Mr. Binyon will be blushing whenever he thinks of them.

BOURINOT, Arthur S.: "Laurentian Lyrics" (*Copp-Clark*)—No great poetry here, nor even poetry at all, but often a pleasant fancy, a pretty conceit. For example:

I cannot bring thee worldly things,
Love with thy laughing lips,
Only a little song that sings,
Blithe and free as it trips.
I merely bring thee simple things,
Love with thy smiling eyes,
Dreams o' the blue of a blue-bird's wings,
Only a rose that dies.

BRALEY, Berton: "Songs of the Workaday World" (*Doran*)—A book of newspaper verse, inspired as to both matter and manner by a diligent study of Kipling. Some of the things in it, indeed, are no more than variations of ballads that Kipling himself has actually written. There is even an imitative use of characteristic Kipling words and phrases—*e. g.*, "bloomin'"—in pieces dealing with American workmen. A considerable metrical facility is visible, but the sense is often tortured to fit the rhyme.

BROOKE, Rupert: "Collected Poems" (*Lane*)—The circumstances of this poet's untimely death in Greece (he was on his way to the shambles of the Dardanelles) have surrounded him with a sentimental interest which greatly conditions judgment of his poetic achievement. As Dr. Gilbert Murray has said, he is already "almost a mythical figure." The result is a vast emission of overpraise, with the lady critics of the newspapers, male and female, leading in the benign business. Such sweet bosh is cruel to the fame of Brooke, for it sets us an expectation which his work, as published, can only disappoint. The truth about him is that he was a young man of the highest promise, a natural poet of undoubtedly excellent gifts, but that he died before he had quite found himself. Some of the poems printed in the present volume—for example, "A Channel Passage," in which the poet describes how his "retchings" made him forget the "sobs and slobber" of his love—are little more than the easy impudences that all of us write when we are young. Even in a few of his later pieces—for example, the song beginning "All suddenly the wind comes soft," and "Beauty and Beauty"—one finds little save the obvious, either in content or in form. But before he died Brooke rose to at least two eloquent and unforgettable bursts of song, first in "The Great Lover" and secondly in his five sonnets on the war. The former is a magnificent hymning of life as a great adventure, an endless pursuit of joy by curiosity, and there is something almost

orgiastic in its ecstasy. The latter are, by long odds, the best poetry yet produced in England by the war, particularly the third and the fifth of them. Here, indeed, Brooke stands in no need of the snuffling encomiums of the literary ladies. As for his other things, most of them will be mercifully forgotten in a few years.

BROWN, Robert Carlton: "My Marjony" (*Luce*) and "Tahiti" (*Bruno*)—This Brown joins the immortals as the discoverer of the essential humor of imagism, of the charming adaptability of *vers libre* to the uses of buffoonery. Don't mistake me: he is not a mere parodist. His innovation is more profound than parody; he does for the new verse forms (or non-forms) what Beethoven did for the bull-fiddle in the *scherzo* of the C minor symphony. For example:

I like long prayers,
The kind that stretch
Like elastic bands.
I always sit around,
Holding my breath,
Hoping they'll snap back
And hit the preacher
On the nose.

Again, this one:

I'm tired of hearing praises sung
To pale-cheeked
Sad-eyed
Virgins
Who keep the vestal lights aglow.
I sing to the red-cheeked,
Healthy
Modern maids
Who keep the cheery
Red lights burning!

I quote only short ones. They show the manner of the poet, but they fail, of course, to show his more elaborate effects—effects which, in such pieces as "Aladdin," "Circus Follower" and "Who Shall Throw the First Shoe?" are extraordinarily vivid and amusing.

BURNET, Dana: "Poems" (*Harper*)—Sheer competence here makes an extremely interesting book of verse. Mr. Burnet has nothing very novel to say, nor does he say it with any great show

of emotion (at all events, his emotion is not contagious), but on the side of mere grace and dexterity his accomplishment is undeniable. It is not often, indeed, that one encounters more workmanlike verse. From end to end of his volume, 268 pages, I can't find a single forced rhyme, or a single stumbling line, or a single descent to the ridiculous. Even his war poems, though the ideas in them must have occurred simultaneously to at least ten thousand other bards, still have a certain bounce and freshness, and so leave at first glance an impression beyond their intrinsic deserts. . . . In brief, sound stuff. Magazine poetry at its best.

CARPENTER, Fred Warner: "Verses From Many Seas" (*Elder*)—Let us hear this Mr. Carpenter on the subject of war:

Should I, a ruler—should any man be free
Such great, inhuman, awful things to do,
And claim the country's good demands it,
Of a few,
To save one people from a Christian
brother's knife?
Ah, no! Twenty centuries of Christian life
Should end such legalized and barbarous
strife.
The day has passed when other thoughts
were rife.

All praise to Mr. Carpenter: he might have made it longer!

CHESTERTON, Gilbert K.: "Poems" (*Lane*)—Nothing of any pretensions here, but chiefly verses of occasion, some of them ten years old. Now and then a slashing, sonorous line; sometimes a whole stanza. The recreations of one who takes poetry lightly.

CLARK, Charles Badger, Jr.: "Sun and Saddle Leather" (*Badger*)—Rhymes of the cow country.

CONKLIN, Grace Hazard: "Afternoons of April" (*Houghton-Mifflin*)—A book of modest but often very charming verse. For example, this little song:

As I went down the cedar stair,
I saw the river pacing fair
Between its tender tilted lawns,
And past a thousand sailing swans.

And I forgot strange talk of wars,
To see its ripples swarm with stars;
And all the thoughts that I could think
Were swans along the river-brink.

Many of the poems in the volume deal with music—an art in which very few American poets seem to be interested—and one of them is a program for a proposed symphony, "In a Mexican Garden." The thing has plenty of color in it; where is the American composer to set it?

Cox, Eleanor Rogers: "Songs of Eireann" (*Lane*)—Metrical versions of Irish legends, with a few songs added. Well-contrived, but I find nothing in them to loose an adjectival flow.

CROMWELL, Gladys: "Singing Fires of Erin" (*Sherman-French*)—Stereotyped, empty verses.

DE LA MARE, Walter: "The Listeners" (*Halt*)—Partly character sketches not unlike those in the Spoon River Anthology, though in more conventional forms; partly songs of a mystical flavor. One and all, they leave me cold.

DRAPER, John W., Jr.: "Exotics" (*Bruno*)—Very, very, very bad verse.

FICKE, Arthur Davison: "The Man on the Hilltop" (*Kennerley*)—Suave stuff. Occasionally, as in "The Three Sisters," a praiseworthy lyric. Less often, as in "To a Child—Twenty Years Hence," a genuinely excellent poem. For the rest, suave stuff.

FITZ SIMONS, Theodore Lynch: "To One From Arcady" (*Sherman-French*)—Laborious, artificial pieces, wholly devoid of poetry.

FLETCHER, John Gould: "Irradiations: Sand and Spray" (*Houghton-Mifflin*)—A book of imagist verse, brilliant in color and (despite its superficial looseness) very careful in form. In the preface the imagist theory is stated briefly, sensibly and persuasively.

FOSTER, Jeanne Robert: "Wild Apples" (*Sherman-French*)—Workmanlike verse in many forms, always escaping poetry.

FRANK, Florence Kiper: "The Jew to Jesus" (*Kennerley*)—In the main,

third-rate writing, but now and then, when the author's feelings are genuinely aroused (as, for example, in "The Jewish Conscript"), a piece of sound and moving verse.

FRANK, Henry: "The Clash of Thrones" (*Badger*)—Banal sonnets upon the war, containing all the ideas that would naturally occur to a talented high-school poetess.

HARTMANN, Sadakichi: "Tanka and Haikai" (*Bruno*)—Experiments in two Japanese verse-forms, the *tanka* of five lines and the *haikai* of three. An example of the latter:

Butterflies a-wing—
Are you flowers returning
To your branch in Spring?

JOHNSON, William Samuel: "Prayer for Peace" (*Kennerley*)—Dithyrambs, chiefly very bad, by a minnesinger praised by Col. Roosevelt, who used his title poem as the preface of a campaign book. It is a pity that the vastly superior suitability of "The Egoist" (page 59) escaped the colonel's notice.

KEELER, Charles: "Songs of the Cosmos" (*Bruno*)—A performance of the Ninth Symphony upon a tin whistle.

KETCHUM, Arthur: "Profiles" (*Badger*)—Second-rate magazine verse.

KILMER, Joyce: "Trees and Other Poems" (*Doran*)—A somewhat toilsome effort to extract poetry from the commonplace. For example, a long poem in praise of delicatessen dealers. A gallant enterprise—but the poet is much more interesting when he backslides to stars and trees.

KREYMBORG, Alfred: "To My Mother" and "Mushrooms" (*Bruno*)—Dull prose sawed into irregular lengths.

LONGLEY, Snow: "Sonnets of Spinsterhood" (*Elder*)—A tedious sequence of stupid sonnets.

MACKAY, Helen: "London, One November" (*Duffield*)—A book of *vers libre* on the war, impassioned and yet empty.

McLEOD, Irene Rutherford: "Songs

to Save a Soul" (*Huebsch*)—Poems in obvious imitation of Francis Thompson, greatly over-praised by several critics. One called "Ships" offers a fair example of their commonplace style and puerile content:

The rivers splendidly flow
Out to sea,
And noble ships come and go
Stately
Whither and whence I do not know.

I think the ships are like men
Setting forth for the wide
With their cargoes of thoughts, and then,
With a change of tide
And a newer load, coming back again.

MARQUIS, Don: "Dreams and Dust" (*Harper*)—A book of newspaper verse, graceful and workmanlike.

MILLER, Alice Duer: "Are Women People?" (*Doran*)—A new horror: a suffragette rabble-rouser taking to the pipes. Worse, rather clever tooting.

NOYES, Alfred: "The Lord of Misrule" (*Stokes*)—The sonorous nothings of a versifier who has mastered the forms of his craft without penetrating to its mystery. A No. 1 hack poetry.

O'HARA, John Myers: "Manhattan" (*Smith-Sale*)—A superbly printed volume, but in content no more than a respectable saying of what has been said before.

PHILLIPS, Stephen: "Panama and Other Poems" (*Lane*)—The poems of Phillips' last and saddest stage. The author of "Ulysses" and "Herod" reduced to silly jingles.

RAND, Kenneth: "The Dreamer" (*Sherman-French*)—Pedantic strophes.

REDPATH, Beatrice: "Drawn Shutters" (*Lane*)—Not so much poems as rough notes for poems—and not much in the notes to make one impatient for the poems.

RETHY, Joseph Bernard: "The Song of the Scarlet Host" (*Smith-Sale*)—Earnest, and often indignant, pieces. Two of them are addressed to Col. Roosevelt, and their collocation has a curious tang, for one of them hails him

as a Moses and the other denounces him as a mountebank and a low-life. Mr. Rethy knows how to write a purple, resonant line, but he seems to be deficient in Hebrew, for on page 10 he employs the plural noun, *cherubim*, in the singular.

REYNOLDS, Elizabeth: "On the Lake" (*Badger*)—A book of songs for music, most of them bad. Not a few, indeed, suggest the translations from Heine and Goethe that one encounters in concert programs.

RICH, H. Thompson: "Lumps of Clay" and "The Red Shame" (*Bruno*)—An apparent effort to put all of the worst poems of this poet into two thin volumes. A success.

ROBBINS, Tod: "The Scales of Justice" (*Ogilvie*)—Ponderous doggerel.

SARGENT, Daniel: "Our Gleaming Days" (*Badger*)—More.

SCOLLARD, Clinton: "Italy in Arms" (*Gomme*)—Extremely bad stuff by a poet who, in his day, has done creditable work. Such poems as "Out of Rome" and "At the Vatican" are really quite pathetic.

SPENCER, Carl: "Poems" (*Badger*)—A posthumous collection, uncritically put together. Here and there, in the midst of much feebleness, a pretty song.

STORCK, Charles Wharton: "Sea and Bay" (*Lane*)—A prose tale in labored blank verse, with occasional songs. The chorus from one of the latter:

We was joggin' along, joggin' along,
Joggin' along by the moon's pale light;
Joggin' along, singin' a song,
Comin' home from the huskin' bee.

TEASDALE, Sara: "Rivers to the Sea" (*Macmillan*)—Saving only Lizette Woodworth Reese, Miss Teasdale (by book and bell, Mrs. Filsinger) is easily the first of living American lyric poets. Between the two, indeed, there are many resemblances. Each works in fragile and delicate forms; each returns always, after whatever excursion, to the *chant triste*; each shows a curious liking for the bald monosyllable, and

particularly for the Anglo-Saxon monosyllable. Here, for example, is a little song that either might have written:

The roofs are shining from the rain,
The sparrows twitter as they fly,
And with a windy April grace
The little clouds go by.

Yet the back-yards are bare and brown
With only one unchanging tree—
I could not be so sure of Spring
Save that it sings in me.

The author here, it so happens, is Miss Teasdale, but if it had come to me unsigned I should have guessed Miss Reese. I do not hint, I need not add, at imitation. Miss Teasdale is too genuine a poet to need to borrow from anyone. But the concept of beauty cherished by the one woman is obviously nearly identical with the concept cherished by the other, and both give voice to it with the same apparent artlessness that conceals profound and dignified art. Miss Reese, it seems to me, is the better poet; at all events, Miss Teasdale has yet to write anything of the noble rank of the sonnet, "Tears." But with the simple lyric, often of but eight lines, the latter has achieved effects that no poet writing in English to-day has surpassed. In these songs one finds the very acme of simple melodiousness; they sing exquisitely, and they fix a mood with sure enchantment. Nothing, indeed, could excel the beauty of such things as "Morning," "The Sea-Wind," "Gifts" and "The Kiss," in the present volume. In more ambitious forms Miss Teasdale is less successful. But what of it? She has written at least twenty perfect songs, and that is more than most poets do in all their lives. . . .

THOMAS, Edith M.: "The White Messenger" (*Badger*)—The war is playing havoc with the poets. Here is one who, in the past, has done very good verses, and yet, on the war, the best she offers is stilted and bombastic, and the worst is downright ludicrous.

THOMPSON, Vance: "Verse" (*Kennerley*)—An undoubted eloquence is in some of these stanzas, despite a frequent preciousness, a visible striving for

effect. They are by no means first-rate poems, but one somehow feels that a very fair poet was spoiled when Mr. Thompson took to journalism.

THOMSON, O. R. Howard: "Resurgam" (*Bains*)—Pretty things.

TOWNE, Charles Hanson: "Today and Tomorrow" (*Doran*)—Another victim of the war. Once he forgets it, Mr. Towne resumes the writing of poetry. For example, the ballad, "Asunta." For example, "The Quiet Years."

TROMBLY, Albert Edmund: "Love's Creed" (*Sherman-French*)—Sonnets, rondeaux, Pindaric odes and other things, chiefly bad.

UNDERWOOD, Edna W.: "The Book of the White Peacocks" (*Bruno*)—Words, words, words!

UNTERMAYER, Louis: "—And Other Poets" (*Holt*)—A book of parodies by the cleverest all-round versifier in America today. This Untermeyer, indeed, seems to be a virtuoso in every branch of the grand old art of rhyme, for on the one hand he can fashion a pretty love song with the best of them, and on the other hand he can make blank verse that is genuinely imposing, and on the third hand, as it were, he is perhaps the deffest jingler in the whole camorra. His parodies in the present volume are often amazingly apt and deadly; he has caught the exact spirit, for example, of Miss Teasdale's plaintive lyrics, and then burlesqued it with diabolical accuracy of aim. All of the current metricians take their turns upon his operating table: Edgar Lee Masters, Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, John Masefield, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, William Watson and Vachel Lindsay among them. More, he attempts, and with success, the amalgamation of two styles in one poem—for example, those of Ben Jonson and Harry B. Smith. Altogether, a very cunning piece of fooling, and the fruit, I dessay, of many a tortured hour at the desk. Let him have a glass of beer for his pains.

WIDDEMER, Margaret: "The Factories" (*Winston*)—The poem which gives this volume its title attracted much attention when it was first printed, and is no doubt familiar. The other things are of uneven merit. The best are the love songs; the worst, it almost goes without saying, are the poems on the war.

WIGHTMAN, Richard: "Ashes and Sparks" (*Century*)—Workmanlike but uninspired stanzas.

WILLIAMS, Mark Wayne: "Babble o' Green Fields" (*Sherman-French*).—Rhymed platitudes.

WOOD, Charles Erskine Scott: "The Poet in the Desert" (*privately printed*)—A long philosophical poem in the form of a dialogue between Truth and the Poet.

III

One who shall fervent grasp the sword of
song
As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest
blade—

—Alexander Smith.

In all, sixty-three books of poetry—and not four good ones. Among all the rhymers, whether American or English, Miss Teasdale stands easily in first place, with Mrs. Conkling second. The poets hailed with the most deafening plaudits—*e. g.*, Mr. Aiken, Miss McLeod and the late Mr. Brooke—offer almost unmingled disappointment. Among them all, only Mr. Brooke seems to me to have been a genuine poet, and his remains, removing what is merely facile and clever, consist of a sonnet sequence, two or three songs, and no more. . . . Are we to assume, then, that poetry is dead among us? Not at all. In the department of the lyric, at least, the United States is producing a large quantity of sound and beautiful verse to-day. The trouble is that it takes the publishers too long to discover it. A book of John McClure's songs, though it would be small, would stand above any book noticed above save Miss Teasdale's and Mr. Brooke's.

A book of Muna Lee's would rank nearly as high. So would a book of Odell Sheperd's or Orrick Johns'. . . And why are there no new volumes by Miss Reese, Bliss Carman, George Sterling, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall?

IV

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.

—William Cowper.

At the end a few volumes of translations, and a couple of anthologies. Miss Rittenhouse's two collections, "The Little Book of Modern Verse" and "The Little Book of American Poets" (*Houghton-Mifflin*) are both intelligently selected and attractively printed. It is inevitable, in such cases, that one should be dismayed by omissions, for every one of us has favorites that make little appeal to others. As for me, I wonder why Miss Rittenhouse put third-rate newspaper verse into the first of her two books, and then forgot the lovely songs of Robert Love- man and Folger McKinsey, but nevertheless she has got together many beautiful things, and it will be a joy to go through them on dull days.

The Braithwaite "Anthology of Magazine Verse" (*Gomme-Marshall*) is too well known to need description. Here again one is occasionally brought up by what seems an unaccountable perversity of judgment, but in the main the collection is sound and interesting, and the editor's introduction and appendices are full of careful criticism and useful information. The 1915 volume bulges to 296 large pages—a sufficient proof that poetry is prospering in our fair republic. THE SMART SET poets are represented by no less than 29 poems "of distinction". . . Two other collections of unusual interest are "Some Imagist Poets" (*Houghton-Mifflin*) and "Others," edited by Alfred Kreyborg (*Knopf*). The former I noticed last year, on its publication in England. There have been some changes in its contents, not always for the better, but it still shows three or

four things of excellent quality. . . . In "Others" a youthful audacity often makes up for the lack of ideas. There is an erotic flavor to the book, and much talk in it of forbidden things. Searching it diligently, I can find nothing properly describable as poetry, but all the same it is diverting stuff, and the potter over it will do some good. I like to see the boys and girls of Parnassus leaping, whooping and kicking up their legs. Now and then, perchance, they will strike a nose, and let out a therapeutic stream of blood. And even if they do not, they at least give an amusing show. . . .

The translations of the year include "Russian Lyrics," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Biachi (*Duffield*); "Japanese Lyrics," by Lafcadio Hearn (*Houghton-Mifflin*); "The Ebon Muse" (poems by Léon Laviaux), by John Myers O'Hara (*Smith-Sale*); "Poems and Translations" (from the German) by J. H. Hyslop (*Small-Maynard*); "Selections from Catullus," by Mary Stewart (*Badger*); Morris Rosenfeld's "Songs of Labor," by Rose Pastor Stokes and Helena Frank (*Badger*); Théodore Botrel's "Songs of Brittany," by Elizabeth S. Dickerman (*Badger*); and the "Poems of Emile Verhaeren," by Alma Strettell (*Lane*). Poems from the Russian, Japanese, French, Latin, German and Yiddish. The translators of Botrel and Rosenfeld tackled the hardest tasks; it is easy enough to turn sonorous lines in one language into the poetical jargon of another, but when one comes to transmuting simplicity the touching is very apt to slip over into the banal. Miss Dickerman fails almost utterly; Mrs. Stokes and Miss Frank less often. Of the other translators the most skillful is Miss Stewart: she has really done well with Catullus. But the books of most interest are Hearn's volume of literal translations from the Japanese, and O'Hara's collection of songs by Laviaux, the only modern poet, so far as I know, who has ever attempted to hymn the beauty of the darker races. . . .



In the Shops of the Smart Set

By Renée



If you are interested in advance information, not only about fashions, but about the novel and useful things to be found in New York's best shops, you will read the following pages with pleasure and profit. We shall be glad to tell you where any of the articles mentioned in these pages can be found, or to purchase them for you. Address your inquiry to "In the Shops of the Smart Set," #21 Fourth Ave., New York City.

AFTER the breathless suspense that always precedes the Spring openings in Paris, it seems that the designers would be bound to produce something so startlingly original that we should feel compensated for having had to await their verdict, and content to do the same thing next season. Yet this Spring's offerings are marked much less by any striking novelty than by a reversion to the types of our grandmothers' clothes, and strange to say, we are more than content with them. The panniers, polonaise, silk fringe, and muslin puffings which look so queer in the photographs in the family album have become transformed, now that Paris has sanctioned them, into things of beauty.

The reason is not very hard to discover. Hardly any of the new models adhere strictly to one particular style, but combine the most attrac-

tive features of a dozen different periods, modified to form an attractive whole and finished with some skilful modern touch.



Thus the Paquin evening gown shown on this page has the quaint material of fifty years ago, the panniers of Marie Antoinette's time, the round décolletage of the 30's, a semi-tight bodice which could suggest the long-waisted one of Queen Elizabeth or the more recently démodé basque, and this season adds an underskirt of silk net an inch or so longer than the early Spring skirts, and a finish of silver lace. The colour is turquoise blue combined with black and white and the trimmings are black velvet ribbons, and small oblong ornaments of black bone, studded with rhinestones. This was priced at only \$69.00 in a Broadway shop that sells model gowns at extremely low prices. The costumes and dresses

come, of course, only in model sizes, but the values are extraordinarily good. The new establishment, which has just been opened a few blocks farther uptown, had besides this a handsome gown of black silk net heavily embroidered in gold, with a long panel of net to be arranged as a train or a scarf.

TWO PAQUIN COATS

Amongst the evening coats was one by Paquin, a light wrap of black Georgette crêpe, bound with black satin and lined with blue and white plaid chiffon. The whole of the back was gathered up at the waist, under a large bow of black satin, and there were two long ends in the front, which could hang loose or be thrown around the neck.

Another Paquin wrap was of blue and flame coloured chiffon, edged with silk fringe and shaped with wide sleeves. The front was extended to form a long end to be thrown over the shoulder. The price of the black wrap was \$59.00 and of the other \$60.00.

SUIT STYLES

The new suits feature much the same changes as the evening dresses. Skirts are a trifle longer, being now about four or five inches from the ground and loops, panniers, and short tunics are employed to give the hips as much width as possible. As taffeta lends itself easily to these draperies and puffings, it is one of the favorite mate-

rials for late Spring and Summer, but a good many of the new suits are of serge and gabardine, and these leave the wide-hipped silhouette to the silk models, and content themselves with laying all possible emphasis on the width of the skirt hem.

The suit of white serge shown calls attention to the fact that its skirt measures several yards around by banding it with wide silk braid in a very dark shade of blue. Braid also edges the bell-shaped sleeves, forms the girdle, and trims the collar in such a way that when, in colder weather, the revers are turned up to the throat, the braid can

be thrown around the neck in the form of a scarf. Tassels of dark blue silk, and two large bone buckles form the rest of the trimmings. The price of the suit is \$68.00.

The hat worn with this has very straight lines, to match the practical material of the costume, and a trimming of wings, grosgrain ribbon, lace straw, and satin, to suit its elaborate character. The price is \$10.00.

NEW RUSSIAN BLOUSES

The popularity of Russian things seems to be unceasing. Since the

time Russian coats came in about five years ago, hardly a season has passed without some Russian style, or at least some style called Russian, putting in an appearance. Last season contributed the Cossack boots. This season there are Russian blouses of all kinds and descriptions. The only thing Russian



about those shown in a large store on Fifth Avenue is a wide peplum of self material, but the rest is attractive enough to warrant the change from the severely plain and buttoned - on - the - shoulder style of the truly Russian blouse.

One of these shown in the illustration on this page was of heavy blue and white Georgette crêpe, with a border of plain blue crêpe around the collar, the edge of the peplum, the cuffs, and the girdle, and a trimming of blue buttons down the front and on the cuffs. The price was \$14.50, and for \$15.75 there was one of black Georgette crêpe, trimmed with black satin. The blouse part was lined with white chiffon, and a very wide band of gold lace. In the way of trimmings were a collar and vestee of white chiffon, a panel of black satin down the front, and a long black satin girdle finished with tassels.

ANOTHER NEW SILHOUETTE

Considering the popularity of hip draperies, it was rather difficult to find a skirt whose outline would not mar the effect of the full peplum of this blouse. There was one, however, which had a very deep yoke, on which the rest of the skirt was gathered, falling in two long loops at the sides, making the widest part of it a few inches above the hem. So a woman to whom the bouffant hip draperies are unbecoming can still find something to suit her amongst the new models, even in those of taffeta. This skirt was of black taffeta, with a wide satin stripe, and the price of it was \$22.50.

PAJAMAS AND PETTICOATS

It is remarkable how little we hear nowadays about the hope chest. There was a time when older girls spent hours

embroidering trousseau lingerie to be laid away in a lavender-scented box, yet to-day hardly such a thing exists. Perhaps the reason for its disappearance is that hope was deferred in too many cases, or that the dreams of present-day women have veered from weddings to votes. But a far more plausible explanation is found in the lingerie departments of the Fifth Avenue shops. Not only can the most beautiful hand embroidery be obtained at fairly moderate price, but silk lingerie has become so popular and so inexpensive that a bride-to-be, however discriminating, can select a trousseau at a moment's notice.

The dainty pajamas shown on the second page following are feminine and delicate enough in colouring, materials, trimming, and style to win the heart of anyone who objects to them on principle. They are of shell pink satin, with pale blue satin facings at the ankles, and on the sleeves, collar and pocket. The girdle is of pink satin, lined with blue and finished with silk tassels, and there is a tiny handkerchief of pale pink and pale blue silk. The price was \$13.75.

In the same department was the negligée shown with the pajamas. Even in this, the vogue of hip draperies is evident. The foundation is of pale pink crêpe de chine, trimmed with pale
(Continued on second page following)



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IN the smart Odette model illustrated a very *chic* effect has been produced by the pom pon of horse hair and the black gros grain ribbon in combination with black straw.

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IN THE SHOPS OF THE SMART SET

blue ribbons and overlaid with cream net. The net is bunched into two panniers on the hips, which are held in place by ribbon-covered wire. Lace trims the sleeves, and forms a little apron front and back, and blue and pink silk rosebuds are dotted about on the foundation. This cost \$21.75.

A slip to wear under lace or muslin dresses is illustrated below. It is of flesh-coloured silk net, and was priced at \$9.75. The skirt is very full, and trimmed with alternating rows of shirred pink ribbon and ribbon-covered cord. The bodice of silk net has a round neck edged with shirred ribbon, and a trimming of pale pink and blue ribbon flowers in the front.

The same shop has something rather



new in the way of silk jersey underwear, combinations, of which the upper part is of silk jersey and the lower part of cotton jersey. They cost only \$1.00 a pair, and besides the consideration of original price, they are more durable than those formed entirely of silk jersey and therefore more economical.

FOR THE DRESSING TABLE

Not to forget something seen in the beauty shops—an establishment on one of the cross-streets which specializes in Russian toilet preparations has an astringent lotion made from the juice of strawberries, which is supposed to be splendid for closing up large pores and softening and whitening the skin. The price of it is \$1.00 a bottle.



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